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LIGHT OF THE TRIBES AT THE MEETING WATERS

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FRIENDS
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WAH-SEE-OLA

THE LIGHT OF THE TRIBES

AT THE

MEETING WATERS

BY

JULIA M. BAKER STAPLEFORD

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA
1905

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MAY the virtue of exemplary patience of my beloved mother live to the readers of my story who come in touch with the inborn sentiments of good of Commander de Champeaux whose noble and heroic efforts exemplifies philosophizing the trials and tribulation of providental events of life to know patience and that "All's well that ends well."

THE AUTHOR

PREFACE

"Wah-see-ola, The Light of the Tribes at the Meeting Waters," grew out of the discovery of an ancient relic found buried with an Indian supposed to be a chief of the tribes inhabiting the place in vicinity where the relic was found. The unknown possessor held to his earthly treasure long after all that was mortal of him was gone except particles of his skull-bone and teeth. The relic, a medal which was enclosed in a copper kettle, was a family heirloom bearing inscription that lived to tell of its ancestral associations which identifies it with a family of the French Aristocracy, "De Nesmond," the real founders of Bordeaux, France. The medal was cast in honor of one "Guil De Nesmond" bearing the date 1693, Bordeaux, France. It is quite evident that Guil de Nesmond was a relative of a noted prelate who was at one time a Catholic Bishop of Bordeaux, and also a relative of Jean Baptiste De Nesmond, an eminent French teacher of which the American Encyclopedia makes notable mention.

It is not unlikely that the medal came from Bordeaux, France, in possession of one of the French Jesuit missionaries, who no doubt was heir to the much prized heirloom which evidently reached America with

its owner, who was in party with the early expeditions of French explorers and traders preceding the early colonists of the eighteenth century.

It may seem vagarious to assume to fathom the past and give the date, 1643—the year our heroic commander, with his party, crossed Lake Erie to the Maumee river and made his way through dense forests, on rivers and streams, as water avenues, exploring regions in vicinity of his water travel, which afterwards became one of the established routes for French traders, giving them access to trading points in line of water routes. To one in particular, the noted Twightwee or Miamie Indian village, which was situated on both sides of the St. Joseph River at the head of the Maumee, where Fort Wayne is situated, a site prominently associated with the historical reminiscence of Indiana, now a pretty suburb residence part in sight of our modest progressive city. It was in this vicinity where the relics were found on the land occupied, at that time, by the Miamies whose chief, one in chieftainship, "Jean Baptiste Big Leg," was no doubt named by one of the French missionary fathers not unlikely the owner of the medal, who proposed the name of his distinguished relative, "Jean Baptiste De Nesmond," for the son of a chief. And from this it is also quite evident that the Indians were on friendly terms with the French traders and explorers and held the missionaries and others in high esteem, to have named one in heir-descendant of chieftainship with a French name.

The relic may have been buried with the body of

Chief Jean Baptiste Big Leg who came in possession of the medal under such circumstances as would not involve the natives with cruel demeanor; though history records the fate of Henri Jontel who was assassinated in the near vicinity, in the year 1687, after making twenty years' explorations. The missionary may have met a similar fate, his slayer coming in possession of the Jesuit Father's personal effects which were buried with the Chief with other of his earthly possessions, all of which suffered the decay of time; but the medal, with its living inscription, time and decay failed to efface. The inscription lived to tell that some one, or more, must have been in party with the early expeditions that came from Bordeaux, France. And for such we claim our hero, Xavier de Champeaux, who was in command of an advance expedition, was first with his party to temporarily locate and occupy with the natives the land situated at the Meeting Waters designated in the origin of our story.

"Smith's History of Indiana" gives the date 1657, when Sanson, the royal geographer of France, made a map of New France on which the Maumee River is correctly delineated, thus showing that prior to that time someone had visited and navigated the stream and mapped it with the adjacent country, as some of the rivers were known to the Indians by French names, notably so the St. Marys and St. Joseph Rivers.

While the true romancer has no need to resort to facts, giving dates or events, and describing scenes and places, coinciding with the verification of history, yet it makes it doubly interesting when they have a

foundation for their stories bearing to facts which may be known, accessory to their so-called imaginary narrations. Works of fiction are generally considered the ideal fancy of a creative imagination, which usually plays the part of prompter to the day dreamers, who at times are in the realm of living memories in which the scenes and events of their stories are the impressional panoramas, and are read in their knowledge of a psychological sense, to fill in the production of their narrations, "the tinge of correlated realities," which at one time may have been the real existing condition of life. We can go deep in the imaginary sense with a creative genius, who with a contemplative muse controlling the inspirations of the deeper and more significant sentiments, and read with the writer while the pen glides gently on in the hand under the direction of the controlling influence of the mind which obeys its master genius. And whether it be under the direction of one of the Clios of historical prose or with the assistance of one of Calliope's Muse of verse, there must be a productive source for the underlying sentiments of their stories; and however thrilling the events may seem, they may have been the actual experiences of human souls in their mortal existence so long as they assume to tell nothing improbable.

We can imagine Commander de Champeaux's great love of travel and adventure, with others of like ambitions, venturing into the dense wilderness of the far West, and, after making a friendly acquaintance with the natives, won and established their friendship and esteem through his winning powers of kindness

and honor-bearing principles, for which he was nobly conspicuous, which the French traders held long after his time; though unfortunately it did not always last.

Xavier de Champeaux's misfortune, however great his courage and contempt for danger, furnishes evidence that there is a fate other than the fate we make ourselves. And, had he, known beforehand the eventful circumstances in detail of the dire conditions of life he was to experience, it would certainly have proven disastrous to the courage of his heroic fortitude. But life sped on with occurring events in which he was philosophically and hopefully resigned to that which appeared to be ruled by a power over which he had little or no control. And, though he failed to always keep in a hopeful mental regime, his noble quality of mind added to his power, giving him strength of heroic endurance. He, unlike the exultant Jean de Arc, who with her spiritual affiliation of mind forces, conquered tyranny, claiming a victory of justice and bravely fulfilling her mission of life, and suffered the unjust penalty of death at an early age. While it was a life-time for our hero, whose life is briefly told in this little volume, with that of "Wah-see-ola's," the Pottawattomie Princess. She was one of the nobly endowed of her race; for the Indians, like all people, had their graded mentalities. Wah-see-ola was a shining light of the tribes at the Meeting Waters. She was none the less significant than the name she bore, given in the foresight of her noble mother, whose life was sacrificed at sunset after the birth of her first child, as she looked upon the rippling waters glittering

in all the resplendent colors of the sun's rays. She named her infant and closed her eyes in a glorious peacefulness of the soul as the twilight came over the bier of the young Indian mother. She was long mourned by her chief ere his time of going to the Happy Hunting Ground. From soul birth Wah-see-ola was, as all great souls, destined to fulfill her mission in life, and though she was born midst all the ignorance attended with uncivilized life, she was, intellectually, no ordinary individual. Her influence was far reaching and governed much to dispel the revengeful and suspicious ideas of her people, to make them better in ways of her auspicious ruling. She held them in obedience, fearful of that which she propesied would hold them in charge of breaking the law of good to the vengeance of the Great Spirit.

She had individual prognostications of the future, to which from an inner impulse, she craved the unknown, as the desired, and was no longer satisfied to idly roam the forest in her native way, but yearned the pursual of higher aims of life. Her being was filled with energized ambitions which roused her mind with desires of progress that she impatiently longed the change of mental rations. She desired also that her eyes might behold the idol of her heart, imaged in perspective of her mental vision, which lived in the medley of her thought and dreams that she sought in aspiration, the solitary among the tangled wildwood and flowers. She communed in soul, aspiring from an inner feeling, to her Great Spirit, in a silent soul invocation, when suddenly there appeared on the scene

the one she so often saw in her dreams, landing with his party in vicinity of her father's wigwam, where she was born and raised.

It was in that vicinity of the new world which destined a future for Xavier de Champeaux in the niche of life which was chiseled by the sculpture hand of Nature and was set to right at the impulse of the inner principles of his being. As their eyes met it was a mutual recognition on the part of both that only congenial souls know. Wah-see-ola felt she had individual responsibilities bearing upon her in co-ordination with his and her earthly existence in duty to one another. And while their birthplaces were at the wide expanse of two countries with the very opposite of attending conditions, yet the soul spark immortalized through previous existences were alike centered in their being uniformly governed in their soul affinity. And happily united in their missions of earthly existences, metaphorically speaking, though they were subjected to many trials and vicissitudes of life, they lived happily disposed to the good of life in a congenial affection of soul harmony.

J. M. B. S.

WAH-SEE-OLA

THE LIGHT OF THE TRIBES

AT THE

MEETING WATERS

CHAPTER I

Imbued with the spirit of adventure Xavier de Champeaux, in command of an advance exploring expedition, set out from Bordeaux, France, May 9th, 1643, with one hundred and thirty-eight men of like ambition to explore parts of the New World in view to colonization.

Commander de Champeaux was the eldest and only surviving son of an esteemed, noble and wealthy family. He had every advantage of education, and cultivated a fine intellect. He was broad-minded, and with endearing qualities was every way fitted to be a leader. His companion adventurers had all confidence in their worthy commander's ability, whose energy was roused in a foresight of their achievement now in progress, and they aspired hopefully together in their novel but hazardous undertaking.

The expedition, which was backed by men of means and enterprise, comprised a fleet of three small but well equipped sea-faring sailing vessels loaded with tools of every description, clothing and bedding, and imperishable provisions to last the party three years or more.

At the appointed time the good citizens of Bordeaux gathered at the public square to escort the party to the water front, where they would leave for their unknown destination. The adventurers filed in line and followed the great concourse of public-spirited people, consisting of men, women and children. They walked under floating flags and banners, keeping step with the music played by a military band, which, with the cheering encores of the enthusiastic relatives and friends, made it doubly encouraging for the brave, inexperienced adventurers.

The vessels were elaborately decorated with the flags of France, and, as the boats moved slowly off under the direction of the happy commander, the crowd kept cheering, "vivat vive le Commander Champeaux!" and no prouder man ever stood as unassuming under the Republic' flags, as Xavier de Champeaux, by the side of the noble-hearted Captain Del Larvre, both waving their hats and cheering, until their voices died in the distance over the water that was growing wider and wider as the vessels sailed off out of sight.

After making a slow and perilous ocean voyage, they continued their water travel in outlet of channel water ways to where they found themselves facing

a beautiful sheet of blue water. The clear blue sky reflected its azure hue in the water below, which gave a deeper shade to the sweeping swells that kept splashing in white-cap sprite waves over the wide water that lay before them in all the solemn grandeur of its vastness, and it impressed the adventurers with a feeling not easily described at their far-from-home location. They cruised slowly and cautiously, keeping within sighting distance of the border-land; though it made their travel doubly long and tedious, it insured them a land site at any time they might desire to make a landing. After eight days' cruising, they finally reached a running stream. Here their travel was interrupted for a time, as they were obliged to make preparations to enter into the depths of a densely wooded forest en route of a running water to continue their travel in the desired direction. They were charmed with their newly discovered land, and concluded to make it their camping place for the winter. They could look over the wide stretch of blue shining water, busy in motion, splashing in sparkling swells under the sun and moon lit skies, and looking south from where they were they could see a thickly wooded land on the margin of the water, which as a dark grey-green center between sky and water, was a beautiful picture for the nature loving adventurers, in a perspective of natural scenery. The missionary father at once proposed to erect a cross, and by that lay claim to the uninhabited land so eminently situated. High on a rise above the beautiful water, a place most prominent

midst its wild surroundings, was the site selected. The pious Father Jacques and the monks, with others in the party, raised a cross over ten feet high. They hewed the timber and cut large letters deep into the wood which they filled with pitch, giving the year, the name of the company, and the missionary father's holy order. They spliced timber and spiked it firmly together with wooden pins to make it strong to bear against the winds and storms that would come from over the wide water. They piled large stones at the four sides of the rudely constructed, but revered structure, which made a substantial and imposing base, after which they all knelt at the foot of the great mark of civilization and chanted, "Le Te Deum."

Winter was over. The ice and snow had gone. The warm rains swelled the creeks and rivulets that flooded the country. The birds and woodcocks were nesting and everything was filled with the impulse of Nature's invigorating season. The explorers, having made notes of latitude and direction, and explored the adjacent vicinity of their present location, were ready to again take up their travel westward.

Under the balmy sky of enchanting weather they traveled up stream in canoes and flat boats and proceeded on their way with the intention of going as far as the waterway would take them. They went forth, happily traversing a vast expanse of unexplored regions of the New World, closely observing, making maps of their waterway, to establish a fixed route for future migration. It was a slow tedious travel, towing up stream, of over two moon times duration.

One evening as twilight was coming on and the adventurers were towing their flat boats to the banks to tie for the night, the quiet was broken by sounds of cracking limbs and rustling brushes under foot of a solitary being who quickly disappeared and was lost in his solitary abode. Somehow the adventurers felt mysteriously disturbed at the appearance of the lone mortal of the wilderness, though it was no great surprise as twice previous their leaving the lake they sighted from a distance, oddly clad people, and they felt most certain the country in close proximity of their present location or thereabouts, was not destitute of habitation. At daybreak the explorers were again on their way moving slowly westward. They traveled steadily all the day, following the water avenue which facilitated their only method of travel through the forest in a westward direction. They at last reached the terminal of the stream, which was at the junction of two waters coming from opposite directions. It was a fascinating spot, however wild and uncultivated, Nature displayed her artistic graces along the banks of the stream not common at all places. The slopes on both sides of the water were covered with a dense growth of high bushes, in the midst of which stood tall trees, that looked out of the bushy wood, which was thickly interlaced with budding vines held in festooned support from the ground by the underwood; that with the shade of the great trees, excluded from the eye everything within sighting distance, save on

the water that glittered and rippled tirelessly along in its wordless song.

"A most desirable place in location of two waters facilitating further travel in opposite directions if we so desire," said the Commander in his usual enthusiastic way.

*They selected the ideal spot around the bend of the stream coming from the northeast, which with the stream they found their way to their present location, formed an island point which sloped from an elevated land a short distance beyond the junction of the triple waters. It was a beautiful summit overlooking the three waters and a thickly inhabited native village. The adventurers were delighted with the location, especially the Commander, who expressed himself again and again in the same enthusiastic way, as he stood looking and pointed to a spring of pure running water that flowed over pretty colored rocks half hidden in their mossy fern bed. They landed from off the winding stream that was thickly wooded on both sides that only the sky above and the water below gave them light and a means of exit to their wooded prison.

With the help of a little imagination we can picture the rugged scows stationed on the rippling tide, the brave adventurers disembarking the rudely constructed boats midst trellised elm limbs that hung low heavily laden with wild grape vines that gracefully swayed and dipped in the water-play of midday sunbeams, which kissed the laughing ripples midst bubbling chimes of shadowed currents which flowed over

rocks and wooded lawns where the trails in sight were made by footprints the white man ne'er had made.

It was growing sunset time and half the day gone since they tied the boats and landed. They were light-hearted and happy at having found a place so inviting in a much desired location, and congratulated themselves to their satisfaction at having gone to the terminal of the stream, in their determination to follow the water avenue, where they discovered a most desirable location at the confluence of three waters. A beautiful day was drawing to a close. The atmosphere was refreshing with growing verdure; the sun was setting, casting its radiant glow on the waters that rippled along. The adventurers, intently interested, sat quietly, close together, around the Commander and Father Jacques, who were discussing the selection of a camp site. Across the stream was a broad expanse of new growth of swamp willows, washed root bare from the recent freshets. Dark figures with uncovered heads, waist and head deep in the bushy wood, were approaching, curiously concerned, watching the adventurers who acted unpretentious of anything surprising. Suddenly they were startled at hearing strange merry voices coming in direction of the stream. On looking, they beheld three sparely clad natives straddled of a hollow log, burned off spike-shaped at one end, which they used for a water vehicle. They rowed rapidly and smoothly with sapling sticks, with no perceptible effort going against a swift current, which showed they were skilled in their feat. When they reached where the

flat boats were tied, along the banks of the stream, they looked from one to the other in utter amazement and talked with one another. They looked about and were scrutinizing things closely, when their eyes fell on the adventurers, grouped on the bank just above their heads. They were surprised at seeing the strange people but showed no signs of fear. Having evidently satisfied their curiosity, they turned their water conveyance and left, no doubt to report the news to others of their people, rowing off in direction of the traveling current as the shades of night were falling upon them. As twilight faded into the darkness of night, the forest looked sombre and solemnly dismal. The shades of night made gloomy pictures for the hopeful adventurers as now and then the firelights of the natives would burn up, brightening the surroundings of their village, which was conspicuous of the fact that the natives were not sleeping, but awake, no doubt discussing the arrival of a strange people. As the moon sank low beneath the horizon of the western sky late toward coming morning and the firelights still flashed at different places in the darkest of night, they at an unacquainted location, conspired to render the adventurers uneasy in a soulless rest. They felt anxiously uncertain as to what their fate might be before morning; and though worn and weary from hard travel, rowing against the current flow of the water up stream, they slept but little, but the brave vigils who stayed aft the rudders of the scows till daylight, reported nothing unfavorable.

Morning dawned, a beautiful sunrise ushered the

day. Its golden rays peeped through the great tree tops which seemed to give a prophetic message to the hopeful adventurers, and they were up and welcomed its greeting as a cheery omen of good for the ensuing day. After their morning mess, rationed sparingly, the adventurers at once went to work clearing a place preparatory to constructing squatters' cabins which they were anxious to have finished and occupying, as they anticipated such comforts as they had not had since they left their winter quarters at the lake side. The sound of chopping, the crashing of trees and crackling limbs echoed through the forest in unfamiliar sounds that disturbed the quiet of the wilderness.

The crying kill-deer hushed, and, with other birds of the forest, flew to more quiet parts of their woodland home. The grizzly animals howled and fled at the sharp reports of the muskets of the adventurers who were on hunt for game. The report of firearms roused the natives and they lost no time putting in their appearance on the scene, coming from several directions in location of their villages.

As the natives approached, headed by their chief, Commander de Champeaux went to meet them. He raised his hat, and bowing low and respectfully, said: "Bonjour, mes amis." Father Jacques and others of the party who had followed close behind the commander, also bowed courteously and said: "Bonjour, mes amis."

The brave leader inspired the natives with a feeling of confidence, and a chief of one of the tribes came forward and took the commander's hand which he held

firmly and friendly, all the while the old chief staring Commander de Champeaux in the eyes. He wore a headgear of eagle feathers woven with wire roots to fit the head. He was a friendly old man, whose face bore traces of goodly principles, and as the two stood for some moments exchanging motions in recognition of a mutual acquaintance, which they seemed to understand, Commander de Champeaux beckoned Father Jacques to come forward. He took the friendly old chief's hand and shook it heartily, after which he stepped back and, raising his eyes and with uplifted hands, invoked the blessing of God upon all. He prayed aloud, asking to have the friendship and good will of the natives, promising the love and kindness of the party in return.

It was a solemn moment for both the natives and the explorers. Their newly made acquaintances were deeply impressed with the holy father's attitude, his eyes cast heavenward to where they looked for all the good that came to them which they asked in the name of the Great Spirit, their provident Benefactor, made it notably imposing to them. All eyes now rested on the saintly old man whose prayerful attitude touched the natives with a feeling of its being a devotional exercise and their emotional natures quickened to a sense of mutuality which captivated their better natures; though there was one chief who failed to respond as did the rest of his people. He was not disposed to be friendly. He acted rather independent and surly, however otherwise friendly his brother chief,

who was not acting in pretense of a welcome to the strange pale-faced people.

The self-possessed diplomacy of Commander de Champeaux attracted the attention of the natives, and the stern chief who was not favoring the pale-face people was lost sight of for a time. The natives were at their wit's end in their awakening to the realization of a people of fairer skin inhabiting the earth save in the wilderness of their immediate surroundings. The unfriendly manner of the stern chief was anything but encouraging for the brave, inexperienced adventurers, whose ambitions were thwarted for the time being in a fear which came over them as the natives were advancing in numbers and in a way not insuring the adventurers a confidence of their good will.

To show signs of fear was not the best thing to do under the circumstances, and while Commander de Champeaux stood erect under the trying moments, assuming a defiant air, midst the many curious natives staring at him with their piercing black eyes, the sting of fear crept over him and he felt gravely anxious for his party. He was surrounded by the many dark people who were eager to get as close as possible, watching his every move as he stood, apparently unconcerned, looking about taking in the unpleasant situation. Thoughts flashed through his mind in a reflection of their motto: "To win or die," was the earnest resolution of the party which welded their ambitions with energetic hopes for the future. "We must be brave," Commander de Champeaux felt as he

surmised how keenly perceptive and observing were his new acquaintances.

Those of the party who were constructing the cabins went about their work whistling, acting the part of real bravadoes, when all the while they were in the gravest doubt of ever seeing another sunrise. The natives watched the adventurers felling the trees with their axes, which were the chief attraction, and their eyes sparkled, no doubt in hopeful anticipation of at some time being the possessors of such shiny bright tools as they would most appreciate. And as the adventurers piled the bark to one side to make the scrag roofs of their cabin, several of the natives, bolder than the rest, picked up the axes and hatchets to assist the pale faces, while others stood looking on impatiently waiting the privilege to use the hatchets, and the adventurers had no objection so long as they used them for the right purpose. But with the impluse of impatience and envy there was more danger of the natives quarreling among themselves, and for a time the adventurers feared the worst. In moments of great anguish they wished they had a hatchet for each of the natives that stood waiting to use the tools they so enviously coveted.

The chiefs were off at the opposite side squatted on their haunches deliberating on the question of the right of the privileges the pale-faces were taking. Commander de Champeaux saw by the expression on their faces that the austere chief was agitating a movement which he held in contemplation of a command. Commander de Champeaux was intuitive to a sense of

reading mental direction and he was impressed to lose no time but to get the attention of the natives or the surly chief would soon have his people influenced to dissentious movements, as it was very evident he was fast gaining favor in the pronounced way of his speech making. The commander walked over to where the chiefs were, and as he approached the kind old chief rose to his feet and advanced to meet the Commander, who extended his hand in a way seeking an interview. He took the commander's hand and held it while they stood exchanging motions which each seemed to understand in a mutual congeniality, much to the disgust of the surly chief who looked on bitterly opposed to the cordiality of the chief of his native people. Commander de Champeaux saw from the first he could depend upon winning the confidence of the kind old chief, as he made no pretense from the start to disguise his great pleasure at meeting a people of another country.

As the friendly chief and Commander de Champeaux stood exchanging their congenial sentiments the daughter of the good natured chief, who was standing near by, the while smiling, looking on suddenly and in an unpretentious manner stepped closer to the good-natured old man, she raised her finger to get the pale-face chief's attention, touched the old chief lightly on the arm and with all the pride of her noble being, said:

* "Noss o-gi-man Pott-a-watt-omie Wah-chee-ka," ("This is my father, Pott-a-wat-omie Chief Wah-chee-ka") and the parent, no less proud of his lovely daughter said, pointing to the Indian maiden:

"Ae na banke-da-nis Wah-see-ola," ("This is my daughter Wah-see-ola.")

Commander de Champeaux bowed low and smiled, acknowledging the introduction, which seemed to greatly please the good-natured old man that the pale-face chief understood they were father and daughter.

It was then Wah-see-ola first met the idol of her dream fancies in the vicinity where she was born and raised. She long had prophesied that there would come from over a great water, a strange people with pale faces who would be one with them in the happy hunting ground. As she looked at his fair face, admiring his fearless manner, her being was filled with unbounded sympathy. She felt from a psychic impulse of her inner being that though he was brave and fearless, he was destined to meet with an unjust punishment imposed upon him by a suspicious one of her people, and from an inner request, she promised to use all the influence of her power and if possible to have his remittal.

It was growing late, well toward sunset time, and with the hard labor of the day the adventurers were fatigued and hungry. The three monks who were delegated as cooks for the party, gathered dead wood and lighted fires to cook the evening mess. Chief Wah-chee-ka gave Commander de Champeaux to understand by pointing to his moving jaws and to the squaws of his tribe that they would bring something to eat. The squaws left at Chief Wah-chee-ka's command and soon returned bringing

an abundance of dried meat and venison and maize cakes which, with the sea biscuits, game and the grit, the monks cooked over the fires in kettles hanging hooked on iron forks they had made for that purpose. Father Jacques motioned Brother Filmore and he arose, and standing erect, asked the blessing, which the adventurers answered in a loud "Amen," the natives tried to repeat, showing their affiliating sentiments. They all gathered around the simmering kettles and ate heartily. The natives were highly amazed to see the adventurers use spoons and forks, and eat out of shining pewter bowls and plates. They enjoyed the reciprocated hospitality as customary to their celebrating notable events of any kind, this one especially.

Commander de Champeaux and his party were now feeling in the best of spirits. "It is a decided sign of the natives' good will. It is the opening of a friendship now declared which is in evidence of their genial hospitality," said Father Jacques, "and for which," he continued, "we must give our heartiest congratulations to our worthy commander, whose undaunted courage and affable manner won the hearts of the natives."

As growing twilight was fading into a quiet night, Father Jacques called for evening prayer. The adventurers all joined and answered the litany aloud, ending the evening devotion by saying "Deo Gratias," after which three of the party who were choir members of St. Michael's Cathedral of Bordeaux, sang songs they used to sing at home with their mothers

and sisters. The melodies of the old time airs, such as live with us controlling the sentiments of fond recollections, roused the natives in the heart-softening harmonies to sympathetic emotions they never before experienced.

The evening was well spent, and as the moon rose in the fullness of overgrown crescent, the tribe of the noble Pott-a-watt-omie Chief, Wah-chee-ka, whose name derived from the shape of the heavenly light at the time of his birth, was illuminating the way for him and his people, as he walked proudly in the moonlight and followed the trails to their wigwams, leaving the adventurers hopefully peaceful for the night.

The heavenly orb had an exalting influence over the Chief in consequence of the name he bore and which in origin of the good squaw-mother's admiration and great gratitude for the light of night, could do no greater honor, she thought, to the Great Spirit than name her first born for the light that came from the Happy Hunting Ground where all good chiefs go and hang up their bows and arrows on the crescent to hunt no more, but live in the perpetual Wah-chee-ka time—meaning the season of May moon, time of sunshine and blossoms.

CHAPTER TWO.

The young people of the near by tribes made frequent visits to the camp, and the gloomy days of dreary winter in the forest passed more pleasantly for the adventurers in the congenial company of the happy light-hearted natives. Out of these frequent visits grew some very warm attachments and the sincere affections of the dusky damsels were not altogether misplaced. The sun-bronzed maidens found favor in the eyes of the good-natured adventurers, not short of an admiration natural to the masculine of humankind in their congeniality for the opposite sex. And though the young women were dark-skinned and most primitive in their habits and manner of attire in their non-domesticated life, and comparatively untidy with the French mademoiselles, the adventurers treated the dusky maidens with due courtesy; for otherwise, they would not have been Frenchmen. They rather sympathised with the young women whom they credited worthy of better opportunities, as they were naturally endowed with a knowledge of no mean consequence common to them in their ways of life.

The dusky maidens were eager to learn to speak the language of their pale-face friends, among whom they had favorites they admired to an infatuation, and the adventurers spared no pains to teach them.

Meanwhile they became conversant with words the natives used, and with the motions they fashioned after them, they were soon able to exchange greetings and converse with one another quite intelligently.

The adventurers found some very fast friends among the red men, who became devotedly attached to the pale-face braves. They hunted and fished together and went with the young hunters to the trap lairs to bring the game, which they divided when they did not mess together. The young hunters enjoyed the sport of shooting the wheel-lock muskets. They were apt at learning and soon were expert shots. They were accurate marksmen and however swift the doe, she fell a victim of the bullet of the gun in the hand of the red brave that chanced sight of her. Indeed, they prided the pleasure shooting at sight and rarely missed their aim, having the well-trained eye of long practice with the bow and arrow.

Squads of the young hunters and their pale-face friends would leave early in the morning on hunting chases not returning until long after sunset, and sometimes not until the next day. The red braves would lead the way on their hunting chases, crossing over choked-up creeks, going through forests of tall trees, their tops so interwoven as to shut out the daylight, spreading perpetual gloom midst the ruins of former forests in every state of confusion. They would stumble over the roots and dead branches of the great trees which had succumbed to the decay of ages; that were covered with mantling mosses and heavy grasses. Sometimes at every step they would

sink to their knees in the mire of swampy places where they were obliged to climb and walk on logs which served as crossings, otherwise they would have had no way to cross dangerous places that were concealed with the debris of dead wasting woodlands. Then again they would clamber over fallen timber and squeeze between and through stubborn brush that grew about the dead wood of the great wilderness. They were often obliged to climb high limbs from which they would step off, only to find themselves in the middle of chunk ponds which the heavy marsh mosses concealed from view. The young red braves were swift on their feet and accustomed to it all. They assisted their pale-face friends over much they never would have attempted to cross to reach high hills where the silence of death reigned above the thickest forests, many times not finding their way back before the next sunset. And however risky, they rather enjoyed the roving tramps with their red friends who were ambitiously daring to a fault to do things that would tend to make them the noted braves of their tribes. They aimed to fascinate their pale-face friends in their sporty ambitions, and solicited their encouragement, which the adventurers gave them in a flattering approbation much to their gratified pleasure.

With all the danger attendant upon these venturesome exploits, only once the adventurers met with an accident. At this time one of the red braves aimed at a stag and supposed he had killed it, when he had only maimed it in the back and it lay as dead; but

just as they were about to take hold of the defiant and hard-defeated animal, it threw itself, violently striking one of the party over the left eye with its horns, inflicting a wound which nearly cost him his life, and from which he carried a scar the rest of his days. And before they managed to kill the animal, it struck one of the natives with its fore foot, stripping the flesh from the bone, half the length of the arm from the shoulder down below the elbow. Other than the first mentioned accident, the adventurers had escaped so far with but a few sprains and bruises of little consequence. And happily so for the cautious Commander whose words of warning to his party were always given with his "Fare thee well," that he never forgot his promise to the dear mothers whose sons were in company with the expedition, and he must, if possible, take the boys back alive and well.

After their hunting chases the red braves and maidens would gather at the camp and with the adventurers, all squatted around the log fires inside the cabins. The adventurers told stories to amuse the natives, going through all kinds of maneuvers in a mimicry by motioning, while the natives kept the strictest attention in their eagerness of comprehension.

All went well with the adventurers and their red friends but the monks, who were novitiates and were not allowed to mingle with the company of women. They complained bitterly to Commander de Champeaux and asked him to have the young women stay away from their cabins and to forbid them to

bring any more fish or game to have cooked as they could no longer be annoyed with them standing around meddling, all the while calling to do or wanting something. They would stand close by watching, curiously inquisitive at every move the monks made, begging to assist them stir with the spoons and use the cooking utensils, until the monks were clear out of patience with them. Commander de Champeaux cautioned the young Benedictines to show the young women no contempt or in any way disregard their innocent familiarity, as they were only eager to learn to make the corn podge and flat cakes they stirred and baked over the fires in frying pans. But under no circumstances would the monks disobey their holy vows and averred their intention of effecting some means by which they could keep the dusky damsels out of their sight. From the first, they strenuously prohibited their frequenting the little cabin where they with Father Jacques read the prayers and sang the offertory of their holy order. Several of the party not given to sentimental serenity, hooted at the monks' disdainful attitude and disinclination toward the young women. On one occasion Commander de Champeaux was passing over the hill where sat five of the party off to one side giggling, merry in purpose, evidently fixing to have a little sport at the expense of the innocent Friars. Commander de Champeaux knew at once where the fun was coming from, and while he would not have the young fellows make sport of their over-zealous religious brethren, he heartily approved of the much-needed sense of

humor to arouse the party from the sombreness of their adventurous exploit, though it be a humorous medley in origination of the good brothers' devotion to their holy vocation. But he must conceal the fact of his honest approval from the benevolent Friars, as they had explicit confidence in him, trusting him faithfully to right every impropriety, and he must hold their respected confidence.

In their complaint to Commander de Champeaux the monks first blamed Andre Dumont who occasionally assisted at commissary work, and in compliance to a demand, gave one of the squaws his kettle and fork, thinking they were well supplied and for which he would have little need. He generously gratified the motherly old squaw's desire and she left with others of her tribe highly appreciating the gift for which she promised, by motion, "she'd bring a heap more dried meat," much to the disgust of the pious Friars.

It so happened Andre Dumont was present and heard the monks complaining to the Commander, and also heard the Commander's instructions to the patient novices. He pointed them the rule of duty in common to everyone, "to help others as we would be helped," and it would only be a part of their missionary work to teach the young women how to cook, improving their methods of roasting over live coals and baking in hot ashes.

On the evening of the next day, just as the sun was setting, gloriously illuminating the earth with the radiance of gorgeous colors, Father Jacques, as

usual, called for evening prayer. The natives who were present knelt with the adventurers, and with bowed heads the same as the pale-faces, soulfully joined in the religious devotion, which greatly pleased the good Father Jacques. Eugene Del Mar and several of the party noticed the young monks remained some distance in the rear, kneeling with their backs turned to the natives and holding their hands over their eyes that they might not look upon the sparely clad women, "qui a les jambes nues," which greatly amused the happy, humorous aspirants who were still further back watching the Friars all absorbed in prayerful concentration. The quick observing Commander glanced over at the boys and felt to have a hearty laugh with the young fellows. They aimed at the youngest monk, who seemed to be the most terribly shocked at the loose irregular attire of the women.

After prayer was over Francois Del Roche called to Brother Fedealo, saying: "Why, I am astonished at the way you shun the sight of God's innocent humanity; the sight of these dusky damsels will do you no harm," and laughed heartily.

"It is against the rules of our holy order to live midst womankind so unbecomingly attired. If we look upon them we will be obliged to do penance. I shall have to pray the rosary and fast for three days, as it is. You know, Francois, our order is very strict, and we dare not disobey or we shall have broken our vows. We are supposed to be cloistered and in retreat, not to be in associations with the worldly."

The boys were more amused than ever at the

brother's innocent simplicity and sincerity, and what passed through their minds may well be conjectured, for now they had a wide scope for sport.

"Poor Brother Fedealo," said Andre Dumont, "we pity him," looking at the Commander who wore a broad smile the while the conversation was going on.

"Yes, indeed, we pity him," said another. "He made a mistake coming out here with this party." And they proposed to the saintly brother, inasmuch as he could not control the natives in their fashion of dress, he had better curtain his eyes or he would be forever doing penance and never cease praying the rosary.

"Ah! no," cried Francois. "We'll get him over all that before long. Why, it might be with him as it has been with many others before him who have left the monastery. He may even fall in love with one of the dark-eyed damsels, who knows?"

"Yes," said another, "he would not be the first one that has left the monastery, lost to feminine infatuation."

Brother Fedealo never smiled but looked serenely solemn, the while his lips moving in prayer as though he heard nothing.

"He does not hear what we are saying; he is praying the rosary. Come, Brother Fedealo, please do not spend so much time praying; help us joke a little," said Andre, and they all laughed heartily while the poor brother prayed on, apparently unconcerned.

"Oh, Brother Fedealo, please do not pray while we are here. Wait and pray while we sleep. I think

you will have better conditions for your penal aspirations," said Eugene Del Mar.

"Don't be nagging the poor brother to death," said Francois in a loud tone of voice to attract the brother's attention. But the brother never looked up nor said a word. All were quiet for a time when the pious young novice did finally look up good-naturedly, and they could see by the shine of his eyes that he could hardly keep from laughing. Commander de Champeaux looked over at Brother Fedealo and said:

"Well, Brother Fedealo, the boys are having quite a little sport at your expense. Do not mind them; they do not mean half they are saying."

"Yes, we do. Now who knows but at some time, even though he will have taken the last three vows, he may renounce them all and marry before he dies," said Andre in a sincere voice to impress the sanctimonious monk with what could be, and be nothing very great or improbable.

"That's true enough. There is no telling what he, or any one of us may do. No matter how fixed our intentions may be, we often do the contrary, and for such as may come to pass there is an all-powerful law controlling that directs human destiny. Yes, yes, Brother Fedealo might at some future time drop the order and no longer be a Benedictine; however to his pleasure. It would be nothing out of the ordinary nor improbable," said the Commander dryly.

"Well, what if he did, he would be none the less a brother. He has sisters, has he not?" asked Francois.

"Yes, and still be a benedict by taking unto himself a helpmate, which would be nothing unnatural. He could serve God as well and stand the same chance of having access to Heaven as the rest of us common fellows in our human aspirations to the great place; for sure do we not all aim for the same place?" said Felix Ladroutte in a serene voice and no less thoughtful.

Brother Fidealo remained as serious as ever and could not be induced to say a word, which added to the fact of its being very trying for the patient monk who dared not lose his patience, as was also a rule of their holy order. The zealous brother was not accustomed to such talk, which he considered very disrespectful and wholly wrong. It was nothing short of profanity, he thought.

The good brother seemed to feel he might yet impress the young fellows with his sentiments of reverence for his holy order and at last said:

"Mon cher Commander, I forgive them, De bonne grace. I shall pray for them, I shall pray for you all."

The young fellows laughed; even Father Jacques and Brother Filmore had to laugh at the profound serenity that the good brother was displaying in his talk to modify their sentiments. And when Brother Filmore and Father Jacques laughed, it was too much for the pious young monk, so he unpretendingly betook himself away and sat on the limb of a fallen tree praying his beads to hold his attention that he might not hear what the humorous juveniles were planning

in their ridicule of the Benedictine's much aroused sense of mock modesty, as they termed it.

Commander de Champeaux sat quietly considering what had been said and feeling to express himself, fearing it might not end so happily, he rose to go to where Doctor Balrossa was sitting and, speaking in a kindly gracious tone, said, "Mes cher garcons, it behooves me under the circumstances to charge you with a word or two with regard to our sport making, the while the good Brother Fedealo is so earnestly devoted to his religious vocation; that we must respect his religious sentiments. We must hold the brotherly love of one and all of our party and for such we must duly respect each other."

"It is well worth our consideration that we not disobey our Apostolic rules and keep our peace," said Brother Filmore.

"Pardonnez moi, but I feel I must call your attention to another matter, which is in protest of the right of those who are making the shell ornaments and buckles for the filles au yeux moi. I plead with you, heed my words fitly spoken. My wishes are always for your pleasure, but we must not over-run the limit to endanger another or cause others displeasure in our sport making," said the kind Commander.

"Very right you are, cher Commander. You have expressed my sentiments exactly. I mean with regard the attention our boys have been paying les filles au yeux moi," said Doctor Louis Balrossa.

"But where is the harm done Brother Fedealo? He will certainly have to come out of his religious

lethargy if he remains long among the natives. Nous somme gracons ensemble, and he must try to look over our petty juvenile sports. And, cher Commander, please do not deny us the privilege of a little harmless sport. We need a little amusement out in this vast wilderness, midst these great monarch fathers," pointing to the trees, "as sternly silent companions which seem to be mocking us minute human creatures with all their sombreous solemnity in our abode of their environment," said Francois.

"Truly not. I do not mean to deny you the diversion you crave, as amusement is necessary in life for it is conducive to health. I very reluctantly speak only to forbid, as I foresee dangerous results forthcoming which may involve one or more of our party who would be made to suffer innocently," said Commander de Champeaux in his usual mild manner.

"It is of the latter which you speak that you refer mostly. But, cher Commander, I beg leave to say we only make the trinkets for pastime as well as to please the girls, and if they are envious and jealous of one another, they are to blame themselves," said the vivacious Eugene.

"No doubt you take pleasure making the buckles and ornaments for the charmante filles of your choice," emphasizing the last words in a high tone of voice, smiling, to crowd in a bit of humor in a joking way to plague the boys a little, "and I knew the chere filles prize the buckles you carve and polish so prettily, on which you have displayed both talent and gen-

ius in artistic designs and finish of the ornaments any lady would admire and appreciate. Would it not be well to make a few to take home with us?"

"Why, certainly, why not?" said Alphonse Mannier. "I shall most certainly make some and give them as souvenirs when I go back to France."

"It would be better than making so many for les filles au yeux moi, which seems to be inducing the envious feeling, rousing their ambitions to excel each other in having the greatest number of strands and buckles. I was witness to one of their mimic war dances, to the outcome of which our Commander refers. They went so far as to make threatening gesticulations at one another, while dancing around and around until they were completely wrathily exhausted. Mes cher garcons, I feel as our Commander. I would not in any way, want to be responsible for such as I think is absolutely wrong, and not a pleasant sight to witness, to my notion," said Doctor Balrossa.

"I would advise our cher garcons from now on, make some fine buckles to take with us for our les coeurs doux chez-aux, who are happily waiting our return to France. The French mademoiselles will appreciate them equally as much and understand the tokens of such gifts as souvenirs, while the filles au yeux moi look upon such acts of kindness as attentions on which they base their affections, and remember, cher garcons," with a wink at Doctor Balrossa, "they will not relinquish their heart-claims so readily at our time of leaving."

"Les filles au yeux moi are very much in earnest in their loose-fashioned marriage solicitations, and with a little encouragement, which has grown out of les cher garcons' indulging attention, preferably given, might cause us delay. For that reason, I have held myself aloof," said the Doctor, laughing it off as a real joke.

"Ha, ha, ha, cher Commander; we all know our good Doctor has no time for any other mademoiselle but the one he left in Bordeaux He lives with an aching heart, taking satisfaction in that as a penance for breaking the mademoiselle's heart," said the quiet but humorous Felix.

"I feel that we are allowing our conversation to become altogether too personal. However, our Doctor is a very good-natured fellow and will excuse us if we have wounded his good aching heart," said Commander de Champeaux.

"I make you every allowance and inasmuch as Felix, the good boy, always tells the truth," winking at the Commander, "I am only too proud to know he understands. Yes, that he knows I esteem the chere mademoiselle above all others, that I am proud to say," smiling in acknowledging he was bored just a little.

A great noise, calling, "shoo!" "shoo!" "shoo, there!" interrupted the conversation, and they all ran to where some of the boys had a coon treed just in sight of the cabin firelights. The frightened animal st od his ground, backed in the fork of a heavy limb, his eyes sparkling, looking down on his pursuers who for the sport of the thing, were clubbing, taking turns

at throwing to see which one would be game and bring the animal down. Animal instinct provided the coon all the protection he needed, so long as they aimed to bring him down with cudgels. He was safely cuddled between three good-sized limbs that forked in branches over the one on which the animal rested, which really embraced the frightened animal, and he remained coolly defiant while the boys continuued to club away until it was quite late and the sport became laborious. They left the coon calmly victorious and went to the cabins to retire for the night.

CHAPTER THREE

Having satisfied their ambitions of adventure, having explored regions of the new world to know the nature of the climate and resources of the country, and the opportunities it would afford to companies and colonists, their thoughts leaned toward home.

The adventurers saw much of the surrounding country in vicinity of their camping location when out with the natives during their game chases, they otherwise would never have seen. They were happily disposed throughout all and endured the hardships of their adventurous exploit in complacency of admiration of the great forest where the profound solitude had never been disturbed by mortal man; where man's ax never grazed a tree, and where, midst the wide spreading branches, the unmolested songsters nested and cheerily answered their chirping echoes that sounded over the waters that traveled in meandering routes, breaking skylights through the foliage of gigantic trees of towering heights, and around shady nooks and grassy knolls that sloped to the creeks and streams where the deer and their fawn fed in flocks as if herded by sylph shepherdesses on the luxuriant green pastures of the picturesque looking fairyland.

The adventurers felt mysteriously and incomprehensively daft at God's spaceless wildwood premises.

It seemed a woodland paradise in all the granduer of nature's handiwork of growing green, clinging and climbing; beautifully trellised on the great outspreading limbs, from blossom to russet-browns and red-berry time.

Such places were pathless and unfrequented save, we might think, by the white elves or the sylph families whose dainty vehicles of bodily movements were navigable to the atmospheric forces of their sylph life, and the like places were left trailless, showing no visible signs of habitation.

Such are the past recollections told in a soul-sensed inspiration of the muse given legendary prose notes in a penned description of the wildwood parts of the new world.

One evening after Commander de Champeaux's absence for three sunsets from camp, exploring with his party and a squad of the red braves at such a place as above described, Wah-see-ola, who had been anxiously watching and waiting his return, beckoned him some distance from the cabin, where they sat earnestly engaged in conversation.

As Doctor Balrossa passed by going to the spring at the brink of the stream, he noticed Wah-see-ola was weeping, which was something unusual for the happy light-hearted maiden. She wept aloud as if greatly distressed, which at the time roused Doctor Balrossa's sympathy and made him feel very unhappy. Sick, crying children and weeping women never failed to rouse the sympathetic emotions of the tender-hearted Doctor Balrossa. He surmised the nature of Wah-

see-ola's trouble. He knew of her affection for Commander de Champeaux and he also knew that she was aware of the Commander's intention of leaving with his party for their return voyage at the coming bright moontime, which he felt was no doubt the cause of Wah-see-ola's unhappiness. Doctor Balrossa concluded it was a heart-breaking separation, and a similar affair he might recall, not foreign to a heart-sensed experience, which renewed a feeling of sympathy for one who suffered similarly on his account which might have been avoided had he acted according to the dictates of his conscience.

On his return to camp, it was with the greatest effort Doctor Balrossa concealed his very unhappy feelings from his companions. After exchanging a few words on the quality of the excellent water he brought, he betook himself to the opposite side of the cabin where he could be alone, and think on what had just transpired to impress him so deeply.

It was quite late when the Commander returned, and when he entered the cabin all were asleep but the Doctor. He was sitting on the far side beyond the entrance, solemnly musing, looking at the firelight. He failed to notice Commander de Champeaux, in his deep meditation, more than to glance up at him and look down on the flickering flame flashes that would now and then burn up brightly, throwing ghastly shadows at the cabin side from the unsteady flickering firelight.

"Well, friend Louis, you seem to be thinking seri-

ously. What is your trouble to-night?" asked Commander de Champeaux.

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Doctor Balrossa looked up, but said nothing.

"I believe," continued Xavier, "I can trace your thoughts from here over the water to Angeline."

"Yes, sir! Yes, Xavier, you are right. There seems to be an inner feeling that directs me to her to-night in cause of that which I believe will haunt me as long as I live," said the Doctor solemnly.

"Now, friend Louis, since I know the circumstances from beginning to end of that which seems to be overwhelming you, let me give you a little advice. When you go back to Bordeaux, have an understanding and explain all to Angeline and do not hesitate to make her your wife. I understand, as you have told me, repeatedly, you will never marry another; then marry the girl you love, and the one I know loves you, and do not live on with haunting regrets, when all the while you have the remedy in your own hands to amend the wrong with which you charge yourself and which you so much regret."

"It is too late now, Xavier. Had I the courage then and felt as I do now with regard to that which hindered me marrying Angeline, the dear good girl, I would not be here regretting the past," answered the Doctor sadly.

"Yes, but that has passed with time. Now make the best of the present for your future good of life. There is no uncertainty in your case. Your way to remedy the matter is clear and possible."

"I do not doubt but that is surely so, but I am

worried to death. I'll not sleep a wink to-night," said the Doctor disconsolately.

"I can see no reason why you should not sleep. I'll not lose any rest, I assure you. But, my friend Louis, you are desperately over-wrought. You must not let little things like that worry you. By the way, neither of us will sleep very much to-night. Here we are parleying over things which should not so concern us, to rob us of a much needed rest after our adventurous tramps these last three days. Come, Louis, come, get over this," said Commander de Champeaux.

"I certainly wish I could. My heart aches in memory of that which I have been trying to live down these late years; though it appears I never can rise above it and be conqueror over a self-rebuke;" and he continued, "At times it haunts me nearly to distraction. Angeline, the poor girl! I wonder has she ever suffered as I am suffering to-night? It seems that our attachment is more than an ordinary, everyday love affair we read about."

"Well, my good disconsolate brother, true love, true soul love is not one of the everyday love affairs, you say we read about. Love does not pretend to stoop to the perfidions of a mere fancy, or to idle fits of human passions. That is not love," said the Commander.

"By the way you speak, you seem to know something of love," said the Doctor.

"I do not profess to know a very great deal; no, not so; but to my understanding of the great principle of life, which we mortals claim to know and

feel, we can only sense the instinctive impulse of its attributes in accord with the soul depths of our love nature. Every day of our lives we are co-mingling with a portion in parts of love principles, in sympathy, admiration, infatuation and the like, which go to govern our affections, and in which we experience the pleasure of agreeable associations in our attachments for one another. And while the majority of us, men especially, seem evidently contented, knowing no better to live with admiration and infatuation governing a slight affection and in a practical way, are law abiding, yet but few know the real depth of a true love. There is a difference in our fancies of admiration and infatuation which we ignorantly call love. We must have a deeper sentiment controlling our attachments. We must have unselfish motives underlying our affections in sincerity of a real soul affiliation which we often lack. We men are often unworthy of a good woman's love," said the noble-hearted Commander.

"Women, poor women; they are nobly endowed with great powers of endurance, while we men boastingly assume to the head of our race, as the stronger and more brave, when all the while we shrink in dread of the things they must encounter in discharge of their womanly life energy," said the big-hearted Doctor Balrossa.

"Yes, we men, though courageous and stronger than our sister humanity, are weaklings and lean to the feminine in support of their help of womanly qualities

which makes life worth the living for us brawny mortal subjects," said the Commander.

"Indeed women are equally as courageous as we men. They are more nobly self-sacrificing, and we only half appreciate their finer, nobler sensibilities," answered the Doctor.

"Very apparently so. 'Tis even strongly manifested in the feminine of these uncultured people. They are none the less self-sacrificing in obedience to their laws of living subject to the masculine of their race. Overly much so to a killing sense of justice. How they drag and drudge through life, feeding the men and children, taking upon themselves the laborious duties of the lodges, the while the men idle their time to the insignificant of the wild uncultivated life, save now and then during their hunting chases. These women have goodly graces and would not wound the monster that imposes upon her. She drags out her existence, thinking she is subject to all imposed upon her by him who claims her honor of his lordship," said Commander de Champeaux.

"Mon cher garcon, our conversation, apparently directed, means much to me. I feel the monster to a sense of injustice when I think of Angeline. I have a message I wish you to take to France, if anything should ever happen to hinder my return. Tell Angeline it was my last word that to my dying day, my thoughts shall go out to her with these words on my lips, 'forgive me, forgive me, ma chere, chere Angeline,'" said Doctor Balrossa.

"I shall," and taking the hand of him whom he

knew he could only love as a brother, "I shall tell her, rest assured, if I go back. But you will see Angeline before I, and you will marry her when you return to Bordeaux. Remember what I tell you," said Commander de Champeaux.

"No, no; that can never be. Circumstances are such now as would hinder me marrying Angeline, and too she may have met and loves another; yes and may even be wedded to another. It is her privilege if she chooses, for it was I who proposed we never be united in the most sacred tie of life. I was niggardly foolish; now it is too late and I am living to repent for my foolhardiness," said the Doctor.

"Doctor Louis," said Commander de Champeaux, "after bitter trials, comes sweet joy. Time brings changes. You have inheritances facing your future that you can provide sumptuously for Angeline, and what need you care for all others; when heart and conscience are clear the soul is free;" and the Commander proposed they retire for a short nap before morning mess.

They were congratulating themselves that all were well and alive when the venerable Father Jacques became indisposed with a slight attack of swamp fever, and Alphonse Mannier, another of the party, was taken violently ill. He was sick to die in the wilderness, far from home, and from the first his life was despaired of.

Doctor Balrossa, who was a young medical student, and who previous to leaving France had just received his diploma, volunteered to accompany the

party for the purpose of making investigations of the climate, rendered his assistance, doing all in his power to relieve the suffering boy, but his remedies failed to effect a cure. The squaws and big medicine Chief tried their various remedies but with no avail. And when his malady assumed a serious nature, depriving poor Alphonse at times of his reason, which the big medicine brave considered was a very bad omen, they did not despair. He made repeated trials of his charm cures, indicating various methods of maneuvers by dancing around the patient, trying to waken the poor boy to his senses, by yells and whoops loud enough to raise the dead and paralyze the living. But, like all other remedies, it failed to bring him back to consciousness. His fever kept high and hanging on in spite of all that was being done. He continued in his unconscious state, when toward the last, his mind regained its suspended powers. He called for his companions and told them he "never would return with them to France," that he had a warning in form of a vision, and with a last "good-bye," and "love to mother and all at home," he closed his eyes to the world as the sun was setting in all its golden radiance, sinking behind the towering oak and elm trees, painting the heavens with the most brilliant erubescent tinge as the poor Alphonse sank rigid in death.

Alphonse's suffering lasted ten days, and on the evening of his last day on earth he was surrounded by his companions and his faithful red friends, who had hoped his peaceful return of consciousness would last to his recovery.

Alphonse Mannier had not yet reached his twenty-first birthday. He got the consent of his widowed mother to accompany the party, never thinking he would be seized with an illness that would cost him his life. In his death we chronicle the demise of the first pale-face in that vicinity of the far west. He was the first white man whose soul took its flight from out the wilderness in the presence of the uncivilized natives. They were sympathetic and tender-hearted and rendered their faithful service to the sick boy, proving themselves loyal to their inner principles. And though he was far from home and unattended by loved ones, he had the care of kind and devoted companions who mourned his loss deeply.

The night of his death is one never to be forgotten. As Alphonse lay cold in the agonies of death, some fell on their knees and prayed, while others turned from the scene weeping as Doctor Balrossa tenderly folded the lifeless hands across the breast and closed the half open eyes that stared to deeply impress them with the grim of death. They placed the corpse on a bier of rustic structure for the night, and covered it with oak and elm branches. They selected a spot at a point of land eminently situated between the two rivers and just in sight of the camping place on the bank of the river as the burial place. Having dug the grave extra wide and long, they rested the body on leafy branches, making a receptacle befitting a king, and just as twilight was approaching in a haze of threatening rain, they carefully placed the remains

of their dead companion, wrapped in his blankets, in the grave. At the request of some of the natives, according to their custom, they placed some of his personal effects beside the body, after which they covered all that was mortal of the deceased junior of their party with green branches, and threw earth upon it to make a large high mound. They rolled two large stones from the river which they placed at his head and feet, and selecting a small oak bush, the making of a straight tree, carefully lifted it with the earth intact around the roots and placed it growing over the body of their beloved companion.

With the help of a little imagination, we can go over the scene as they gently carried the remains of Alphonse to the grave; the faithful squaws and red brave friends following with his companions. They all stood witnessing the last sad duty performed, and while the grave was being filled the silence of a deep solitude was broken only by the melancholy chirping of small birds that flew about and perched for the night on the branches of the high trees that spread over the grave spot of the lamented Alphonse.

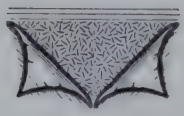
In the absence of Father Jacques, whose illness would not permit his officiating at the burial, not one had the courage to make a remark or offer a single prayer, so affected were they; while silently and reverently their last sad duty was performed.

What consolation had they to offer Madame Mannier, and what would be her feelings when with the other parents she would go rejoicing to meet him who would be absent? "With love to all at home,"

his last words would be their message to his mother, and to tell her he was tenderly cared for during his illness and was laid to rest at a marked spot beautifully located to be identified by a growing oak tree at a place on the bank of a beautiful running stream.

His death cast a gloom over the party, which with the illness of Father Jacques, their plans for an early departure were checked for a time. That of returning at their earliest opportunity with the proposed company for the purpose of exploring further southwest and northeast, and colonizing at places in line of their water travel, was the all-absorbing subject of their conversation. Commander de Champeaux could see no reason why the proposed expedition could not be successfully organized in a large company. He would report to his company in whose project his interest lived. He felt certain they would find favorable opportunities to do trading with the natives, to largely compensate the expense of the expedition, not considering the land sites which might be claimed. And the danger associated with the voyage was not so great as to discourage or hinder young men from joining the expedition in organization of a reliable company. While they had been many times in imminent danger, they made their voyage safely and those composing the party would volunteer to join the proposed expedition. They would have some knowledge and come better prepared. knowing what was required to make life more comfortable living in the forest. Now they had confidence in their red friends and boasted at having gained their friendship, which was

one point in their favor for inducing migration, if only the right spirited, energetic young men would take hold of the movement, advancing the project under the banners of the Republic la France.



CHAPTER FOUR.

One moon had gone over in her transit since the death of Alphonse Mannier. Father Jacques was recovering from an attack of swamp fever, and he was anxious to be off, to have a change, which he felt would be his only permanent relief. He was not the only one; others of the party were ill with similar but milder attacks and he feared they too would come down with the disease, that he urged Commander de Champeaux to move on with his party ere the season of damp, rainy weather would set in. The scows and lugger boats were being packed with fur and pelts in readiness for transportation on the stream to the lake, the party having arranged to reach the vessel port on sapling rafts, in order that they might export their merchandise of forest product to the seafaring vessels. Everything was being done to facilitate their earliest departure and they hoped to have no further interruption, as the waters were running in full tide and would carry them, traveling fast, down stream the right direction for their journey homeward.

It was time they were on their way. The autumn winds were whispering through the bows of the great trees as the wide-spreading limbs rocked to and fro, scattering the bright red and yellow foliage over the

ground; and as the adventurers went back and forth from the cabins, making preparations for their journey, the sound of the rustling leaves that lay in drifts over the trails impressed them with gloomy forebodings. A rainy spell of a quarter moon duration delayed the party, and as they all sat gloomily disposed, though thankfully comfortable, under the shelter of the cabins, they had unwarrantable fateful fancies which they attributed to their great disappointment at being detained and somewhat to the influence of the dreary weather. As they looked from out the cabin openings to the hillside across the stream, the firelights of the natives shone from the distance and flashed in dismal shadows as they never did before. They seemed to flicker in unwritten messages which they felt meant more than they were wont to admit. They meant more than the warning howls of beasts and barking wolves, and with the screeching cries of night-hawks and screech-owls, they could no longer maintain their composure of peace and contentment. Their hearts grew faint and their undaunted courage was broken by a fear which they all seemed to feel. Not even the bravest excepted, but might have told of that something which seemed to be robbing him of his courage; yet they had no sign of anything and concluded to attribute such feelings to imaginary illusions. But as the rainy days passed slowly by and the growing twilight of long dismal hours faded into darkness of night, their uneasiness would return and last until morning, when they would again waken with new courage. Daylight

would dispel the gloom which came over them as night grew on. They were hopeful and happy in prospects of soon meeting and greeting the loved ones at home and happily ambitious to make the favorable reports to the promoters of their expedition on their return to France. But for all they might consider favorable in the bright prospects before them, they could not rid themselves of that feeling which so disturbed them, though they felt to charge themselves with being deluded under spells of false imagination. And however else they aimed to discredit their fancies, their feelings were in premonition of disaster. Each in a discipline of secrecy, not wanting to acquaint others of the party with that which might prove disastrous to their prospective ambitions, each aiming to keep wary and silent lest they should rouse the party to a general apprehension of the something which was haunting them with fear that they dreaded the forthcoming day. But what could it be? All was well with them now, and on the early morrow they would be off, traveling with the waters in a homeward direction.

After an early evening mess, they all sat around the cabins watching the clear blue sky looking out in bright patches above the broken grey clouds that were traveling eastward. The yellow and red tints of the setting sun fringed the hanging clouds with resplendent glow of a golden hue, promising, according to the native, sign, a clear day at sunrise.

Commander de Champeaux feeling to arouse his party from their gloomy forebodings, which he read

from their unusual quiet manner, in a feeling not unlike himself, said: "Well, well, what's the matter with us all this evening? We seem to be lost in the depths of an impending gloom, and why, not one of us seems to know as the prevailing silence indicates the query from one to another."

Not one made him a reply, and the brave hopeful Commander walked back and forth from one side of the cabin to the other. Father Jacques looked up, but continued with his evening devotion as the party sat silently waiting, hoping the Commander would say more, which they felt, would be a relief to know and have the confidence in his knowledge of their sense of fear; of that something which seemed to be approaching, however incredulous they felt it to be.

"We have no reason to be so gloomily depressed in spirit. To be sure we have cause to feel the loss of one of our party, returning home without him, but indeed we may consider ourselves fortunate as it is; mourning the loss of but one, exposed to danger as we have been on our exploit of adventure. Alphonse's death should not weigh so heavily upon us, as death is a natural event of life which must occur at some time and some place, and had he been at home in France he might have stood no better chance of living. Life, at its best, is full of uncertainties." said the Commander, thoughtfully looking at his companions.

"Well and true we all do feel the loss of Alphonse, but I certainly believe there is something circulating in the atmosphere which is not good

and which is the cause of our gloomy dubiousness; there must be some cause for this. And though all is well with us to-night, there is no telling what the morrow may have in store for us, in the face of such declaring presentiment as we all seem to have," said Doctor Balrossa.

"Oh, yes, but let's not borrow trouble Let us look on the bright side of the unknown and with all our might, will it the best, and if it is our fate to meet with misfortune of some kind, let come what may we will have to wrestle with the inevitable as best we can. And the better way is in a self-mastery, by adjusting ourselves to such as come before us, though we are unfortunate, which it is most likely or we would not be so unfavorably impressed. We are mighty to the mastery of circumstances although we are subject to the same, of course. But the mind eventually works its way out, and we rise above such conditions as we are destined to meet in the events of our mortal existence. So let us meet whatever may come before us bravely and with a will resolute in a resignation, hoping for the good in our efforts promoting this grand movement which has brought us here. Let us have a goodly courage and pride ourselves in ambition to have success in this important adventure," said the noble leader.

"You speak of hope and courage; are we not all possessed with considerable courage and hope?" asked Doctor Balrossa.

"Yes, I think we are; of course, we are, or we would not be here in this wilderness to-night." And

after considering the deeper sentiments of their subject, Xavier thoughtfully said, "Doctor, my friend, if we earnestly think and ask ourselves the question, really what is hope and courage in the face of fate? Why fate, in her rivalry, laughs at hope and courage."

"Then you are a fatalist?"

"Well, yes, in a sense I am. I believe that I will escape nothing to which time and life bind me, in the conditions which, in my mortal existence, I am subject," said Xavier.

"So, so, that is your way of thinking," answered Doctor Balrossa. "I am a little inclined to believe that way myself. But," continued the Doctor, "your fate seems to have been a polished one; you really have had nothing to ruffle your life. Perhaps that is why you believe in fate. You have had nothing which you might know as fate. You have had nothing in such bitter experiences as people generally," and Doctor Balrossa, looking at Xavier, gave him a jolly side-eyed glance and laughed heartily.

"Then you think because I have been somewhat fortunate in my life, that I believe as I do? No, not so at all; you are quite mistaken. While I am well aware that I have been extremely fortunate in my life so far, yet were it otherwise I would believe so just the same, whatever the trials of my life might have been, for does it not stand to reason that the same law fixes and controls both conditions of life—the lucky and the unlucky, as is commonly spoken? We are destined, friend Louis. 'Tis destiny; yes, it is fate, my friends. And the more patience, it seems,

the greater are the trials to try our patince," said Commander de Champeaux.

"By the way you handle this fate question, you have been thinking on the deeper problems of life, or you would not so ably discuss them. How about these natives; what, if any, is their destiny?" asked Doctor Balrossa in half a laugh.

"They are a problem to me and no doubt to you all. We, of course, wonder how they can feel satisfied with their limited opportunities for learning, save that which good nature instills into their minds. But they are natural students and have their way of learning. They are keen of observation and for all we know, some, like all peoples, have great possibilities before them, I certainly believe," said Xavier.

"I do not believe that way," said the Doctor. "I think they are too indolent to study; downright personified laziness. And their possibilities, what are they? They make no pretense to effort."

"Natural observers, Louis. They learn by making observations," said Xavier.

"And if they do, what is before them, and in what lies their hope, with all their knowledge in observation of their wild uncultivated surroundings? Surely not much of anything very flattering that I can see," said the Doctor.

"Their hope lies in ambition of the highest ideals of their mortal conception: To be great hunters and renowned warriors, to be noble chiefs, the able counsellors and speakers of the lodges and tribes. Their ambitions are not unlike the people of our country

who aim to become the high dignitaries of the Republic and seek the premiership, or high offices of the senate, and the like," Xavier answered.

"I never thought of that," said Doctor Balrossa.

"They can have no ambition further than that which is energized through their mental conception, or in other words only as they are mentally qualified are they capable and so aspire to their like ambitions," said Xavier.

Father Jacques had finished his evening devotion and, with others of the party, was paying strict attention to the foregoing conversation and looking at Xavier from over his glasses, he said:

"Your conversation has led you into a series of life's problems. But," he continued, "great questions never strike little minds. We might hold you are equal for an explanation as these problems appeal to your understanding."

"Kind Father, I fear you overestimate my capability. While I have been doing some earnest thinking on these things of which I speak, you may not agree with me in my solution. I feel convinced in my own mind that life is destined, or rather I mean, we are destined to conditions of our mortal existence—a prescribed fate, or destiny, whichever you may choose to call it. If not there would be no prophecy. What has caused me to think of these deeper questions of which humankind is in doubt, I was given a prophetic message which, if it holds good, I have walked into the open arms of that which I shall know as fate," said the deep thinking Commander.

"Let us hear how you clear the problem and prove the truth of prophecy," asked Father Jacques.

"Well, in fact, if we admit the truth of prophecy, there is no question as to destiny or fate; one will answer the question of the other," said the Commander in a deep study.

"Then my question is self-answered, do you mean to say?" asked Father Jacques.

"Well what would become of prophecy if destiny was unknown? And when we acknowledge prophecy we need not deny destiny. And is not destiny preordained fate?" asked Xavier. "How about prophecy, friend Louis? You may answer that."

"Yes. Well, we cannot deny the truth of prophecy. It is not a question with me nor should it be with you, since the time you and I called on Madame La Roulette, the prophetess, to have our fortunes told. Events and things occurred just as she said they would. I know you have not forgotten how well she read our minds. I recollect well her saying, 'You are unbelievers, but you shall learn differently later on, when my prophecies shall have come to pass as I shall predict for you.' Oh, I am convinced of the truth of good prophecy," said Doctor Balrossa.

"No, indeed, I have not forgotten, and I have often felt to call your attention to the fact of several things having transpired, one in particular, she so earnestly tried to impress us, all the while we felt to ridicule the idea of us going far off to a distant country where we would meet a strange people; and she repeated, 'yes, you will go, and you will not return

with those with whom you go. Separated, yes, you will be separated. At the age of thirty or thereabouts you will have reason to change your mind.'"

"Yes, indeed, I remember very distinctly, though it is a long nine years since then. But why did we not profit by the prophecy given us? Had I thought of this before we started I certainly would not have consented to accompany you and would have used every means to prevent your promoting this expedition," said the Doctor.

"That's just the point, why did we come? Another problem, if you please. How is that, Father Jacques? Why did we come after being told in a way of a given warning, that I 'was to be a prisoner in a strange land,' and here I am and the other may yet come," said Xavier, deeply concerned.

"But, Father Jacques, is not life in its preordained destiny, fate in itself? Are we not subjects of circumstances and environments; yes, and even limited to prescribed opportunities, so to say?" asked the Doctor.

"As I said, I think your conversation has led us to thinking on grave problems, and while it is well to understand something of the laws controlling our mortal lives, we must not confound ourselves, and," looking directly at Xavier, "it would certainly be fateful to you, blighting the brightest prospect of your life, were you held a prisoner in this wild land to live out your mortal existence with the natives. We pray, cher Commander, such a fate may never befall you. To live for any great length of time in the wilderness, without your associates and the things in exigency of

your mental tendencies and qualifications, would certainly be fate. Your mind would give way, you would in time become a mental wreck; a lost soul in the wilderness, living, wandering in a mortal existence, unknown and lost to your individual identity. These good red folk are happy, as happy in their way as we; happier no doubt than the generality of our French people. But with them you could not be content to live, as they lack in their mental standard, to be agreeably associable to your able qualities and mental requisites."

"Yes, I have no doubt they are happier than most of us, but to live the life these natives live, would be real fate to me. It would be to me a lost ambition to live. 'A prisoner in a strange land' is what Madame La Roulette prophesied for me. And she said also, 'study life, its ways are mighty and its laws mean much to you, to know and understand, as you have a faculty of perception not all are possessed, and for which many in this life never know to crave such knowledge. You are a prospective genius and equally as inquisitive in pursual of that which you are directed. You are one who is non-committal to earthly purposes alone, as you are inclined to the divergency of the two hemispheres of human existences,' and then she asked me, 'Do you not understand me?' She had a mysterious way of talking, the while looking me direct in the eye, impressing me with an earnest sincerity, and while I was non-plussed, I was also not a little amused as she was so earnestly concerned to have me believe what she was telling. Louis and I

were half convinced of her having some power, though it was gross to our acceptance. She impressed us both in the over-confident manner in which she spoke," and looking over to where Doctor Balrossa was sitting. "Louis, do not forget your part, you are to a aid in means of my rescue," said Xavier coolly.

"So you are to be rescued?" asked Father Jacques.

"Yes, but not without great difficulty and not for a long time after being taken captive," said Xavier. "Now, as we have the knowledge of what is liable to come to pass, what is best to be done under the circumstances," said Xavier, speaking seriously, as he thought. "Acknowledge my fate and surrender to the inevitable, when the time comes, I suppose?"

Doctor Balrossa felt to change the somberous sentiment, to joke it off and make merry the crowd, who with the natives that had gathered for the evening as usual at the camp, sat solemnly considering what had been said, with a wink at his companions and Xavier, Doctor Balrossa said: "What think you, Father Jacques, would you be willing to accept the truth of prophecy if our Commander should happen to be taken prisoner?"

"Do not allow yourself to be so seriously concerned. There are false prophets; have hope. Our Commander is still with us," said Father Jacques, rather consolingly.

"Yes, there are false prophets, and we hope the Madame is one, in this case. With all due respect to her heretofore given predictions, we do hope to realize

she misses it hereafter. And by that, Father Jacques, you do believe there are good prophets," said Doctor Balrossa.

"I see what you are after. You want me to coincide with your decision with regard to the truth of prophecy, confirming the fact of destiny or fate, as you may have it," said Father Jacques.

"But, really, are we not destined in life; how otherwise could the future be cast in prediction of eventful details?" asked Doctor Balrossa.

"'Tis well to understand what is meant by the future. So far as I am concerned, I have no future to hope for in this life, as the present is my future, made in obedience to my acceptance of the holy vow I made to serve God as long as I live, promoting the spiritual good for the good of humanity," said the pious Father solemnly. "You must remember my mind was not bent in a like direction. I look not upon the pretty mademoiselles in admiration of their feminine charms, to seek their companionship and at some future time marry to my choice, as is customary for our laymen brothers," and rising from his solemnness, smiling, to stimulate his thoughts, as he was about to joke a little with the jolly good Doctor, he said, "With a script from a clerk of the law and one of the pretty mademoiselles at your side, I can soon settle a part of your destiny that you will know a part of your future fate," and the pious old gentleman laughed heartily.

"That would do very well as far as a part of the destiny of life is concerned, but there is vastly more in life than the marriage-plight destiny. A happy

marriage fills a hopeful ambition in one direction of the many things people generally look forward to in life. It constitutes conjugal happiness, when happily united to a congenial soul companion. And it certainly is fateful to be unhappily married. To live out a mortal existence with an uncompanionable mortal, with a bite and the snap-snarls of thunderous daily brawls. Deliver me from such a fate. Yes, marriage is a fate, a fate of a kind," said Doctor Balrossa, and he laughed heartily, also looking at Father Jacques.

"And not a destiny for all. We have many bacheliers and mademoiselles who are not destined, it seems, in that direction. They think it is fate and think themselves unfortunate not to have found a marriageable companion. So what is fate to one, is unknown experience to another," said Xavier.

"Then it is all according to what we make it. What I understand fate to be, or would be to me, to be haltered to lasting adverse circumstances of life, and to meet with disastrous events and unfortunate occurrences that promote direful conditions of life for the human family. Those are the things which we mortals know as fate," said Doctor Balrossa.

"You look upon the physical side of life wholly. We should bear in mind, the things, as are experiences only of this moral existence, which tend to individualize the soul through our personal efforts of earth life, and through which we can have hope of reward in our after life, are not conducive of what I know would be fate, out of which good cometh. And however bitter the trials may be, that seems not destiny

to me. We must be brave and overcome all such as is not fate, so long as there is hope to rise above and out of the existing conditions known as fateful," said the spiritually inclined old man.

"As I understand, your hope is in a future life of eternal happiness after a probation of earth experience. By doing good and serving God, you expect to reap a reward of the just," said Doctor Balrossa. "I do not look so far ahead. I only look for the future in this mortal existence in which we live and have our being and have the knowledge we are living he continued," and the Doctor in his earnestness walked over and sat beside the Chaplain, whom he knew was thinking to make him a grave reply, and said, "Don't forget to hold to our questions of fate and destiny, Father Jacques."

"No, I shall not forget. We must try to understand each other or our discussion will have little weight toward clearing your very grave questions in the problematical laws of life to our hearers. But, first of all, to your way of thinking: You are a somatist and you are limiting your individuality to this one mortal existence, in which you claim we have a knowledge of life and know we are living. Life is of vastly more importance than just knowing we live in this mortal existence, which should be known as preparatory for the future life," said Father Jacques, patting the Doctor on the knee. In that belief of a future destiny needs me no fortune teller," said the Reverend Father, laughing, holding the Doctor's hand to impress him more sincerely with his sentiments.

"What little I know of this life is the extent of my knowledge of life and the laws controlling, and it is precious little at that. However, I shall manage the best I can to have the least trouble to live in this mortal existence, and the future life can take care of itself. And, however contrary it may seem with the majority whose faith is strong in the belief of a future life, I must have evidence. To believe, I must see—nous verrons. I am a St. Thomas when it comes to that," said the Doctor.

"There are many St. Thomases, think you not, Reverend Father?" said Xavier.

"Yes, there are many. We have many doubters, but they are clever fellows," and looking pleasantly at Doctor Balrossa, Father Jacques said, "I have much respect for our professor physician. He will take care of the bodies and I shall look after the soul. You see we can get along very nicely even though we do not believe alike. What is your hope, may I ask?" said Father Jacques, looking at Doctor Balrossa earnestly.

"My hope is to make the best I can of this life, which I believe is energized by hope with its accessories in courage and ambition, which really are the fires of human stride and aims, and when our hope and courage fail us, we are at an end," said the Doctor seriously.

"And then what?" asked Father Jacques.

"All else is naught; for without hope and courage all energy would be lost. We would have no power of energy, ambition would be dead in every

direction and we would die in despair," answered the Doctor.

"No, I beg to differ with you, though I make no claim to judgeship to decide on the deep subjects which we have been discussing," said Father Jacques kindly.

"Our thoughts have been floating over deep waters for young inexperienced fellows, adventurers at that, who rarely are sentimentalists; but roamers of the forests of earth, illiterate for the want of time to study, and incapable otherwise in many ways, our mental regime can be none other than staggery and incoherent, considering. But there is time, plenty of time, before us, and when we reach the age of our grandparents we can conclude for ourselves, each with his own experience, to know something of what has been our destiny. And while I hardly think our aged progenitors bothered their heads much about the perplexing problems of life, no doubt the question of the whys and wherefores of their unpleasant experiences drove them to thinking; though they took life pretty much the way it came. If things happened so to be, if they were lucky or unlucky, no doubt it was all charged to chance," said Xavier.

"If it is by chance things and events come about, we might feel to live as the saying is, 'go easy and trust to luck and wait for the better which might come by chance.' 'Tis about as wise as to acknowledge fate and fight throughout our mortal existences with our weapons of hope and courage, and every time be defeated by the overpowerful hand of destiny,"

said Doctor Balrossa undecidedly, but in an argumentative tone which left the rest thinking.

Happily for a while their unfavorable premonition was lost sight of. It was late when they repaired to their respective cabins for the night. The natives had dispersed for their wigwams under the moon rays lighting the way over the pathless forest; their trails lost to the foliage that was thickly scattered over the ground. All was hushed in the silence of night save the murmuring waters of the running stream. Xavier threw his broad cheviot mantle over his shoulders, and with several of his party went to the spring for a drink of fresh water. Hardly had they reached the descent of the hill when they heard approaching footsteps coming through the fallen leaves. They stopped that they might not be apprehended by the prowlers who evidently were bent on nothing good.

Xavier motioned to his companions to stop, and they all dropped on their knees and rolled over on their sides, and remained in hiding under the shadows of the great trees on the hillside. They watched the movements of the strange natives, who seemed to be making investigations pertaining to the location of the scows and sapling rafts that were stationed just below the spring of the water. They did not trespass even to molest the coverings of the storage of the scows. After satisfying themselves in their stealthy investigations, they, some sixteen or more in number, started clambering over the rocks of the sloping bank and were ascending the steep cave-in declivity directly in front of the place where Xavier and his companions

were concealed, awaiting the results in detection of the strange maneuvers of the unknown natives who almost stumbled over their reclining forms. They were busily engaged in conversation, speaking in a low tone of voice not much above a whisper, while cautiously they picked their way, passing by the place where Xavier was lying flat on the ground at the foot of a squatty oak which shaded them from view with its low, wide-spreading knotty limbs that almost touched the ground.

"'Tis well for us," said Xavier, "they missed sight of us. They are strange to us, as I feel, and no doubt are spying for a purpose or they would not have come from over the hills this hour of the night."

CHAPTER FIVE

At sunrise the next morning the explorers were up making preparations for their departure. The weather was clear and promising. They prepared a rationed supply of hominy grit and pot-baked meal-bread to last while journeying down stream. They pulled the fires from underneath the kettles to cool, in which they packed the dried meat and venison the squaws had prepared for them. The explorers were hopefully happy in anticipation of steady travel on the running waters howeward, planning their prospective intentions on their arrival in France.

A friendly lot of the natives came to see their pale-face friends off and several signified a desire to go with the party to France, if permission would be granted them; others were exchanging their farewell sentiments, bestowing their tokens of friendship, when lo! to their surprise, a surly gang of natives from one of the tribes came over the hill and commanded the explorers to remain for such time as was yet to be decided upon.

The adventurers were struck dumb and beyond their senses of understanding. What now had turned up to detain them? They looked from one to another concerned not less than if they had been served with a death warrant.

After some deliberation as to the cause of such unexpected proceedings, Commander de Champeaux approached the chief of the tribe, who stood with his counsellors agitating the movement in question of calling the neighbor tribes in council which would convene three sunsets after a council call. The chief and promoter of the movement respectively recognized Commander de Champeaux's earnest plaint in behalf of his party, but did not pretend to waver from his first command. He gave Commander de Champeaux to understand that he with his party would be held under surveillance until the council convened, when it would be decided whether or not he would be allowed to depart.

The grievance was founded on the idea that the pale-face braves would return, after going back to their country, and bring a big heap of pale-faces and take possession of their hunting grounds. The thought was advanced by Chief Ma-chan-qua, a chief of a small branch tribe, located on a hilly land across the stream just east of the villages of the two other tribes.

The brave Commander remained hopefully composed and showed not the least displeasure at being disappointed, which rather discomfitted the stern chief who expected the leader to show a disposition to fight, when instead, he and his party were amicably adjusting themselves to the unpleasant situation.

After learning the full particulars and seeing there was no way by which he might effect a reconciliation that they might be allowed to go on their

way, Commander de Champeaux withdrew from the surly chief and his tribe and went over to where his party were in waiting to know more of the real cause of their being so unexpectedly detained.

They rebuked the idea and wanted to ignore the command of the overbearing chief. They insisted upon their commander to allow them to make their departure, but he persuaded his party to have patience and not provoke the natives, as they would only make trouble for themselves, and in all probability, would be the sufferers. He felt, if possible, to carry out his intentions, that from the first he set eyes on the natives, to use them well and never, unless compelled, to resort to violence. He hoped to be able to return to France free from the stain of bloody deeds. "Rather we suffer the injustice of being detained for a time than have blood-stained consciences for life. We hope to be able to return to France leaving these people with a feeling of good-fellowship."

After begging his party to have patience, as it was the only way to overcome such a matter as was before them, he left his party arbitrating among themselves and went to confer with his noble red-brave friend, Chief Wah-chee-ka.

"It is all clear to us now," said Brother Filmore to Father Jacques. "Our fears were not misdirected and our presentiments not unfounded."

"No," replied Father Jacques, "it is not an imaginary illusion, we all the while felt to charge it and it innow in evidence more significant than weather influences. The chief's plan is to hold us here, not al-

lowing us to go back to France; for in our failure to return other Frenchmen will never venture to explore a country from whence explorers never return. Therefore, the chief's idea is they never need have fear hereafter of being disturbed, nor lose their land."

"Well, in fact we are not in a position to say such will never be the case," answered Brother Filmore, "and while we may never be guilty of further molesting these good people, we will be largely instrumental in bringing about the very thing we are being held responsible for. For my part, I really admire the gingerly old chap. He has his people's interests at heart and is living up to the principles of his conscience duty to the best of his knowledge. He is a far-seeing old fellow."

"We cannot blame these people. They are doing no more than what we Frenchmen would do under the circumstances. There would have been something doing long before this were these people to have come to France and done as we; for the purpose we are intending is quite clear. It is not suspicion, but a genuine reality, waiting time for development when such will actually occur. Chief Ma-chan-qua is intuitive to a sense of knowledge, all right, but has no way of proving what to him is a truth fully apprehended."

Chief Ma-chan-qua was a distinguished looking fellow of Herculean fabric, his height being several inches over six feet and every part of his vast frame was built in admirable proportions. The explorers could not help admiring the stern chief, arrayed as

he was in the full plumage of his chieftainship, and he carried himself admirably able to his assumed authority. The adventurers acknowledged him as the sovereign of their calamitous situation, but they committed themselves to a pseudo resignation in his presence, to mislead him by not giving him the satisfaction of knowing how disappointed they really were at being indefinitely detained.

While the majority of the explorers spent their time planning ways by which they might make good their escape, should the matter be decided against them, the young monks were off by themselves, praying fervently for the help of God in their hour of need, and the young sports were not inclined to be merry, but rather seriously considerate, hoping the prayers of the zealous novitiates would not go unheard.

Those of the natives who were in sympathy with the explorers, who had been baptized and received the much prized medals and rosary beads which they wore around their necks, came to pray with Father Jacques and Brother Filmore as was their custom night and morning.

They were much moved at the action Chief Ma-chan-qua had taken and Chief Wah-chee-ka gravely deplored such, as he admonished Chief Ma-chan-qua with wrongful holding of the pale-faces and proposed that the stern chief must give his assurance to the party that no harm would come to them if they obeyed his command. After a time he did, but was very pronounced in his manner, disavowing the Commander's eloquent repeated entreaties.

The adventurers remained coolly possessed while waiting the two days for the council to convene. Their friendly friend-natives were much provoked at Chief Ma-chan-qua's unfriendly manner and they vowed, "He is like his father before him and for whom he is named." He grew up in his warrior father's footsteps and training, and cultivated an inherited domineering revengeful disposition, which he proudly displayed in a most forcible manner.

The three nights prior to the council session, he could be seen from a distance with his tribe all sitting around the council fire that burned brightly, exciting his people by his vehement gestures, impressing them with the injustice which would be done them by the pale-faces if not attended to at once. They must not allow them to return to their country, as the pale-faces would bring heap more pale-faces back and drive them where would be no hunting grounds.

At the appointed time the natives came in squads; the squaws loaded with rack-packs of dried meat and corn to make podge to feed their we-wa-rabs (husbands) and their families. The council meeting was by no means a pretentious affair. It was indeed a sight the adventurers never would forget. The natives were not ignorant conducting a convention which seemed to them to be of the greatest importance. They had rule and order and their meetings were not void of discipline in their way of judicial procedure, however otherwise ignorant and unlettered they were. Their council sessions were none the less important to them than a republic convention in jurisdiction of na-

tional affairs to the peoples of other countries, which in consequence of public conventions, were equally as imposing, as they prided such events with the highest spirited ambition and with no lack of general interest, all taking part in the movement, the squaws and children being equally as jubilant as the leading dignitaries of their people.

The chiefs and counsellors each were respectively represented painted in colors, robed in fringed deer skin and headgear with high feathers. They were in full toggery in honor of the event in which they were proud to participate as leaders.

They took their places in a legal regulation according to their rule, as was customary at their council meetings. At the signal of three loud claps of the hands of the chiefs, they all dropped to their haunches, the squaws at the rear of the council concourse of the three tribes. The chiefs and their counsellors with the wise ones, their prophets and medicine chiefs, remained standing in the center; the chiefs, each distinguished with a stripped hickory staff, dyed with berry juice and smut, and ornamented with rattling tassels of bird claws and animal tusks.

Commander de Champeaux, as chieftain and leader of the party, was invited, under request, to be present and was asked to stand at the side of Chief Ma-chan-qua, whose part was to inform the assembly in the presence of the leader of the party, the existing grievance.

Perfect silence reigned at which Chief Ma-chan-qua was given the sign to open the meeting, as he

was the instituter of the assembly proceedings. Chief Ma-chan-qua was eloquent in his native tongue in his discourse of what constituted the grievance, which he pictured from his imaginary supposition. He illustrated to his people, in the loss of their hunting grounds, they would be starving paupers; they would be subject to laws made by the pale-faces; they would be slaves bound under the law to the way of the pale-face chiefs, sacrificing their freedom with their hunting ground. If they allowed the pale-faces to return to their country, he felt certain they would come back from across the water and bring heap more pale-faces, and the red braves would have to run at the shooter and point of the stick knife. They would have to go far away and never return to the hunting grounds of their fathers.

Chief Ma-chan-qua brought his influence to bear upon his people and many of those who at first were in sympathy with the adventurers, now changed their minds in consderation of what might possibly occur. After several hours counselling, those and the chiefs who took opposite sides with Chief Ma-chan-qua, failed to impress the stern chief that while such might be the case his grievance was founded wholly upon suspicion, and with such as was only imaginary supposition, the grievance would not permit of passing judgment of the explorers who could not be proven guilty of anything punishable.

Chief Wah-chee-ka did all in his power to conciliate the matter by protesting Chief Ma-chan-qua's right having such control as should be subject to the

decision of chief of the great tribes who were first to inhabit the lands in the vicinity of the villages of Chief Ma-chan-qua and Chief Wa-chee-ka, who were heads of branch tribes only, and should be heard second in the matter.

It was customary, at any time their affairs could not be amicably adjusted through counselling, those who took opposite sides, resorted to war, and those warring would only acknowledge their defeat after hard fighting, after which the trouble ended. And it looked very much, for a time, of a possibility of its ending that way, as all in the way of friendly solicitations proved fruitless to settle the matter, and the explorers felt they might be doomed to stay or fight for life and their liberty; for Chief Ma-chan-qua would not waver to yield from his first impulse in spite of what the other chiefs and counsellors might say to convince him differently. He heeded not a word the other chiefs and counsellors said in their arguments in behalf of the pale-face braves. He claimed they were short-sighted and false to their people, whose rights they would forfeit to the pale-faces, who were spies and used undue influence to get their confidence and later would get their hunting grounds. The pale-faces were tresspassers and he would, so long as he was able, stand firm to the end to protect the rights of his people. With his strong will predominating, which was evident from his every word and from the first he resolved to carry his point, there was little show of the matter being settled.

At mid-day by sun-told time, the chiefs gave the

signal and the meeting adjourned. Chief Ma-chan-qua extended Commander de Champeaux and his party a friendly invitation to join them in their council feast. He accepted and the time was socially spent for an hour or more with not one word of reference to the grievance. It was a rule at their council banquets that both parties should participate, feasting together as a significance of equality, amicably acknowledging the rights of each other.

After a rest, a call for order came with the three loud claps of the hands the same as the morning. Each chief had his second argument to make, after which, if he saw fit, he might change his mind. Timed discussions were permissible to the counsellors and other of the natives who felt to express themselves on the subject, accepting or rejecting the argument as they saw fit.

The natives, of course, were divided in their opinion, and each chief had due influence over his tribe as they found favor in his argument. The great question which was brought to bear upon solution of whether or not they could call the adventurers to a charge of grievance when they failed to find them guilty of anything done. Those in sympathy with the adventurers, went so far as to claim they were even benefitted in their associations with the pale-face braves. They were glad of their acquaintance and hoped they would soon return and bring more pale-faces to their country. They even doffed Chief Ma-chan-qua's idea to disclaim any part of interfering

with the plans of the adventurers whom they loved and respected.

Silence pervaded for a short duration and as time passed with no indication of a settlement at a late hour of the day, made the situation anything but encouraging for the hopeful adventurers. Chief Ma-chan-qua's tribes and those who assembled were growing impatient and fretful and they only lulled their hostile natures in consideration of their neighbors' friendly feeling for the pale-face explorers.

Commander de Champeaux was on the verge of despair; though he felt confident he had the sympathy of not a few of the natives of the two tribes who had shown the party a general civility throughout their sojourn in their village vicinity. The Commander knew they would come to his aid should he need their help, but he earnestly hoped the matter would be settled before it would result in a general disturbance among the natives.

Chief Ma-chan-qua showed no signs of weakening in his relentless nature. His ideas, which he conveyed to his tribe three nights prior to the council meeting, lived with his people and they firmly resolved to stay by their chief. Their black eyes flashed in the keenness of their relentless natures as they persevered in ruling that which seemed to warrant them justice, and they were enthusiastic in their affiliation with their chief in whose confidence their ambitions rested.

Wah-see-ola, the daughter of the Pottawattomie chief, Wah-chee-ka, whose nobility of character was

shown from the start, pleaded with her father not to give up but to prevail further upon the chief whom she felt must soon yield to his earnest appeal for the party that they might have their liberty.

At the request of his beloved child, Chief Wah-chee-ka gave his sign, asking permission of the chiefs in council, to be permitted to speak once more. The chiefs assented with a sign given by raising their hands and Chief Wah-chee-ka proceeded.

He spoke in a forcible manner. He went on to explain how unjust it appeared to him to hold the adventurers, and that they were being unreasonably detained in consequence of Chief Ma-chan-qua's imaginary prejudices. He declared his intention of withdrawing from the council and having nothing more to do with the matter. He could take no satisfaction in imposing penalties on persons not guilty of a misdemeanor. In his argument he brought it to bear upon the minds of his native people "that the Great Spirit ruled all good, and had sent the pale-face braves for a purpose; evidently to teach the red braves much how to live, and learn to be great and make their country beautiful and fine." He implored them to hold their peace and be brothers, even though they would go and bring big heap pale-face braves from over the deep water. There was a big heap hunting ground, the Great Spirit made room for all. Pale-face braves could spread out, make things fine for red chiefs and their braves.

While Chief Wah-chee-ka had a marked influence over his native people and often held them in abeyance

of peaceful order, this day of council was ruled by Chief Ma-chan-qua, whose sentiments lived throughout the session. The natives looked upon Chief Ma-chan-qua as a brave and fearless warrior. He was noted far and wide for his revengeful and dominating nature, that most of the natives feared him, and for that reason many were-silent in obedience to his ruling without hesitation. His two daughters and his son, Al-las-sac-ka, the latter whom he loved to adoration, deplored their father's action toward their pale-face friends. They pleaded in behalf of the adventurers having their liberty. But Chief Ma-chan-qua had long considered the step he had taken and was resolved in his determination to hold the explorers, and his tribe aimed to rule with him in obedience with his wishes regardless of all protest of his opponents.

The young Chief Al-las-sac-ka held Commander de Champeaux in high esteem and considered him worthy of his sincere friendship, and he would aid in defending even though he was opposng his father's ruling. Al-las-sac-ka gave the sign asking permission to speak which was granted him. With respect for his father in an apologetical explanation after which he voiced his sentiments in a very earnest argument in favor of the adventurers and urged his father, Chief Ma-chan-qua, to heed to the words of Chief Wah-chee-ka. He contended that Chief Wah-chee-ka was able and judicious in his management of the natives' affairs heretofore and kept peace among the tribes when they were at bitter ends and when otherwise, many times they might have been at war with one an-

other. He had a faculty of bringing them to a realization of the good in amicable settlements and they would acknowledge their mistake, and being convinced their trouble was due to a misunderstanding, they would be happily restored to friendship. Chief Wah-chee-ka's influence kept the natives living peacefully, that for a long time the tribes of the near vicinity knew no war.

But with all that was said to convince the stern chief and his tribe that it was wholly wrong to hold the adventurers on a supposition of what might or might not occur in the future, he still held relentlessly to his opinion, which he claimed was a grievance, as they fully expected to carry out the purpose of the proposed plan which was foreseen by him.

Wah-see-ola arose, walked over and pushing her way through the crowd, stood beside her father listening intently. She was thinking deeply on what the young chief, Al-las-sac-ka, had just said. Seeing there was no indication of a settlement, she advanced gracefully and with respect to all concerned in the council. Taking hold of her father's arm and extending her other hand imploringly to Chief Ma-chan-qua, she pleaded wisely with the haughty domineering chief, who was now deeply considering what his son, Al-las-sac-ka, had just said.

He was just a little moved by the eloquent appeal of his beloved son and at the earnest entreaties of the far-seeing princess, who was urging him to do the pale-face braves justice in the sight of the Great Spirit. She avowed the Great Spirit would throw

sunshine over his wigwam, and when he would go to the Che-ha-ku-na, (the land of the immortal hunters) he would have eternal sunshine. Peace would be to his heart to make him happy, if only he would allow the pale-face braves to have their rights. She remained standing, holding firmly to her father's arm and with her other hand still extended pleadingly, looking the stern chief directly in the eyes to impress him with all the power of her magnetic soul, she said, "O-gi-man Ma-chan-qua, remember you are under the power of the Great Spirit. Hold thyself in subjection."

The austere chief was fully aware of Wah-see-ola's prophetic power. He shuddered as he stood looking down upon her kneeling at his feet. His vast frame trembled and his teeth chattered as he spoke, and the sound of his voice ended with a deep sigh. He stood for some time contemplating what he had better do. Raising his eyes in a questioning manner he turned and looked toward the two chiefs who were patiently waiting his decision. Commander de Champeaux was also anxiously waiting, hoping he would soon come to some conclusion.

Suddenly he turned and gave Commander de Champeaux a parleying look, afterwards glancing at his people who stood around him, divided in their opinion impatiently waiting, as were the adventurers, for him to determine, as they saw he was about to say something.

The suspense of the last few hours was tedious to the extreme, the adventurers feeling they could no

longer remain subject to Chief Ma-chan-qua's injustice. In their overwrought impatience, they revolted and resolved to resort to a forcible demand, however disastrous it might prove. They concluded it could be no worse than the thought of being held for life as captives. Their nerves were snapping in the face of their broken ambitions as they seriously considered their fateful situation, then at the mercy of a great outnumbering of natives. To attempt to fight for their liberty or anything of the kind at present, would be sure death, for Chief Ma-chan-qua's tribe was anything but peacefully inclined.

Commander de Champeaux, in utter disgust at the delay, stepped outside the crowd and with a sign called his party who were impatiently disposed. They were beyond the feeling that knows fear. They were irrationally excited and made treating propositions to their over-patient Commander. He toned their sentiments and pictured results which eventually would be, should they make good their threats, which with a little longer time might end well by doing the better way. Chief Ma-chan-qua saw by the countenance of his people their patience was being tried beyond endurance, as well as the anxious adventurers. They were displeased at his dilatory action and at his holding the controlling influence the entire session without yielding in the least.

Wah-see-ola, still kneeling, raised her head and looked the stern chief in the eyes, earnestly pleading to grant her wish. Hesitating some moments, he stepped toward Wah-see-ola and helped her to rise,

meanwhile speaking in a tone audible to her only. He pointed to the Commander who, with his party, stood off at one side.

Wah-see-ola made him a reply which was evident by her decided manner that she was denouncing the command he was about to render.

In the natural severity of his manner, he ordered Commander de Champeaux to remain and he must send his party off within three sunsets; to disobey his orders meant death. He then turned and walked off, murmuring to himself in a growling tone at having partially yielded to the entreaties of the maiden. He kept motioning, slinging his hands, talking to himself, as if displeased with himself as he went in the direction of his village over the hill, his tribe following. They kept looking back at the adventurers, pointing to the Commander in great galore of their revengeful feelings. They hopped, stepped, walked away, and with hilarious yells and whoops followed their chief, while the otner chiefs and their tribes stood looking after the stiff-willed chief until he was lost sight of going his way through the forest.

Wah-see-ola looked over at Commander de Champeaux with her dark eyes still heavy with tears, as she pointed in the direction of Chief Ma-chan-qua's village and shook her head disconsolately to him for whom her heart went out. While Wah-see-ola admired and loved the pale-face chief with the deepest love-sense of her soul, she would rather not have him detained and live the life of her people which she understood in a way was unbecoming to his liking, as he had ex-

planned as best he could to her. She knew he could not long endure life as her people lived.

Chief Ma-chan-qua's decision caused no little commotion among the adventurers. They proposed, with the natives who were in sympathy with them to help effect the Commander's escape and signified their intention under no circumstances would they leave the country without their Commander. They were roused to a feeling of indignation and for a time there was every indication of it ending in a skirmish. But the Commander kept cool headed and led his party wisely, knowing well their proposed plan in such an attempt would be fruitless and end with the loss of life of both them and their sympathizing native friends. He pleaded nobly with his party that he be left to his fate rather than run the risk of losing their lives. "Time and the better way would find them all back in France with no shadow of war with its bloody deeds to chronicle in their report, which would be most disastrous to the proposed expedition."

It was a most disastrous event and bad enough as it was, the leader then being held captive and they could do nothing but accept the situation of their Commander as a consequence of ordained fate.

"With no prospect for the present, I must wait and let time bring opportunity," said Commander de Champeaux to his devoted friend. "Fate it is. It is my fate, predicted me, and surely my escape will not be by chance; on that you may depend, mon cher Louis."

"No, we must bow to the inevitable of this deplor-

able affair for the present. To try to make good your escape must not now be thought of. By the turn of the hand in such a move might result in a most hideous horror and too horrible to chronicle, from which we must refrain, in consideration of what it would mean for the future prospects of our country," said the kind-hearted Doctor Balrossa.

"We must be obedient, and whatever we do, do cautiously. The natives are enraged over the matter and a general war such as there would be in this case," lifting his hands heavenward, "Guerre a mort, God forbid," said the pious Father Jacques, who stood by seriously considering the situation.

CHAPTER SIX.

"Strange, indeed, seems all of this. Brave noble-hearted Xavier. How I wish he was home at France happily married to her whom he heretofore aspired with all the adoration of his noble heart. Poor fellow, mal heur ne vient jamis seue," and Doctor Balrossa soliloquized in the deepest sympathy for his dear friend picturing his life as it might have been had they never set foot on the land where now his future was the untold story of everything "too horrible to imagine." The last he repeated, "Yes, yes, too horrible to imagine. It all came about so sudden and was so unexpected that to feel it other than a calamity would not be knowing the particulars as a reality."

During the Doctor's despairing moments, sympathizing in the deepest sense of his heart-full being, Commander de Champeaux came upon his friend unobserved. He had come to say a few parting words and give his messages to Constance and his parents and friends, who would be expecting him with his party.

Patting the Doctor on the shoulder, he said: "Mon cher Louis, this is bad for me. It is the worst that could have befallen me. I am indeed very unfortunate to have met with such which is so dire in consequence of the uncertainties that are before me. However, I shall keep courage as best I can, and be resigned to

that which is before me. I have only one foothold of confidence in hope to rely on, and that is Wah-see-ola, whose influence may ameliorate matters, and that with time opportunity may come for me to make my way out of this wilderness. If my mind will not give way I can plan, and with her assistance I shall try and retrace the way which led us to this fateful spot and then I would fear nothing. I would hope to meet you on your return, or others, who would take me on board and land me on my native soil."

"She, Wah-see-ola! She'll never assist you to make your way out of here. I really half believe she had a hand in the plot to keep us here," said Doctor Balrossa, in a doubtful sarcastic manner.

"No, no! I am quite sure you are mistaken there: for when I told her I was about to leave for France and would bid her farewell, that we probably would never meet again, she was happy and thought it was right I return to France and keep my promise. She said, 'Always keep your promise. Be like the good red brave chiefs. When you are gone I'll be happily contented talking with the sunshine on the sparkling waters. I'll scatter brier-bush roses and water-flowers on the traveling tides going the sunrise direction, and while I sing with the winds thinking of you, your mind will come to me,' that is, she means I'll think of her then. Those are her sentiments given me to my understanding, by motioning and her few words as best she could. Are not such sentiments illustrative of an ideally grand mind? Such a mind would never stoop to the perfidiousness of anything so meanly small.

I wager that she is above anything low; for she is too nobly soul-pure to harbor such deception. It is not characteristic of the natives to be in any way disloyal. When they are your friends you can depend upon them. They will not deceive you only in a way of revenge if they hold any, and rest assured, if it is revenge they are after, you'll not escape it for they are cunning and sly to your meeting justice, which is a law in which they justify themselves. No, I trust Wah-see-ola. She is beyond anything of the kind. She is one not commonly characteristic of the mean ways of the ignorant, to be guilty of such as no good mind would. The natives generally are not so. True, Wah-see-ola is illiterate, but she has the inner faculty of good and she knows no way other than the direction of good from her inherent inner principle," said Commander de Champeaux in his perfect confidence of Wah-see-ola.

The Doctor, feeling not to disturb his friend's confidence, as the only comforting thought to cheer him that he might have courage in that way in his very most trying moments, said in a consoling tone: "I really did not mean it, even though I spoke it. I know Wah-see-ola would not be guilty of such gross deception. I certainly have no fault to find with her. I know she has been good and true and has proven herself loyal to you, mon cher Xavier; pardonnez moi. I'm out of patience wholly."

"Oh! I hardly thought your words were from the heart," said Commander de Champeaux.

After thinking a few moments, Commander de

Champeaux spoke in a low tone of voice, saying, "I wish I could see Constance this day. I know she would advise me in the matter satisfactorily to both, I would tell her of my affection for the noble uncivilized girl. I would make a confession of the truth and she would understand all."

"Well, my dear brother-friend, I am very sorry circumstances are as they are. I rather suspected this while back that you held a deep affection for Wah-see-ola, but never dreamed that you would ever, at any time, sacrifice the love of Constance for one of these women. You would be doing perfectly right to inform Constance of your affection for Wah-see-ola, but I hardly believe Constance would ever consent to, or want to, marry you after learning of your love for the forest maiden," said Doctor Balrossa.

"But," continued the Doctor, "I hope you do not mean to infer that your marriage to Constance is an improbability? This uncivilized creature will never leave her people and go with you to France; and what of this little episode? It would never bear any hindrance to your marrying Constance, for remember, our feet will never rest on the soil of France until we return and take you home."

"Well, Louis, it will be a matter of choice with Constance to do as she chooses, I will leave it to her. I have divided affections with no way of bringing about a reconciliation of conscience, I will be obliged to let time and intervening changes adjust the matter, while hoping for the best in the ultimate. I am not so madly infatuated with Wah-see-ola that I

am lost to all sense of justice. And should it so happen on my return to Bordeaux that Constance and I marry, I shall, on my return with our proposed expedition, insist upon taking Wah-see-ola to Bordeaux, providing her father, Chief Wah-chee-ka, would give his consent. I would place her as a scholar in the convent, Academie St. Maries, where she would have such educational advantages as I think she is in every way worthy. I could, in that way, give her a fatherly protection and do a great good to her benefit in justice to a true, unselfish affection which I hold for the noble girl, and I feel certain Constance would have no objection," said Commander de Champeaux, earnestly.

" That would be all right but I hardly believe, as I said before, Constance will ever consent or want to marry you after learning that you love the Indian girl. While she would have perfect confidence in your wardship and would even aid you in your noble effort, she, I know, would certainly hesitate to marry you with your heart given to another," said Doctor Balrossa.

"You are acquainted with Constance to know how very sincere she is, especially in a case of this kind, and while I deplore the thought of the unfortunate affair, I cannot help it. Time has brought about this change in my affection, and as it appears, it is quite evident it all had to be; and what am I to do but openly confess the truth to Constance when I see her," said Xavier, earnestly.

"You would be acting wisely in the matter; by not

being deceitful to Constance, you would be true to yourself. But how very strange it all seems that you really favor the sun-bronzed uncivilized girl in preference to Constance. It charges me to wonder the why of such, which seems unreasonable, yet possible, of course," said the Doctor. "Strange, how very strange this all seems," he continued, walking up and down from one side of the cabin to the other.

"'Tis singular indeed; I myself cannot account for the strange fact. It places me in an unenviable position, I know, and in your long acquaintance with Constance, you would naturally wonder and no doubt think me foolish to make this choice without comparison and without judgment you would feel to say. But, however strange it may seem, I may say as it appears to me, while I have admired Constance from the time our lives were spent together as children, when we played together as brother and sister, we grew up loving each other, and we cherished each other's companionship. And later when Constance made her debut in society, as the beautiful mademoiselle she is, I had the honor to escort her to receptions and places of amusement to the envy of many of her friends. She was my partner, always, for the first dance, and it was my greatest pleasure to have her company at places of social gatherings. But now my life is changed. I have living desires, which I feel to have in accomplishment of such things as would hinder Constance accepting her old child-time lover."

Xavier looking at himself from head to foot said: "What would Constance think were she to see me now,

with these hip boots, muddy clear to the tops, and with these negligee shirts and homespun trousers? She would turn in disgust from me, never wanting to lay eyes on me again as her affianced. She would have no desire to take this hand now," speaking disconsolately, showing his hand. "This was once the hand of a gentleman, soft and white; and to grasp this sun-burnt, weather-hardened hand would be repulsive to the finer senses and exquisite taste of her cultured ladyship. You see, Louis, Constance is daintily refined, and inasmuch as I propose to devote my life to adventurous prospecting, expecting to consummate my plans in command of a company of traders and colonists, Constance might object to becoming the wife of an exploring adventurer, whose time would be taken in pursuit of his ambitions. You see, mon cher Louis, then I will no longer be among the gens de condition. It does not appear quite so foolish when you understand all and as it is le monde est plain fous, as I may be one."

Not so, Xavier," said Doctor Balrossa.

"'Tis well to understand these things other than judging from outward appearances. Fine inner sentiments control much which to an outer sense we cannot always consider is the proper thing for us to do, while our inner sense dictates the contrary. I have unbounded sympathy for the innocent Wah-see-ola and am desirous of promoting opportunities for her advancement, which you know, of course, Constance is not in need of, for she certainly is in advance of me, and on my return to France I shall

acquaint Constance with the fact, and if she feels to hold me to my promise under the circumstances, I shall, with all honor and respect, keep my word good and marry Constance, though the while not denying my affection for the deserving Wah-see-ola. Her influence is good and elevating. She is lofty in her ideal fancies of the beautiful of her wildwood surroundings. She has a fine intellect which will bear educating, and I am anxious the girl gets opportunities for development. Well, mon cher Louis," and throwing his arms around the Doctor's neck, they wept together in a farewell to each other, after which Xavier collected himself and said: "Whatever is to be is not altogether at man's command in promotion of his desires. There is a ruling power consummating our daily destinies," and he proposed before them all that he would be obedient to the chief's command and in a short time win him over and have his liberty when his party could return with the proposed expedition which he was so earnestly interested in bringing about. He urged his companions on, and instructed them with orders he hoped they would not fail to carry out; even though he, as one of the principal promoters, would not be there, they would meet him when they came.

After exchanging some words with his companions, pressing them to live by his orders and encourage them in every possible way, assuring them that all would be well with him, as Wah-see-ola had much influence over her native people. Two seasons would not be long going by and he would be free to re-

turn to France. He spoke of Wah-see-ola as being in every way worthy of his affections which she had won long before this and declared his love for the Indian maiden. Commander de Champeaux stepped from among his companions, and raising his hat, he reached for Wah-see-ola's hand and falling on one knee, he pressed her hand to his lips affectionately, fervently displaying his gratitude for her loyalty. He remained kneeling with bowed head much overcome, the while heavy tears dropped from his eyes.

It was indeed a solemn event of his life. At that moment his thoughts went over the water to France. His life was pictured to him in a flash from the past to the present. He was at the gateway of a future, unexpectedly, and so different from what he had pictured and the result, what can it be? He faced his parents and their great disappointment and grief at his failure to return with his party, and his first love, Constance; she was no longer his, and his promise must now be broken; that he was now controlled by attending circumstances which would necessitate altering his plans for the future, and in the deepest aspiration of his soul he cried out aloud, "I shall do my best under the circumstances. I shall do all the good I can, but my power must be energized from Heaven," and embracing Wah-see-ola tenderly, said, "And you are may helper, en Dieun est ma fiance," and "Je vis en espoir."

Chief Wa-chee-ka stood beside the brave Commander, considering what had just transpired, looking on deeply impressed the while Commander de Cham-

peaux held the hand of his only child. His tender heart was touched for him whom he felt for as a son. and at once proffered the hand of his beloved daughter in a most impressive manner. He invoked the blessing of the Great Spirit in his native tongue and with the fullest fatherly blessing, he embraced his child, weeping with her in his arms as if they were parting in death.

His companions looked on stricken beyond their senses at the scene which had just taken place. Commander de Champeaux in a dignified manner spoke hopefully in French and broken Indian language to the understanding of all present; since he was the one designated in person to be held captive in fulfillment of Chief Ma-chan-qua's command, he would remain with the natives for an indefinite time, rather than rouse the heartless chief and his tribe to uncivilized indignities which might prove disastrous to all.

No further ceremony according to the Indian custom of marriage is required more than the father of the maiden gives the hand of his daughter in stipulation of some one or more of their prized warrior trophies. And if it so happened to be the son or daughter of a chief, there would be several days given to feasting and to the enjoyment of hilarious sports in common with their ways of amusement, which was dispensed with according to the wishes of Wah-see-ola whose sentiments concerning the circumstances of the event were other than celebrating in the brusque manner of rejoicing over that which was clouded with a

gloom fateful in consequence of the Commander's captivity.

Commander de Champeaux with Wah-see-ola walked to where his companions stood discussing the affair. Twilight had faded and the bright full moon was shining upon them, as if witnessing the nuptial ceremony in the fullest light of its time. Commander de Champeaux asked Father Jacques for his blessing. The pious father raised his hand over their heads, his heart swelling with sympathetic emotions, sighing deeply and with tears falling from his eyes, he joined their hands over which he made the sign of the cross and sealed a fixed destiny controlled by love in a duty to each other. And he turned, saying to Doctor Balrossa in a low tone of voice, "It is an mal a propos mal entendre."

After some moments, Xavier de Champeaux reclaimed himself sufficiently to advise with his companions. He spoke in a consoling way and urged his party to be off on the morrow early. There was no way else than to obey the chief's orders; that delay there meant worry and sorrow to bereaved relatives and parents at home, as it was now time they were nearing their journey's end.

"What is it if we know it not as fate? It is a great surprise to me as well as to you all; we, who thought we would be traveling homeward ere this moontime; yet here I am and to remain indefinitely. I, the betrothed of Constance who awaits my return to France, now pledged in honor to another," said Commander de Champeaux, seriously.

Their leave-taking was no less affecting than the two previous scenes, which were two very sad events in their experience of adventure. They parted with sad farewells and sore aching hearts, and as the scows and rafts followed down stream to the order of his directing command, Commander de Champeaux was last seen waving his hat happily. He was truly a living martyr to the most direful circumstances of an unknown fate. Yes, a fate of its kind.

CHAPTER SEVEN

The deplorable situation and why such a fate should befall their Commander was one of the greatest misfortunes that could happen to the party. And it would prove equally as disastrous to the promoters of the expedition, which was made in project of a large company to be organized and managed under his direction, now waiting his return for reports before further advancing the movement. And still worse, their leader held captive in purchase of their freedom, as the circumstances truthfully given would make it appear to his people, concerned them not a little. They felt a hesitancy to return to Bordeaux without him and however otherwise brave, they had not the courage to meet his people, knowing well what it would mean to his parents. They would be inconsolable in consideration of his marriage to one of the natives, as well as being held indefinitely in the wilderness. They would have to give them the particulars in full detail of the deplorable affair, and however truthful, and the explication verified by every one of the party, would not altogether exonerate them. They would be charged with neglect, and criticised for not having managed in some way to have had him make good his escape, as the circumstances were such as would only

be understood by those who were an eye witness to the scene, and know of the determination of the unyielding Chief Ma-chan-qua.

The thought was doubly dreadful in consideration of the bare prospect of his ever reaching home, and though he was alive, he would be as dead to them, and worse still, they would picture his suffering in every conceivable manner. They would imagine he was suffering from exposure and hunger; of his death from the various causes, alone and with nothing for his relief. They would imagine his fate the worst that could befall a mortal, one white man among the many uncivilized natives. And the idea of his being plighted for life to one of the natives, which they would naturally suppose, would hinder instead of promoting means for his chances of ever reaching France. However, they would report facts and explain, that plan after plan had been proposed, but with no way to make one good without running hazardous risks and they concluded to take no such chances at the risk of his life. They resolved to obey his orders and return to France without him, as he directed.

They would make truthful reports to the company according to his wishes, as such would give satisfaction only, giving the truth of the deplorable affair. They knew his parents and the company for which he risked his life in the project would spare no means to send a party to effect his release, at any price, and they could better plan and devise means with all there might be had in their need, to spirit him away from the vicinity of Chief Ma-chan-qua's village, or even

would intrigue him to his death but they would have Commander de Champeaux back to France. Yes. they must return, for it was his desire and last command. They must respect their worthy leader, whose honor-bearing principles lived with them erewhile time was making wider the distance between them as they traveled on with the running waters. They discussed the dominating severity of the shrewd, cunning Chief Ma-chan-qua. It certainly gave evidence of his keenness in design to hold the leader of the company, upon whom much depended in the management of their return voyage. It was indeed most disastrous to the ambitious adventurers. They looked forward to the excellency of his judgment for the organization and management in the expedition in prospect, as well as for the management of their company on their journey homeward. The fate of their beloved Commander put a damper on their happy anticipations, and all prospective pleasure was lost to them in his absence. Instead of a jubilant public demonstration, which would be a joy supreme in event of their highest ambitions on their arrival at Bordeaux, their return would be attended with sorrow in consequence of his absence, and their return would be significant of great disappointment. A lasting gloom would spread over France in report of the affair which would be chronicled as one of the disastrous events of its public movements of the nation.

As they traveled on with the running waters, they kept repeating the messages given them for his friends and people. And his parents, "To have hope

and not despair that he would return with Wah-see-ola, with whom he was safe, feeling thankful and happy in her love and protection." And Constance! She must know all in detail of the circumstances, with the word of his broken promise, in his failure to return, "To forget him and learn to love another was enough." And if he lived and ever returned to France, she would have reason to forgive him and until then it was, "Farewell, ma chere Mademoiselle."

Day after day while they travelled on the water they measured the distance of their voyage home and back to the new world with impatience that knows no time. They pictured his fate in more ways than one, and which even it might be to their imaginations they magnified in the enormity of the worst that could be. At times they were touched with a feeling of responsibility that they felt to charge themselves guilty at not having remained as they proposed for an indefinite time close by and improvised a way for him to make good his escape. They now doubly regretted they had not done as they had intended, and regardless of his wishes and orders, remain until he would be able to go back with them to France; and if not effect a way for him, all should have remained even at the risk of their lives. They would sooner die than meet his parents and the people of Bordeaux. Their thoughts were ever with him. At sunrise and sunset Father Jacques prayed for the beloved Commander's protection. He asked God to spare him until they "could effect some means for his rescue." They took consolation in planning their earlier return after obeying his orders.

It was the only thought that arrested the distressing scene of his calamitous situation and they only felt hopeful for his safety in the protection of the noble Wah-see-ola whose strong individual sense of justice was prominently manifested in her able pleadings for the party's liberty. And they further considered that though the natives were hostile and revengeful when aroused to indignation, yet down deep in their hearts was the principle that lived to make them loyal to those they loved and respected, and they knew the Commander was generally beloved and esteemed by many of the natives who discountenanced Chief Ma-chan-qua's ruling and would have joined the pale-face braves to make a forcible demand for the pale-face chief that he might be a free man. And as to the future, there was no cause to longer fear Chief Ma-chan-qua; for when once a penalty was imposed for an offense it was settled. Revenge ceased and the once prescribed punishment ended all.

Yet with all they might hopefully consider favorable for his safety, Doctor Balrossa could not erase the fact from his mind that Xavier, his friend whom he loved as a brother, was a prisoner; yes, a prisoner in the wilderness with all space for his exit, but with no way to make good his way home. He could sleep neither night nor day, nor did he ever smile the while they were traveling down stream. He was melancholy and inconsolable and kept in a deep study. He would take no interest in anything his companions thought to suggest to console him and remained silently morose.

Father Jacques was gravely anxious and felt to no longer allow the Doctor to be so depressingly absorbed in the interest of his ill-fated friend. Thinking to arouse him, he said looking earnestly at the Doctor, "You have been thinking deeply this while we are on our way, since leaving our cher Commander. Have you not a proposition to offer us that we might lift the gloom of this very sad affair?"

"Commander de Champeaux's sad misfortune mars the bright prospects of our ideal ambitions. It is indeed a deplorable thought. Yes, a lamentable affair. I shrink from the idea of meeting the Monsieur and Madame de Champeaux. Their disappointment and grief cannot be imagined," said Doctor Balrossa.

"That in itself is a deplorable thought and will be trying in the extreme. But we can only give statements in truth of the circumstances and trust in God to have their kindly consideration of our situation in the deplorable affair," said Father Jacques.

"It is calamitous in every way. We are unfortunate in the loss of his directorship as well as the company. And to the company, his loss is irreparable. Not one is so ably qualified to make reports as our leader. He could, with his journal of compass notes, which he made, give direction of routes and the latitudes of his surveys. He could also better give a clear direct navigable route in waterway over this stream to his present location; a most desirable place of great fertility for traders, and later when better established, for colonists, accessible in opportunity of

water travel in a direct route mapped by him accordingly. And," continued Doctor Balrossa, "I have about concluded when we reach the terminal of the water channel between the two large waters, I shall remain until the return of the expedition now proposed in consideration for effecting his return home. I would be located midway the place from where he is and the vessel port. He might, after a time, chance to make his way to the place to which of necessity he must come, as he naturally would follow the waterway over which he came in direction to make his way back to France. I would not be so far from where he is now located, that should it so happen, with the aid of her who is wise in the ways of her people, to bewitchingly overcome the intricacy of her unfortunate liege lord's situation and promote an opportunity for Xavier to make his way off undetected. And if so, they would make their way down stream and follow the borderland of the lake reaching the channel where they would find some one or more in waiting for him. We would be a jubilant party en route to Bordeaux."

"Your idea is not an impossibility. Though it sounds dreamlike, it is plain, if opportunity would afford Xavier the chance, he would not fail to embrace it. And it would not be at all unlikely but that they would come this way," said Father Jacques.

"I have great confidence in Xavier's ability for adventure. He is a contriving, adventurous explorer and does not weigh nor measure peril. He would consider no risk too great to put his plan into execution, when once he felt he could make his escape. But

rest assured, he never fails to gain his point or make good his aim, if once his plans are made. And with the brave, resolute Wah-see-ola I feel safe and have no hesitancy to say, in the near future Xavier in company with her will be journeying this way homeward. And what an unexpected happiness. It would be a joyful event of his life he never would forget, to find one or more of us waiting for him. It would be the ambition of my soul, no matter what my sufferings might happen to be, I would take all chances of the worst that could befall me, even though I'd be obliged to face death. I would find more happiness in pursuit of a result of the same than living in neglect of that which should find me giving every effort to consummate a joy in giving aid to his relief and bring happiness supreme to his parents and friends at home. I very much regret I did not arrange with the stern chief, Ma-chan-qua, to stay and share Xavier's fate instead of obeying his command and leave le tout ensemble. We could have given the old fellow our honor promises for life, and after a while he might grow careless of our whereabouts, then we could have effected our way out of reach of his tribe rating him for all our honor promises, however faithfully given. We could have confidence in Chief Wah-chee-ka. He is nobly brave, and I feel certain we could depend upon him for aid in plans we might make to get away. Our time would be short as Chief Ma-chan-qua's captives I'll guarantee, and there would be no harm done, only the palefaces would no longer have the natives' confidence.

I proposed it, but Xavier would not hear to it. He claimed it would not help matters, nor his chances for life would be no better. He thought it would only excite the haughty chief to suspicions he otherwise might never have, if he was left alone to his fate and if anything should happen to endanger his life, one life was enough to be sacrified."

"I don't know, but rather think he is right, and with Wah-see-ola could have better chances without you," said Brother Filmore, who was earnestly considering the circumstances while Doctor Balrossa and Father Jacques were conversing.

"The best and only thing that can be done now is to remain where I said. I shall wait for him until when our party, who will come for him shall be informed of the exact location where I hope to meet him and our return to France will be together at last. I cannot go back without him. I never shall so long as I have the faintest hope of ever meeting him here in this wild country."

After their travel down stream with but few interruptions, one morning just a little after sunrise they sighted the beautiful sheet of blue waters they so much admired on coming. And they were more happily disposed a little later to have reached the terminal of the running waters in exit of the vast range of wooded wilderness. They rowed to the bank where about three rods distance was a slight precipice with ledge rocks that led to a cliff over which a huge oak tree had fallen. The high water freshets had unearthed its bottom support and with its topmost weight, it

had fallen over. The great branches rested partly on the side ledge of the cliff and at the foot of the bank, leaving a large under space. But a few strokes of their axes rid the place of the brush limbs, and it would afford them, with a little brush-piling, a squatter's home for the time being. They built a fire and prepared a hot palatable mess of hominy-grit, venison and beans.

Feeling to rest, they spread their blankets under the wide spreading limbs and huddled one beside the other, for the night air was damp and chilly. They were quite comfortably domiciled for the night and rested well.

At daybreak, Doctor Balrossa raised his head from his head-cushion and seeing others of the party awake, he spoke happily saying, "So far, we have been very fortunate journeying homeward, and with the forcible will power of our Commander we have with us we can thank our stars for this much good fortune. Our sick are about convalescent and with all we might expect to encounter, with health we'll have what we most need to carry us through and over our way to France. Father Jacques is worst off of all on account of his age; but I shall look after him and we hope to see him grow stronger right soon. Worry helped him down to his present weak condition, which is not due to any organic trouble. We must all feel hopeful for him, even though his age is such as to not insure him the strength of his early manhood, he can grow well and hearty. Father Jacques will live to celebrate yearly anniversaries of our beloved Xavier's return to

Bordeaux. That is our hope," said Doctor Balrossa.

"That is our hope," in a loud cheering tone of voices of the party, "that our beloved Commander may soon be with us again."

"We must pray and have faith and hope that he will be spared his health, and I dare say his home-coming will rest with his spirited, indomitable adventurous energy. We must pray and continue to pray. He may yet overcome his fate," said the good Father Jacques.

"I cannot believe prayer will overcome that which we call fate; for if so, why his deplorable situation now with all our prayers, or did we not pray enough?" asked Doctor Balrossa.

"'Tis true, our prayers in this case are so far unanswered. But that is not to say they never will be heard, and indeed we must have strong faith in our prayers. We must imploringly will they be heard," answered the over-zealous Father Jacques.

"Well, when I was a little fellow I prayed night and morning with my good mother and we asked the blessing of God for all, naming not less than a dozen relatives, counting from father to mother and ending by saying, and all, among whom were my uncles and aunts, and upon whom I begged blessings to be showered. I hoped to have the same returned to me as I was taught that good would come to me. So far, I have failed to recognize the fact. Rather the reverse, and those I so earnestly prayed might have God's blessing showered upon them, were not only accessory to the unfortunate drawbacks of my life,

but proved to be my worst enemies. How about that, Father Jacques?"

"I certainly would not dispute your word, and no doubt that you were much in earnest in your prayers which you repeated with your good mother. But words without the deep felt aspirations of the soul are rarely ever more than a customary babble from the lips, and while your dear mother was most sincere in her time set for prayers, as is customary with myself also, there is a vast difference to the aspiring inclination which she could command, while you were yet young, and may I say not much of a prayerful mediator at that. Remember there is a time for prayer and none are without, at some time or another, that feeling of divine aspiration of the soul. That is the time for prayer and the only time. We must aspire with a divine feeling and it is needless of words. Our thoughts are the force controlling worthful prayers, lip-movement of tongue-song is in a way a method inviting concentrated thought force and it is good and well meaning. We teach it. There are those who need it; we know it leads them upward. Remember the human mind can only affiliate to its individual understanding of what the senses can appreciate. The majority of us mortals know little of what real prayer is. While it is true every aspiring thought and every word deeply uttered in a prayer is as various in sentiment and variety as is the lifference in people, as you know as well as I, with some there is not much depth to whatever they say or do, and very little weight bearing in consequence of what they think.

How else could be their aspirations? But the depth of an aspiring mystic in prayerful concentration, I am at a loss to describe," said the holy father.

"Mystics, mystics, what are they! Are they not the fire-makers, the prophets, fortune tellers and that class of folks?" asked Doctor Balrossa.

"No, indeed, my good man. I begin to think you have lost yourself to all but the study of our bodily ailments and the remedies. You have neglected your study of the soul just as the majority of our good people who aspire wholly to things of the earth and their personal attainments," said the Father.

"They keep holy a day and pray at that time; is not that enough?" asked the Doctor.

"To be sure they have a time, a day set apart for spirited devotion which they keep and think is quite enough. It is customary for them on that day to make peace with their God. It is good, it leads them to spiritual inclination, which otherwise they never would take time to pray, but a few minutes night and morning. However, they are all good people," and Father Jacques sighed deeply from the very soul-depth of his being, saying, "A beau jeu beau retour", "I shall never forget you in my prayers, my dear fellow, more than our beloved Commander and his party. They are all good Frenchmen. Dieu garde le Commander et partie." And the venerable old man wept with his handkerchief to his eyes, not in sorrow, but with a feeling of joy at having felt a response of the soul to the inner consciousness of his being. "A joy that

lifts the soul. My happiness at this moment is supreme," said the good Father Jacques.

"Your talk mystifies me, are you not one of those,—those people—well, one of those mystic conjurers?" asked Doctor Balrossa.

Father Jacques said nothing but looked at the Doctor and laughed, which mystified him still more.

"I cannot understand you. You make me feel so queer. There is a chill coming over me that I feel trembly from head to foot."

The two sat down on a rock beside each other. Doctor Balrossa feeling to apologize for his faithless attitude toward the good old man, he said, "Father Jacques, pardonnez moi, and while I have every respect for your holy sentiments, which I know are most beautifying, yet I cannot believe in the efficacy of prayer alone. I feel it would be the idling of time, or a slow way bringing results. It has been my experience, when I desired anything, I went after it with an effort and will power," said Doctor Balrossa.

"True, we have no real assurance, though our prayers may be many and great. It is the effect of the mind on which we depend. I shall continue to pray and perhaps our Commander may yet overtake us before we leave this place as I said," said the hopeful holy Father.

"I shall remain with others who wish to stay and fulfill a personal duty bearing upon us in question. What would Xavier not do to aid one of us, were we so situated as he. We need not fear to cast our chances in the face of fate, whatever it might be, for

it would be a duty charged to us in our associations, not less a fate than his and which we should respect as our duty," said Doctor Balrossa.

"It would be the ambition of my soul and a pleasure presumable to me in my vow to the holy order of the priesthood that I remain with you. I could then reach the natives near by, going to their villages and doing a great good among the people of this country. I would be happy doing a spiritual work among the natives during your waiting endeavor to have our beloved Commander in party back to France. Let us have faith in God and hope for the best," said the good Father Jacques kindly.

After the seventh sunset of their arrival at the terminal of the stream, heavy clouds appeared which showed signs of approaching storm. As the dark, heavy clouds gathered, the explorers emptied several of their lugger canoes, those they intended leaving to Doctor Balrossa and carried them over to where they were camping. They turned three of them bottom up over the wide spreading limbs to serve as roofing and two they stood upright for a side shelter from the north winds which blew strong and were cold and penetrating in the extreme. The night was cold and they were anything but happy, feeling the chill of a sleety snowstorm.

When morning came, they found the ground covered with a heavy wet snow. The adjacent hills, rich in color, with ripened sumach and frosted hazel the night before, were now the white desolate hills of ice and snow.

It was a long dreary stay during which they hunted pheasants, hare and wild turkey hens. They shot the deer and prepared an abundance of venison, by jerking the flesh from off the bones and drying it over fire pits until well cured. They also built a squatter's cabin where they would remain in waiting for Commander de Champeaux. The cabin was no sham affair. It was strongly built and spacious as necessary, and as comfortable as could be made. In each of the four corners they made hanging cots with stretched bear hides to rest upon. They also made four hickory seats to lounge on, and a broad victual shelf under which was room for chests.

Time was passing for the impatient travelers, and with the many things to claim their attention. One after another, they would scarcely get done what they wanted to finish ere they would again be on their way for the vessel port traveling homeward.

One cold stormy night just before retiring, the quite surroundings of their camping place were disturbed by loud whoops and yells of two or more persons seemingly in distress. At first, the adventurers felt to go to their aid, but as the night was black dark, they concluded to let the lost strangers be guided to the cabin by the firelight.

After a little time the strangers reached the cabin. They were two young hunters and for two dark and two light times they had tried to find their way back to their village camping place. They had lost their way on account of no sunshine. They slept soundly all night and part of the next day. They were much surprised

at waking, seeing so many pale-faces who had shown them the kindly hospitality of blanketing and sheltering them for the night and for which they were grateful. They came back several days afterwards with some fine game and fur, which they gave the adventurers. Doctor Balrossa at once planned to have them assist in getting word to Commander de Champeaux, if only they would come again to make better acquaintance and establish their friendship. "I shall prevail upon them to remain with us; no telling what good they can do us."

Father Jacques was fast failing in health. He was very thin in flesh and much debilitated and it was proposed to take him back to France. If he could only withstand the journey, was the question. His age was against him and they felt if he did not soon have such nourishment as he needed, the time was not far off when he would no longer be with them.

They were making preparations to move eastward. They had provided for Doctor Balrossa, Brother Filmore and their seven companions, dividing the necessaries of which they had plenty. The cold season was over and the clear days with bright sunshine, encouraged the adventurers. They arranged to take Father Jacques and another of the party who was ill, in padded canoes with two of the best oarsmen in each boat. They were clad in heavy mantles and rested comfortably on moose-skins. They were tucked in and covered with bear robes to protect them from the chilly winds that came in strong gales over the broad waters.

It was a slow way to travel, especially for the great distance before them; but it was the best they could expect under the circumstances and they were happily disposed; even the sick, with the poor accommodations, were cheerful, hoping to reach the vessel port. Father Jacques never expected to reach France alive, perhaps not even to reach the vessel port where he could have such care as he needed by remaining with the French colonists at that place.

Father Jacques was deeply impressed with his leave-taking, as he held out his emaciated hand to those remaining, saying, "My good fellows, be brave. I am sorry to leave you. It was not my intention to go; but I am feeble and growing weaker, and I would only be a care instead of a help, that I feel to go. I shall think of you often, as well as of our brave Commander, whose unknown fate may not be worse than yours. I shall ever remember you all as long as my mind lasts to me. The last I ask of you in my name, as missionary of my holy order, before you leave, erect a cross on yonder hillside where I used to spend much of my time in prayer. It is an inspiring place; plant it there with my name cut in the bark of the wood—'FATHER JACQUES.' I speak thus as it is not likely I shall ever set foot on the soil of sunny France. My body shall find rest in the briny sea over which the sun ever shines and where the sea-crows will hover with their floating wings of beautiful plumage. They will rise and dip and gracefully wing and to the will of my spirit one will a message to you bring, then you'll remember me."

Doctor Balrossa walked back to the cabin, carrying his penegusan, or medicine case, which he had nearly forgotten to take from the scow. He stood with his companions looking after the canoes and rude scows which were following eastward, rowed by the brawny hands of the brave adventurers.

"They have gone from us," said Doctor Balrossa, "and poor Father Jacques, the holy soul, he cannot long survive, but he, like all who are at earth's journey end, wants to be going or feel to have a change. Oh, Laurent, we are here with Brother Filmore, but with one ambition and for a purpose, which is a noble one." And they all sat down on a large flat stone and watched over the glimmering waters, under the bright sunshine, until the fleet of rude boats that kept close by the water margin, were mere specks of dark slowly moving objects getting tinier until at last the scene was vacant, but the sparkling splashes of the water glittering under the bright sun rays of a beautiful spring day.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Commander de Champeaux fell in the embrace of his fate when he was held captive by Chief Ma-chan-qua. He was immeasurably at the mercy of the natives with no certainty of ever getting back to France. What must have been his feelings, he who was worshipped from the cradle up, being the only living son of devoted parents whose every consideration was for his comfort, now far from home facing the inevitable of a fate few ever experience.

"But none are so accursed by fate, no one is so utterly desolate; though he is left alone, in a far away place; but a heart responds to a soul that meets its own."

Commander de Champeaux loved Wah-see-ola. Though she was born midst all the ignorance attended with uncivilized life, she was a distinguished soul of high, noble qualities, endowed with no mean degree of mentality and was capable, with her natural graces, of rapid advancement. Her deep affection for Commander de Champeaux was controlled by an affined sympathy. She would have been willing to suffer herself to never see him again, rather than have him detained and endure the hardships of her native life to which he now was destined, and for how long was an unanswered question. She was a balm to his life

in his saddest hours to almost convert misery into happiness. Her cheering prophesies made him hopeful and buoyed his courage, that while he was a prisoner in the forest, he felt as free as the little birds that flew about in the limitless space above his head. His captivity was not attended with the loneliness we would suppose. He loved nature, and in his admiration for the beautiful of his surroundings, though he was denied the opportunity of the aspiring ambitions of his being, he communicated in soul with the things that touched his higher senses, and he was happily disposed, however dark and uncertain the future. He talked with the rocks and the great trees that shaded the running brooks, and felt a response in a consciousness of real satisfaction of knowing that God in nature missioned even the little sparrow that flew hither and thither not unbidden. The echoes of the bubbling waters thrilled his being with the melodies that touched the deeper nature of his soul. And at nighttime he communed with the stars hopefully gazing from his roofless prison as the sparkling majesties twinkled and twinkled, beckoning him to be cheerful, that it would not be for always that he would be detained by intrigue.

Time after time when he and Wah-see-ola sat under the shade of the great trees, watching the whirling eddies chasing with the timeless tide, he thought of the running waters ever offering him a welcome way to reach home if he would go. But day after day he went back to their cabin contented to remain until they who had promised to return would come and take

him to France. Commander de Champeaux willed courage, and hope lived with him in the pure embracing atmosphere of the forest, that he felt, "'Tis for a good that I am here!" And in consideration of such, he was inclined to be philosphically resigned to that which he knew, though it would in a way prove disastrous to the future prospects of his life, yet he made such sacrifices in a conclusive manner, the while he hopefully anticipated the speedy return of his companions which would help him to a happy deliverance from his unlawful captivity. He repelled his highest ambition in a true love for Wah-see-ola. He was planning in his every thought of educating her. He pictured her as a babe in her child life of the forest to be nursed in the mental development of civilization, and rated her progress in his estimation of her mental qualities. He was partially proud of his sweet girl wife whom he loved as no man loved a wife, and took particular pains to teach her things and make her acquainted with the manners and customs of the people of France, their style of dress and methods of life generally.

Wah-see-ola was deeply interested and aspired with great ambition to learn, and to know life other than the way she had been born and raised. In a soliloquizing reverie Commander de Champeaux admired the natural adaptations of her soul endowments. He thought of her light-heartedness and compared her life with that of the four-winged, gold-speckled butterflies that flit from bud to blossom, sipping the sweet essence of the flowers. She, as they, drank from the flowing fountain of life which poured into her soul

the psychic graces, which filled her being in response to her innermost desires, giving her access to the psychic realm of her soul-life. Her mind was clear and open for the inflowing forces, as it was not occupied with the many little things that claimed the attention of her more civilized sisters across the waters, who were more or less trammeled with the burdens of social life. She was left to the care of a devoted father, a swaddling pappose, when her mother went to the happy hunting ground, and though she was too young to have any recollection of her mother, from the time she was able to talk she would tell of the presence of her angel mother, who, no doubt, guided her motherless little daughter's foot-steps and many times kept her from danger. She watched over her little one and directed her mind and Wah-see-ola grew in a mental radix of her spirit mother's tender love and guidance.

Wah-see-ola had day wakenings in her psychic visions with which she made her pale-face chief acquainted. She described the fair Constance, whom she saw with her so-called imaginary vision, and her tender heart was touched in sympathy for the fair lady whose sweet face bore disconsolate traces that she wished it all had not happened. She saw that the fair lady's loss of the love of the pale-face chief was her gain. And it made her feel, with her intuitive sense of knowledge, that she was insignificantly unsuitable to be the pale-face chief's earthly companion while the beautiful Constance was in every way more suitable and his equal.

Wah-see-ola's psychic impressions and visions were widely educating to her, in her sense of soul faculty, which grew in a knowledge to her objective sense in comprehension of things she retained, and which otherwise she would not have understood without the aid of her psychic forces. In fact, as it was, Wah-see-ola was apprehensive of things that would have been a blank to the dull incapacious minds, even though they may have had all advantages of education. Her natural faculty in a knowledge of such things, met with Commander de Champeaux's highest approbation, and his sentiments of appreciation may be given to us, worded to our understanding,—

"Thy mind 'tis I love and virtues lie there,
Making thy graces more beautiful and fair,
And as stars which at night time glisten from on high,
Like diamonds in ether, like lamps in the sky,
Weaving a charm by their light in a yet firmer spell;
Because set in heaven where thy hosts of angels dwell."

Wah-see-ola made marked progress under her pale-face chief's instructions. She who was beloved by her native people for her noble qualities and endearing disposition was now worshipped for her mental superiority. In her unbounded sympathy she, in deference to the unfortunate of her people whose mistake it was to err, many times risked her life, breaking the

rule as laws of her people by defending them at trials, which in their sense of doing justice they would have been severely punished as prescribed, to right the matter. But in her forcible manner she would persistently plead, even commit herself liable to punishment, until they would be pardoned. She never would join them in their cruel crusades which augmented reason, and often fled from the scenes of their prescribed penalty exercised in their sense of imposing justice, and would not put in her appearance for several sunsets at the wigwam or go near the tribe lodges. She was the only known female orator among the natives, having reached that distinction through her father. She substituted for him at times when his throat affection would not permit of his voicing his sentiments in behalf of his tribe. At first she spoke to his dictation and was recognized as his coadjutor at times in matters brought to bear necessitating a council meeting. She discussed questions and orated on the general decisions which made her an able representative. She soon got so, after several times called, a representative of her father's tribe, that he had but to convey his ideas to her and she carried his sentiments plainly to the understanding of his people, and would often win the affiliation of his opponents. She spoke fluently and excelled in her orations with a pronounced satisfaction to her father and his influence was not lost to bear upon his tribe, although many times too ill to be present at their council sessions.

Commander de Champeaux aimed to read the In-

dian nature. He sought to indentify himself with their personal interests and acquired a knowledge of the mental tendencies of his wife's native people. Commander de Champeaux as the solitary white man of that vicinity among the natives claimed the attention and was known as the great Sunshine Chief. After hunting hours, the natives would gather with their squaw and affianced maidens at the pale-face Chief's cabin to hear him tell of the many great things there were to be seen and learned at the great country over the water, which was in achievement of the pale-face braves' industry and mental ingenuity. He would tell them of the modes of civilization and pointed out to them the necessity of agricultural pursuits, for which their luxurious country was adapted and to which they soon would be obliged to resort in order to have a supply of food other than the wild animals upon which they mainly depended for their living. While there was plenty of fur and feathery game, it would not always furnish them the necessary food for their increasing habitation. Their land in its present condition was as good as lost, while they were surrounded with a great wealth lavished on them in the productive resources of their fertile country. And he impressed them, in particular with their duty to their squaws, and explained to them that it was wrong to compel the squaws to drag loads as were only fit for oxen. And that they imposed the more heavy burdens of life on the more weakly of their people, making them do the work which they themselves should do.

"Yes, and that Chief Ma-chan-qua might be

correct in his ideas and have reason to fear the white braves. It was quite possible they might return and embrace such opportunities as they were losing. And if they did, it would not be long before there would be great and many changes in their country such as they would never dream of."

While they acknowledged that Chief Ma-chan-qua was a brave of great power of mind, they disliked him on account of his severity in the unjust impositions on the tribes of the neighborhood, who not only hated him but feared him. And now still worse, they harbored the prejudice which grew out of the unreasonable judgment preferred by him on the Sunshine Chief whom they felt was being held captive, unjustly. And for such, their sentiments were strongly in favor of intriguing him to make way with him to satisfy their revengeful feelings. They only hesitated in respect of Al-las-sac-ka, son of Chief Ma-chan-qua, whose noble qualities endeared him to the tribes. And they only checked their motives of revenge, after much persuasion on the pale-face chief's part who, after being led into the secret, protested and pleaded with his red friends not to resort to such revengeful atrocity, when they finally concluded to let the matter drop with the belief, "In failure of Chief Ma-chan-qua getting punished at their hands, he would come to justice through the power of the Great Spirit," as predicted by Wah-see-ola. But they failed to understand why the pale-face chief held no ill-will against him, as Chief Ma-chan-qua was his worst enemy, doing him a great wrong at having detained him. They thought it was

only right and proper that the pale-face chief should have the satisfaction of making him suffer in consequence of the injustice done him. They were ambitiously revengeful, being roused in their sympathy with the Sunshine Chief. They would at once put their plans into execution if Commander de Champeaux would only say the word, as they were aching for revenge. But Commander de Champeaux explained to them how it might terminate, and the mistake they were making by holding such feelings against one of their own people. They listened attentively the while he pleaded with them and they heeded his advice, which showed their recognition of his knowledge as being authoritatively superior to their way of impelling justice as their abiding law.

From this fact alone Commander de Champeaux felt satisfied that the natives were capable of improving with a knowledge of the better ways of life. He felt confident of promising prospects for their future through the co-mingling with civilized people and people of education that would take an interest in them and instruct them. He held high hopes for the coming generation. He felt they would advance in their mental progress if not so much in their industrial pursuits. He prophesied a progressive future in evidence of their curiosity and eagerness to learn and know. They were naturally inquisitive and went slyly about to satisfy themselves in their curiosity, and further, to accomplish that which they saw others do, especially in their fame winning desires to become noted.

In the evening when the sun would be setting

after working hours, they would gather at the pale-face chief's cabin, en masse. It was a picture for an artist whose soul could come in touch with the controlling sentiment and portray the scene on canvas; the earnest faces of the poor illiterate natives, all eager to learn and know, as Commander de Champeaux claimed their attention, explaining and teaching, telling them of the many things in France common to the pale-faces of which they were ignorant. All in an attitude of the most quiet composure, their hearts swelling with emotion in evincing gratitude to him whom they loved and respected in appreciation of his untiring interest manifest in their behalf. Commander de Champeaux felt their grateful soul-recognition which was deeper in its fullest sense of gratefulness than the customary twaddle of fashion manner-habits of the educated in their polished words and lack of feeling. Though with all their faults of being artfully cunning, sly and revengeful, they were truly sincere and outwardly disposed and honorably honest to their inner sentiments, with no uncouthful vulgarity, which the pale-face chief admired, and credited them much.

Commander de Champeaux saw the natives were imbued with mental faculties of no mean ability. They were naturally endowed with a keenness of perception, which through a lack of knowledge was not properly applied and made them suspicious, envious and revengeful. Their established belief in the immortality of a living principle within their being, and a belief in a Supreme Power ruling in a dispensation of justice to the deserving, while the unworthy were punished and

would never see the happy hunting ground, gave Commander de Champeaux reason to believe, as Father Jacques had often said, that missionaries would have fertile field and could do much good instilling in their minds the Christian doctrine. They would do much toward improving their sentiments and advancing their inherent civilities in that way. Their much inclined curiosity indicated a promiscuous faculty for learning. They were close stuuents of nature and made their observations untiringly, aided by a remarkable and substantial memory, though acquiring their knowledge not unmerited however otherwise indolent.

It was surprising to hear their weather prognostications, reading them by sky-time, making observations of the sunrise and sunsets, the moon and its position at waxing time and its waning times, whether it be at night or the day time, its rising and setting periods at morning, or high suntime. The Indian hunters never failed to make their observations which governed their plans for the coming day. Their weather prophesies rarely failed them in their calculations for the morrow. A red sunset with a clouded sky overhead and a hazy moon-rise found the Indian hunter close to his wigwam the following day. The lurid red skies as well as the clouded sunsets all denoted to their knowledge the weather indications. The study of nature from the starry firmament to the mineral properties of the running springs coming from different localities through soils which impregnated the waters with chemical properties of roots and minerals of the earth, which they knew were highly bene-

ficial for their medicinal qualities, were all understood by the wise Indian apothecaries, who placed them properly for their curing qualities as laxatives counteracting constitutional disorders of the stomach and bowels, only found among the older and debilitated of their people caused from chronic colds by exposure of unprotected forest life. The flowers of the forest, the bark and the roots of the trees, the blossoms and berries of shrubs, the mints and herbs were all known to the naturally wise medicine men and none knew better than they their curative powers. Our medical faculty do not pretend to vary in their remedies for ailing humanity, from their principles save in the coction of double and thrible extracts in doses of drops and spoonsful, while the natives used their remedies in their natural state more adapted to their cruder mode of life.

They also had some knowledge of healing through the power of magnetism and practiced it to a great extent in cases of nervous trouble and hysteria; the latter, they claimed, was the influence of the Bad Spirit, whom they believed was in possession of the patient. But rest assured, all signs of his majesty vanished after one magnetic treatment the patient would receive through the hands of one of the big medicine chiefs who were generally highly magnetic.

The kind of treatment depended wholly on the nature of the disease. For debilitated patients with poor circulation and low vitality, in warm weather they were exposed to the sun rays. For fever, the patient was given a magnetic bath, the medicine chief dipping his hands in water and rubbing the body in a down-

ward direction to carry the fever from the head of the patient to the extremities of the body. Burdock and other leaves known to have curative properties, were gathered at certain moon times and kept for the relief of patients attacked with distressing fever known to them as snow fever, by the local application of dampened leaves to the head, bowels and soles of the feet.

Like all races of people, they could be classed; for among them were geniuses not less distinguished for their highly endowed mental faculties, and they were recognized accordingly by the weaker minded ones, having a dominating influence ruling the movement of their tribe. Such geniuses were usually found among the medicine chiefs who were prophets, the latter not shy of power, which they claimed they deserved in an unpretentious acknowledgment of its being the power of the Great Spirit which was developed through daily devotional exercises of concentration of soul aspiration to the sun as the giver of all life and its powers. They were sincere devotees and never missed being at their shrine of worship every day at the appointed time, which was at a secluded, quiet place under and at the foot of a large tree. They communed in soul with the sky magnets and read from the sun spots and shadows of light and dark in pictures they made to their living imaginations, which were real to their understanding as reliable prophesies which they held most sacred to their law-abiding conscience. If there were no sunshine, there were no prophesies in failure of getting in communication with the Great

Spirit's bright eye. Among such were also found the sentimentalists who were timely confident in a constancy of their heart affections and love affairs, which they also held most sacred in the highest soul sense. Some of the romances of the young aspiring prophets and maidens, the latter who held the moon as their divinator, if detailed and put into print, would be fascinating to the extreme, as never, under any circumstances, would they break their promise even unto death. It was their highest ambition to win fame through feats of bravery, though often at the risk of their lives to claim their affianced maiden prophetess, who prided most the husband brave who was renowned in honor won through feats and deeds of bravery, and could wear the distinguished head-dress of the respective number of feathers indicating their self-earned honors.

CHAPTER NINE

Autumn was fast ushering the coming season of ice and snow for the third time since Commander de Champeaux's party had gone. They passed out of sight going down stream, homeward, leaving him with the promise of returning at their earliest and take him back to France.

Commander de Champeaux left Bordeaux, France. in excellent health and spirits. He was happy and ambitiously hopeful, aspiring unselfishly to the beneficent interest of his country. He left loving and devoted parents, kind relatives and friends, as the congenial associations of home life that were all lost to him now.

Facing the gloomy future in all the dread a mortal might conceive of, a life in the wilderness another winter, was anything but a pleasant thought. True, he suffered neither from cold or hunger as he had plenty to eat such as the natives were accustomed to, and his companions left him amply provided with clothing and blankets to last for a time to come. But he was heart-sick; sick and weary of the monotony of forest life without the pastime of home pleasures. He was starving for congenial associations of old friends, and with no way to pass the time, having no mental occupation, he was ekeing out an existence he felt he could not much longer endure. He looked at the somber skies

of gloomy Autumn. The limbs of the great trees where midst the leafy branches the birdlings had nested that now had flown after their summer sojourn, were bare and no merry chirping and twittering of the cheery songsters as the musical heavenly messengers were left to cheer him; they had gone, and what of Wah-see-ola?

"Would to God that such a thought had never entered my mind!" His hopes had now begun to grow faint and his spirited ambition was broken. He would fall into disconsolate spells of his bitter disappointment, as his pride was lost to the confession that his enterprise was a failure, having set out with the highest hope now to realize that all his efforts were lost with no way to surmount the difficulty. He must live in acknowledgment of his unfortunate situation and let time work the way whether he was to die or live and overcome his condition of life, was his most perplexing question. He was far from aid and he felt that destiny had sealed his fate. A deep gloom set upon his spirit, as he thought of his only and seemingly last chance and lost opportunity in his failure to heed his companions, by not allowing ten or more remain some distance from where he was, as they proposed, and be in waiting until his chance would have been to foil Chief Ma-chan-qua's plan, when the old chief would have grown carelessly unmindful of his whereabouts, then he could easily have made his way off. Wah-see-ola and others of the Pottawattomie tribe would have been only too happy to aid their sunshine pale-face chief get off.

But instead, Commander de Champeaux was ostentatiously obedient to Chief Ma-chan-qua's orders, relying, in his confidence, on his companions who faithfully promised to return. And Commander de Champeaux also held hopes of affiliating matters with the old Chief, winning him over in anticipation for the future interests of the colonists and traders of France that they might have his good will. And again, deeply considering, he felt it was best as it was for various reasons; for had the Pottawattomies who had proffered their assistance been detected in their one plan, it would no doubt have caused a riot among the tribes and he would rather die in the wilderness subject to the direst of what would certainly be fate, than be accessory to a war among the natives. But his thought of one Frenchman alone among the many natives, a strange people so unlike his class, far from home and all that was dear to him, was certainly a deplorable thought in view of no opportunity other than live in hope and wait the uncertainties of chance, or was it to wait the release of the clutches of fate which was stinging, rousing him to bitterness, however unselfish he felt to be.

"Be it either of the open questions, it matters not in difference to me, I am here and feel I am a drone to all sense of human ingenuity, and to wait, wait for what I know not."

The woodland which heretofore had appeared so grand and beautiful, "magnificent forests" as he used to say, had lost its charm for him. He no longer called Wah-see-ola's attention to the beautiful wide-spreading oak and elm limbs of the great trees. They

no longer enraptured his being with a feeling of inspiration when he looked up at the massive trunks that before this had claimed his repeated quotings of admiration. He would sit in a despondent mood for hours with his face buried in his hands, often falling to sleep to waken and find Wah-see-ola watching over him. She was in the deepest sympathy, not infrequently weeping, then caressing him, pleading with him to hear her words of cheer; but he was so sadly disappointed and so embittered with his life in the wilderness, he had no courage. He lost all ambition to rise and overthrow all such despondent feelings in the blank future of utter despair.

Yet with all Commander de Champeaux had not lost his interest in the natives. Even though he was given to the silent reveries of despondency, he at times was instructing them as best he could by instilling in their minds a little every day such as was bearable to their comprehension. Then the intervening times would come that he longed to converse with people of his kind, and know of things generally going on at home and about France. Then again, thoughts would repeatedly flash over his mind in haunting regrets of what might have been done, promoting advantages for him to have at least reached a vessel port, east from where he was, had he listened to his party. And with such haunting regrets he grew madly impatient with himself at not having heeded their persuasion.

"All, all is dead to my future prospects and worst of all, the long weary winter before me," and Com-

mander de Champeaux left the snug cabin going out in the forest, he knew not whither, but to be alone and in the silent sanctuary of the soul to communicate with his God that he might once more know a peaceful resignation and restfulness of abiding justice.

He walked with the alacrity of a wandering maniac, unmindful of direction or distance. He continued to walk under the skeleton limbs of the great trees that were bending with the icy sleet frozen fast whipping in the winds. The cracking sounds of the bending boughs nervously infuriated him that he could no longer control himself. Half-frenzied at his woe-begone situation, he stopped and spoke aloud as he looked heavenward in his aspiration to the power above:

"Can this be I? Have I lost all human energy and courage to be as the brute wandering the forests at large in pursuit of no mental consequence? My hope has failed me and I will certainly die in despair, for I can stand this no longer."

After considering for a moment what he had just said, he recalled his last words. "No, that can never be. No, I shall never, never be resigned to die in this wilderness. I must live for the good I may yet do these worthy people. Yes; every way worthy of the little good I may do advancing their intellect; yes, very little it seems I can do. And the noble child-wife,—her mind demands the culture in bits of training she is getting. There is a reason, no doubt, for my being detained, living out here. But the why of it all I cannot understand, when all the while the same advantages could come under better and more favorable conditions

for both the natives and myself. Arrangements could have been made none the less directed by the All-Wise Providence, to take the aspiring natives to France where they would have every advantage facilitating their mental culture as they are within numbers. There are wealthy philanthropists whom I know would spare no means to promote the interest of a worthy people. the college doors and church societies of France would open with willing hearts and hands to the good people, doing a great deal more than can ever be accomplished by me, the one man alone. Insignificant indeed it looks to bind a fellow to a fate of this kind, living as I am, living embittered as I am, resenting on account of being far from those I love and cherish,that I lack the soul energy to do either them or myself justice, yet there is one here whom I must not forget that I know fully appreciates all, and of course there are others but I cannot overreach the circle of my individual power. Yes, Wah-see-ola is true and most sincere; she would die at the word to set my foot on board a vessel bound for France. But what of that? Oh! oh! oh! What a fate! The world, like my surroundings, looks cold and cheerless as this bleak winter day." And Commander de Champeaux wept aloud after his plaint soliloquy to his God.

After a time he suddenly roused himself to other questions, and to the result of the outcome, could he be resigned to such a fate? "No, no," he exclaimed vehemently, "I, Xavier de Champeaux, shall never, never be resigned to such a fate. I as Chief Ma-chan-qua's captive, though I be a slave to destiny, held here

in the shackles of fate, shall cling to my soul energy and with whatever may hereafter be devised, I shall will my every effort to defeat the wrong of such injustice as has been heaped upon me, and I say I shall not end my earthly existence out here in this wilderness. It is a right and privilege of every individual soul that we be as free as the air we breathe. But death, death, yes, I would welcome death over which man has no control in his will to resist its clutches to extinguishing our mortal existence. Ah, yes, but I, Xavier de Champeaux, fear it not; in a way I might welcome it to my rescue, save the idea of dying a captive. Death is but the dissolution of soul and body and I fear it not, only I resent it for a time that I may be the conqueror and die to earth on my native soil, the France I love. And there must be self-devised means to reach France, as I have no one to aid me. Wide woodlands, wide waters between me and home, with no way out of the depth of this wilderness save the running waters of the stream flowing eastwards which affords me the only way out of here. It travels day by day but is merciless to my calling as it is heedless of my presence. It only seems to be mocking me as it glides along in its laughing ripples. The waters are equally as indifferent to me as are my earnest pleadings to the Great Provident; heedless to give me a merciful recognition, that I might have one faint ray of hope," and clasping his head between his hands with desperate force, near frenzied in his overwrought despair, he exclaimed, "What is worse than this? I, who am heir to much, who have friends unnumbered, honored in social

circles of home rule beyond a marquis of France, living here succumbing to mental degeneracy under the command and triumph of Chief Ma-chan-qua, an overbearing, illiterate, big-conceited native. Ah, but this is terrible."

In the midst of his despairing moments, he thought he heard approaching footsteps on the frozen, ice-covered leaves. Yet, he could hardly distinguish as the doleful cracking of limbs and falling icicles that kept dropping from the bending twigs that were rocked in the gushes of wintry winds disturbed him beyond hearing. He looked about half-vexed at having been detected, as he wanted not to be disturbed in his soulful satisfaction.

Yes, it was Wah-see-ola's footsteps; she had come to hunt him, and she was overjoyed at having found him. His mental attitude changed at the sight of her face, as her eyes met his. She looked upon him, her deep, dark eyes filled with tears in all the goodly expression of a child-like confidence and with her natural gentleness of manner, his disposition of firmness relaxed and he went to meet her with outstretched hands, like a drowning man after a stick, and clasping her in his arms he pressed his lips to her cheek and said, "You are my only consolation, Wah-see-ola, and for you alone I must wrestle off this spell."

Commander de Champeaux fell on his knees in prayerful aspiration, while Wah-see-ola stood beside him, weeping with a grateful feeling that as yet she could lend her influence that he might be patient awhile longer.

CHAPTER TEN

Winter was long and passed drearily to the return of spring that ushered the budding foliage. The forest was again gorgeously arrayed in the pink and white blossoms that perfumed the atmosphere with the sweet aroma of forest bloom, and the thrush sang to know no happier time than midst the season of blossom and sunshine; his mate chirping beside the nestling of wee little thrushes with wide open mouths and sparkling eyes.

The rude cabin of the pale-face chief was daily abandoned. Fire no longer burned in the cobble and clay hearth beside the unclosed entrance. The bright sunny air passed through the unscreened openings, over which the swaying elm limbs rocked the blue birds while they sang their sweetest songs over and over. The wolf pelts and deerskins, which were hung to keep the winter winds from piercing the mud and moss packed walls of the log cabin, were taken down. The cabin was at a place on an upland beside the stream that ran from bend to bend between vine-covered banks, and from where on the opposite side could be seen the scaly slab-bark wigwams of the natives in the midst of level made patches, where the squaws raised their Indian corn. It was a quiet but not a solitary place, for it was cheerfully elevated in view of the running waters

that rippled a continuous song the day and night long.

Commander de Champeaux and Wah-see-ola often sat and watched the traveling waters in the moonlight in a silence only broken by the chimes of bubbling currents splashing in chasing currents over roots of the large trees. And daytime found them under the great trees that grew along the banks of the winding stream, where Wah-see-ola sat with her sunshine paleface chief watching and waiting day after day where the adventurers first landed, just in sight of their camping place, where the camp posts still stood.

The great disappointment was telling on Commander de Champeaux and if his companions failed to soon come, Wah-see-ola feared the worst for her paleface chief. The suspense of long waiting made him sad and morose that he never smiled. Every day he felt more keenly the bitter disappointment, though his faith was strong to a lasting confidence in his companions. He feared they had met with disaster, either going or coming, which he attributed to their delay, and if they would not soon come, he felt he was no less doomed than they and he would rather face death at once than to think of returning to France. He grew soul-sick and was lost to the world in a gloomy reverie that snapped his soul energy and was fast giving way to despair. Wah-see-ola's influence now failed to keep him encouraged. He lost faith in her oft-repeated prophesies that were given without time. He lost the vista of hope entirely, which previous to this kept him buoyed from day to day in a joyful expecta-

tion of their coming. The suspense and long waiting tired the despondent pale-face brave and his features began to show signs of breaking health. The pallor of his face, the hollow cheeks and sunken eyes told of disease that needed no further explanation, as he grew more and more disconsolate. He was fast failing and could no longer spend hours talking with the natives, as was his custom, telling them of the old country on the other side of the great waters; neither could he sing with them when they would gather of evenings at his cabin, to learn the songs they loved to hear him sing. But at growing twilight he could hear the echo of their voices singing sweetly and softly the songs he taught them to sing. While he lay sick in his cabin on the hill and listened with delight as they sang song after song, he felt happy, thinking his time was not all lost nor his effort in vain, for they had learned something; however little it might seem it was one step on the road toward civilization. The sound of their voices with the fading twilight were sweet to him as he pleasantly fell into a sound sleep for the night.

Wah-see-ola's heart was touched in the deepest sympathy for her beloved pale-face brave lest that which he needed would come too late, her good brave would go to the Great Spirit above the clouds, and she too felt to despair of the happy future they so often talked. In her tender affection she beseechingly sought her father, Chief Wa-chee-ka, to aid her that her dear pale-face brave might go over to his country and live like white braves, then he would grow well and strong and be happy again. Chief Wa-chee-ka knew that a

cure did not rest in the hands of a medicine chief, nor with any remedy other than the desired necessary change.

Commander de Champeaux did not deny, to be snugly tucked in the folds of mother's quilt in a bed at home would soon nurse him to health. His appetite would not fail him at a table where a taste of white bread and butter and some potage au gras that mother made, with a good cup of coffee,were the stimulants needed to bring color to his cheeks and restore the lost vigor of his once strong constitution. Chief Wa-chee-ka, whose feeble and unsteady step and shriveled features told of the growing infirmities of age, and with a cough that never fails to tell the story, he realized that with his beloved daughter his time was short, reckoning close to his earthly dissolution. And if he must leave Wah-see-ola, his only earthly tie, better she be with the white chief's father and mother. He knew they would be kind to her and the white brave would have better health. He would have the comforts he could never expect in the red-brave's country. Chief Wah-chee-ka was much alarmed for his sunshine son. He would be happy to go where the sun never sets and live with his beloved long-mourned Ne-o-wah, Wah-see-ola's mother, and let Wah-see-ola go with her pale-face brave to see the beautiful country over the water where pale-face braves lived in houses.

Chief Wah-chee-ka at once proposed to lay his plans before Chief Ma-chan-qua, informing him of his intention that he might keep his good-will and not interfere with the pale-face chief when he was about to

leave. Chief Wah-chee-ka would have his tribe get the sunshine brave to the wide water where, after a time he might and very probably would get a chance to meet other pale-faces that would have big water-boats and take him over the wide water. Chief Wah-chee-ka felt to encourage the sunshine brave, by planning to be off, which would bring him new life at once in a mind cure of such that would claim his interest, and he no longer would be despondent.

Commander de Champeaux felt safe in the thought that Chief Ma-chan-qua would cause him no further trouble, thinking that the pale-face brave would not long survive, and it was characteristic of the natives who were extremely just to the charge of their conscience, that when once the spirit of revenge found satisfaction in punishment for one offense, ever after the transgressor would have their good will, but pity the unfortunate that would fall in their hands for the second offense.

The stern Chief Ma-chan-qua was not altogether conscience easy in the punishment he had prescribed and imposed on the pale-face brave. Commander de Champeaux's emaciated face and soul-sick features appealed to him and roused him to sympathy, which was evident in his manner when he last met the sick pale-face chief. His piercing black eyes had lost the sparkle of revenge, and while he acted pretentiously stern at times heretofore, he could not disguise the fact from Commander de Champeaux. He no longer feared the stern, wily chief and felt certain he would

even lend his aid to the project in plan were he asked to help his captive reach his home country.

Chief Ma-chan-qua was well aware that Commander de Champeaux never held him any ill will, though his punishment was bitter to his experience that was plain to be seen. The stern chief felt rather shy and just a little humiliated as he began to realize that he was betrayed by his own conceit. And every time he met the pale-face chief his cordial civility touched him with reproach, though as yet he had not arrived where he felt he could openly acknowledge he had unlawfully detained the Commander of the company of good pale-faces.

Wah-see-ola's prediction was, weighing heavily upon him. He now felt fearful of receiving punishment through the power of the Great Spirit whose eyes never closed to watch good braves and give them the sunshine and joy of life, while on the other hand, bad braves would come to where they could not hear, see, or speak, or wouldn't know themselves. And such thoughts haunted Chief Ma-chan-qua that he often went out of his way rather than meet Wah-see-ola, whom he felt mysteriously suspicious of having power to influence such as she predicted.

Preparations were being made without delay to get Wah-see-ola and her sunshine chief off. It was no easy matter, with their scant means of construction, to make a flat-raft that would carry those of the little party down stream. Their canoes were slight affairs and would carry little more than one person, and would be frail to resist the swift current they

must encounter at places. The journey would be attended with danger and much inconvenience before they would reach a place at the lake shore where Commander de Champeaux and Wah-see-ola might avail themselves of a chance of hailing a sailing vessel. The plan in project caused much excitement among the natives and not a few enthusiastically volunteered to accompany the beloved pale-face chief, among whom was Al-las-sac-ka, Chief Ma-chan-qua's only son.

Commander de Champeaux now felt encouraged. While he knew there were uncertainties and perils attended with the journey they were about to make, he feared nothing in the face of his chances of reaching a vessel port or to get in closer proximity to a French settlement of colonists a ways east at the terminal of the water channel beyond the lake. Though pale and peaked in features with short gasps of breathing he himself supervised much of the work being done. He was feeling in excellent spirits and hopeful, and was congratulating himself thinking after all he had much to be thankful for. They would have in the party some of the most fearless young warrior red-braves, who were fine arrow-shots and should it ever happen at their landing rest-places, if they be attacked by wild animals of the forest they would on short notice be quickly dispatched; and should they be unfortunate and meet with an accident on the water, they would have little to fear, as there were among them some expert swimmers. And though Wah-see-ola was not as strong as the majority of her native sisters, she was

raised not unlike them to endure the hardships of uncivilized life. She could better withstand the hazardous travel than he in his condition, so that Commander de Champeaux was comfortably contemplating nothing unfavorable in his future adventure. Commander de Champeaux was now happily thinking that if he was spared that long, his chances were good to be able once more to set foot on his native soil. While he would always be happy in his travels of adventure to explore regions of the New World, yet as it had been the last three years of his life, he alone without companions and means to facilitate his exploring satisfactorily, to record and map directions for his company, chilled his ambitious desires beyond expression,

Commander de Champeaux had one comforting thought on leaving in which he took much satisfaction, also that there never anything occurred, no misunderstandings to displease the natives during his captivity, a point in favor for the French people who would follow to inhabit the land as colonists. He had no fault to find with the natives who were good and kind and treated him, so far, exceedingly well. He learned to love and respect many for their clever acts of kindness; in fact, he could live his lifetime with the natives if their mode of living was half civilized. He never knew of want for food of their kind and he always was shown respect to have the preference to his tastes. There were many who were especially kind and would at any time commit themselves to duty to him involved through friendship. But their manner of living, the inconveniences for cooking and eating and

the preparation of food, gave Commander de Champeaux little appetite, and what little appetite he did have was fast failing him to starvation. The sight of dried bear meat and venison being jerked by the squaws was always more or less nauseating to the extreme in his physical derangement. He would turn from the scene, but the sight haunted him still in the thought of it, that he neither ate nor had any desire for food. Their untidy habits and uncivilized manner of dress; the unkempt hair of the older squaws who were racked constitutionally and broken in health from the drudgery imposed upon them by their wee-was-rabs—their husbands, disgusted him especially so now as it never had before, that the thought of victuals being handled and prepared by the sickly-looking and emaciated squaws, coughing and expectorating from long standing chronic colds ,contracted during the severe winter months, drove his appetite to the four winds. It was well he had taught Wah-see-ola and others of her tribe to dress the wild hens and turkeys and the small game and bake it well done over live coals. The fish the same way he relished, and with the grit of Indian corn ground between stones hollowed for that purpose, Commander de Champeaux lived through it.

The violets and buttercups had blossomed. The golden-topped dandelions that grew in the woodland had shed their canary-feathered flowers and were scattering their flying fairy seeds midst the spiked grasses where the Indian turnips grew. Commander de Champeaux feebly strolled with Wah-see-ola while

she hunted the wild onions and gathered the red berry and blackberries that grew near by the cabin vicinity, which he relished, giving a tone of returning appetite; and with the bright prospect of the approaching voyage, gave him the buoyancy of hope which was like rays of sunshine to the soul-sick man and his countenance brightened. It was like the better remedies for the body that affect the mind; the exhilirating thoughts filled his being with new life, which was to Commander de Champeaux like raising the dead to life. The marked effect was plainly visible. His heart grew light as he thought of his return home. He no longer longed for that which he had despaired of ever having as he began to show signs of regaining health.

The rudely constructed raft which was to carry them down stream, steered by the young red braves, was a shaky looking transport made of sapling logs, with shorter ones crossed in repeated layers fastened together with marsh-willow ropes to hold the mortised joints. We can imagine the artifice of their vehicle for water travel made in the most primitive of human construction with the several axes and adz that were left the commander by his party at leaving. And he felt he was most lucky to have even the few.

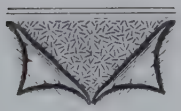
The water conveyance might have been the envy of a prince were he so situated as Commander de Champeaux, who was delighted, and fancied to his great satisfaction that he really wished for nothing better. He was happy; as happy as the groom who, with his bride was making arrangements to embark on one of the great sailing vessels, with luxuriously

equipped and comfortable state rooms and spacious decks, under proud masts and sails managed by wise captains and brave sailors. Commander de Champeaux would go down the running stream, traveling through the forest with a few noble-hearted red braves steering the rustic raft; their stateroom and deck as one under the canopy of a spaceless sky, changing from daylight to dark of night, with the hides of animals for their rest of a long journey, which they were happily looking forward to their early departure. The natives came bringing great quantities of meat and corn, and a fine lot of fur and hides for the pale-face chief for his people at the great city.

The day was bright and warm. The venerable chief Wah-chee-ka walked arm in arm with his only beloved child, with Commander de Champeaux beside, and squads of the natives following the party to the steam. It was a scene better imagined than described. With a long loving embrace, father and daughter parted. He gave them his fatherly blessing in the name of the Great Spirit and begged the protection of his children with uplifted hands. There was true heroism displayed in the parting of this affectionate father and daughter, whose exchange of last farewells would in their real sentiments, do honor to the most noble in a sense of the obligated duty so unselfishly done for the good of one another. And it was indeed sad, for never did father and daughter expect to see each other again.

There were few dry eyes as the raft and canoes pulled off going down stream, with all hands waving

"Bon Voyage," as the natives stood and watched with tear-dimmed eyes until they were out of sight with only the rippling tide chasing after leaving in the most quiet of a spell, as all eyes turned on the venerable chief Wah-chee-ka, who fell on his knees and wept.



CHAPTER ELEVEN

Commander de Champeaux's little party traveled happily with the running waters. The natives rowing kept the rude raft well to the middle of the stream where the water was swift, to travel fast and escape being snagged by the debris of washed-out banks along which were many trees that had fallen, succumbed to the high wind-storms in loss of their earth support, made root-bare by the high waters of the spring freshet.

Wah-see-ola was happy and light-hearted. She sang as they traveled on mid-stream, and in her glee, never felt she was going too fast. They scarce felt a jar on the dizzy whirl of the fast water, so evenly they glided as the natives steered the water vehicle cautiously.

It was a glorious travel unpretentious of anything great or grand, out on the water avenue under the gorgeous sunshine, midst shadows of the great trees that in reflected images looked upside down in the more still waters along the shady banks, in all the grandeur of the inspiring loftiness, and though it was a long, tiresome travel, it was not nearly so tedious as when Commander de Champeaux came with his party, the adventurers being obliged to tow up stream, yet it was a river—long way around bend after bend,

which took many sunshine times before they reached the blue water.

Several times Commander de Champeaux called Wah-see-ola's attention to places having remembered localities and cited incidents that had happened at his memory-kept places, one in particular which they were nearing, "was not far," he said, "from the beautiful blue lake." He had a keen eye, observing, and with a clear memory few possess, he knew they were nearing the mouth of the stream. True enough, they had not traveled the full day when the pale-face chief called their attention pointing eastward to the wide water that lay broadly to their view. The natives were charmed and spoke in their native tongue among themselves, greatly surprised, and in their amazement, lost their attention to the log raft that was drifting to one side of the water that was getting wider and wider in loss of banks that fell from uneven heights to a prairie land that looked a level green with the tall grass waving in the royal colors of a beautiful sunset. They steered to a bank just broken to a bit of a hill where they landed, and at once prepared a grit of venison mess of which Commander de Champeaux ate heartily. He relished the dried venison which before this he could scarcely think of without feeling a disgust to even look upon. Wah-see-ola was happy to see her pale-face Chief eat with a relish. Overjoyed at his regaining appetite, she patted him on the shoulder and motioned "that his stomach was no longer upside down," and laughed heartily.

Commander de Champeaux complimented the

natives for their excellent management of their adventurous water travel in so rudely a constructed vehicle. He was highly pleased and bragged of the good time they had made, and he meant to reward them well if they would go to France with him. And if not, he insisted upon them remaining in close proximity to their present location, though he would leave for France, and have a stopping place where vessels would leave and take traders. They would do well and he proposed they build a cabin or two for explorers and traders during their stay, trading with the natives, and where they could keep their fur and peltry they collected from the natives of the more western regions until their return. They would be well paid for establishing a trading point from which they would derive much benefit in more ways than one.

They rested a few days, after which, at the pale-face Chief's direction, they started with their raft and canoes to go further east to be at a place where they would be more likely to chance meeting traders, and where it was high land to escape the dense atmosphere of the low water-land.

They finally reached a place where they saw the roof of a squatter's cabin through the green juniper and quackenbush marsh. They steered the raft and tied her fast to a high rock that projected at a cut waterway that came from the hillside. Yes, it was a squatter's cabin and apparently not long vacated as the trails from the water side had not yet grown over with wild blackberry and briar-rose bushes that grew thickly beside the way along the path that led to the

water. Piles of ashes heaped here and there where the party that had occupied the cabin had cooked and had their firelights, still remained unbeaten by rains or blown by winds.

"We shall go no further, we shall remain here for a time. It may happen that they who built and first occupied this cabin, evidently four or more, will, in due course of time, return expecting perhaps to meet others here in party with some of the French colonists from up East, or it may have been a party of trappers or explorers, who have gone further on into the forest and will eventually return at some time in the near future, and until then unless I would have a chance to go aboard a vessel, we shall wait here for those who were first here, hoping they may have a way to take us at least to where we can reach other people from France. It is certainly a sure thing that there have been others as civilized as I who have been exploring in this vicinity by the bark-cut marks on the trees I notice at various places."

Going outside, looking about, Commander de Champeaux saw on the logs at places where there was no clay, several names cut deep in the timber. It was the name of the Doctor, his friend, Louis Balrossa, and others of his party. His feelings cannot be described. He wept like a child and called them and spoke their names one after another, over and again. "They must have been in waiting for me as they urgently proposed to me they would wait, thinking at my first chance or opportunity to get off, I would come this way and

find them waiting for me. And now here I am and they have gone. Yes, gone; just gone."

Wah-see-ola and her pale-face Chief went to look about outside of the cabin, when to their surprise, not far from the cabin on the hillside, was a cross bearing the name of "Father Jacques" carved in deep large letters and a large stone at the foot. Throwing up his hands he exclaimed, "He has gone and left us forever, le bien ami, Father Jacques. His remains lie here, no doubt, and others of the party have either gone back to France, or joined a party who may have come to take me to France. They may have gone into the wilderness on hunt of me and I have missed them on my way out here. Oh! Oh! Had I only waited a little while longer. Oh! What does this all mean? I hope it will be eventful of some good to come. Surely I am doubly thankful to have at least reached this hallowed spot, and if it is to be that I am to get no further, this cabin, this grave marked with a cross and stone, make me feel I am not alone, lost in these uncivilized regions of the New World. If I had one of our Republic flags I would honor the reverenced spot. I would remain with a spirited feeling and hoist the flag that it would attract those who might at some time chance this way doing trading or exploring, and our humble home would be open to them in welcome. But Father Jacques is no longer among the living, the cher bien soul. I always felt after that spell of fever he never would live to reach France alive, and he has gone to his reward as he so often spoke. He knows his destiny now that was divined above earthly things.

as he always thought. He was worthy and good and was generally well liked by the natives he baptized and taught to make the sign of the cross. They never will forget him. How strange this all seems. I can hardly realize it is I, Xavier de Champeaux, who now stand here before this abode which is a monument to those of the past, where I am facing a future and I know not what to expect! Well, whatever is to be, if I am never to reach France, my bones will not be alone bleaching beneath the turf of the New World. Father Jacques and I were always friendly associated in life and in death we will be no less separated. But what a mysterious feeling comes over me. The very atmosphere seems to be filled with the chill of mystery," and he shuddered from head to foot. "I feel as if it was not I in this body though I know it is not less he who is I, Xavier de Champpeaux." Commander de Champeaux spoke in a dramatical tone of voice, after which he dropped on his knees at the foot of the cross, whither he had gone to pay tribute to the memory of a long cherished friendship.

They were as comfortably domiciled as they could expect, and happy to have found a home to occupy; one in readiness, located at a so desired place, on an elevated spot where they could look over the wide water. Commander de Champeaux cherished their humble abode beyond expression. It was a home associated with tender memories, made by those he loved as brothers. It was the handiwork, though rough and primitively constructed, of those who had proven loyal to him and, no doubt, were still ambitiously aim-

ing and on the alert to every means possible to have him go with them when they went to France, as his friend, Dr. Louis Balrossa said: "My return to France shall be only on condition," and he was a man of few words but with much and deep thought, that "I knew what he meant when he spoke those, his last words to me: Le cher fellow."

* * * * * *

It was a cold winter night. The fierce winds blew the snow in blasts that penetrated the mud and moss-packed walls of the cabin where Wah-see-ola lay sick. The rude walls were poor protection to keep the bleak winter winds out. Commander de Champeaux and the natives hung heavy bear and wolf skins on the two sides of the cabin facing the north and west and, after making Wah-see-ola as comfortable as possible, they were obliged to wrap themselves in fur hides and blankets the pale-chief had, or they certainly would have perished with the cold.

It was a bitter cold night, the coldest almost he ever experienced and which he never would forget. At dawn of day, Commander de Champeaux called the natives to see the little pappoose which was wrapped in the softest and finest furs they had. Wah-see-ola received the best attention the three squaws could give her and her little treasure she prized more than her own life, as she was most anxious that it should not get cold for fear its little short life would go out. "La pauvre petite mere," said Commander de Champeaux solemnly as he looked upon the little mother. He was much affected at the birth of the little one and wept

by the side of her who bore him an offspring he cherished more than words can tell. But circumstances and its birth, under such conditions as were attending, made the tender-hearted pale-face chief feel anything but comfortable. He spoke in French thus, as he was considering: "I, the father of this precious little soul, and the pauvre petite mere; though she is uncivilized. she needs the comforts she lacks to keep her well, as do the women in France who have every comfort necessary. La pauvre petite mere" he said again and again, as he lifted the little mite from beside its mother to look upon its tiny face, while the sainted mother's eyes danced with joy to know her pale-face chief loved the little one whose life was a part of theirs.

Looking at the infant, he cuddled it affectionately and spoke, sincerely considering: "A child blessing sent us in this wilderness, and I, as the parent, feel doubly responsible to a care of the cherished offspring but la pauvre petite mere. Oh! Oh," then looking again at the armful, for he spoke in deep thought as though the little infant might understand: "You are a seraphim who sought earthly expression in affiliation of dual souls. wherein the blendings from the mother, the innocence of untrammeled sanctity and a generous nobility of love principle; for which, child, though you were born on a litter. you are fortunate. Yes, more fortunate than were you born in a palace, in pomp and array, of princely parents. You might stand no chance of such soul lineage as you have, and which should be the soul heritage of every human be-

ing seeking earthly experience," and the fond parent kissed the little mortal on its forehead and placed it by the side of its young mother. He went to the opposite side of the cabin to be alone in prayerful aspiration to his God; for, somehow, he felt mysteriously unnatural to a responsibility as he recalled Doctor Balrossa's words of advice. He asked God to spare the mother of the little one they gladly welcomed to their hearts which he hoped would bring joy and comfort to their life. He spoke French aloud, giving vent to his overflowing feelings in his grateful appreciation for having had a companion, one most needed in his loneliness, one that he knew to respect with all the nobility of his many principles. "She is a woman with all the graces of a madonna. Though she may be called uncivilized, she has as pure a heart and as noble a mother's love and instinct as were she born and bred in a castle and her soul birthright is no less significant. She fills her niche in life not less recorded to nature's law than a born queen, for she is a queen born of the forests. May I never know the hour she closes her eyes to earth to leave me with this precious mite of humanity with no way to give it nourishment that it may live."

Commander de Champeaux felt half confirmed that something would happen and he felt to believe that it was Wah-see-ola's death foreshadowed in a clouded premonition of the future.

Wah-see-ola lived and when the sunshine of spring brought the vernal leaf on every twig and limb, she was out with her little pappoose midst the wild crab

and hawthorn blossoms, enjoying the refreshing wafts of the balmy spring breezes. Wah-see-ola felt joyfully hopeful with her pale-face brave, believing it would not be long that he would have to wait an opportunity to reach his native country, but her soul went out in sympathy to her aged father she left, who was ailing and alone, and in his later life when he would need her most she would not be there. She realized what her aged father's life would be without her, by being deprived of the many little ministrations tendered him in her daughterly affection, as was her custom to attend his every want, and every day she thought he would miss her more and more.

At times she felt much concerned and wept with the deepest emotion to know only the comforting words of her pale-face chief, when the buoyancy of the spirit would bring a forgetfulness which showed in the sparkle of her deep dark eyes, half hidden under lids that dropped in the saintly modesty of her being while fondling her innocent babe at her breast as the joy of her life. But at one time there was a shadow of gloom that came over the young mother however brave she willed to be, that clouded the happy spirit suddenly and she was greatly depressed while she clasped her babe tightly to her bosom she wept, caressing it piteously as if she must part with it.

"Why, Wah-see-ola, are you no longer happy with me waiting an opportunity to go with me to France? Do you not care to leave your country?" "Oh, oui: oui; I would be happy, most happy to go with you. You do not understand," shaking her head. "You do

not altogether understand me and my way over which I have no control," said Wah-see-ola in tearful tones of broken French and her native tongue and she asked to be left to weep alone.

"Weep then, Wah-see-ola, weep; weep as though thou wert alone in the mind sphere. Let it so appear that my presence is not near. 'Tis a delicious sorrow that unaccountably comes to the soul with a feeling of love's inspiration, and though it dims the sunshine of life at the moment, it enhances the heavenly returning happiness that follows the shadows of sorrow as the soul is lifted in the illumination of its individual recognition. I know, as I have experienced myself. Weep on, little one, weep on."

Commander de Champeaux took the chubby babe fondling it affectionately and carried it over to the cabin, and while he felt to go back and sympathetically embrace Wah-see-ola, he dared not disturb her in the secret moments of her soul-prayer aspiration.

Twilight was fading and the dark shadows of the great trees looked dismal in their silent forest surroundings, as Wah-see-ola related to her pale-face Chief what she had seen in her vision which made a deep impression upon her. She saw her father in a bright light like the sunshine and he spoke telling her to call her little pappoose by name, meaning the first born, Wa-be-son. He also gave her to understand that peace would not always be with the red braves and the pale-faces; that many pale-faces would come to the happy hunting ground without head-tops and with arrow points in their bodies, and that many red braves

and their squaws would come to the happy hunting grounds with holes and lead in their hearts, and "Oh, but be you a good brave squaw for the white-face Chief and the Great Spirit would give sunshine light," and raising his blanket as if to envelop her, meaning in their native way to her sense of understanding, she would have his fatherly protection still.

In Wah-see-ola's sense of psychic vision she saw over the wide expanse of distance to where Chief Wah-chee-ka lay sick unto death in his wigwam under the wide spreading limbs of the oak monarchs of her home vicinity, and soft and coolly played the sweet breezes of early summer through the trees, while all else was reverentially quiet around the wigwam of the dying Pottawattomie Chief, "Wah-chee-ka." The attending squaws were as silent as death, watching as fond mothers over their sleeping babes, while the dying chief was dreaming of Wah-see-ola whom he thought was near by. They stood motionless around the dying man as the big medicine chief wiped the big drops of cold perspiration from the deathly forehead of the fond parent. He opened his eyes and looked about in search of her whom he called and claimed he had just seen, and he would not be pacified but looked about and called again and again. In bitter disappointment he closed his eyes and went off in a deep sleep. Presently a smile came over the placid face of the venerable chieftain and his lips moved, but his words were inaudible. A few moments later and death had stamped his seal upon the features of the

noble chief. He was gone from the midst of the earthly habitation of his beloved tribe.

And as the sun was shedding its last rays over the treetops, under where lay the body of Wah-see-ola's father, she saw him cold and rigid in the repose of death. Without a struggle, Chief Wah-chee-ka's spirit had taken its flight midst summer breezes over vast acreage of pink and white blossoms to the Heaven of its own.

CHAPTER TWELVE

The autumn sky looked grey and cheerless with no sunshine to brighten the day of threatening rain. Wah-see-ola sat beside her pale-face Chief in front of the cabin fire. He was in deep contemplation, earnestly considering the uncompromising prospects for the future told by her psychic sense, and which if he only knew would ease her heartache, as she sensed he felt she knew more than she had told. After a long silence with his head bent low, looking down in the deepest thought, Commander de Champeaux spoke in a solemn tone of voice, saying, "Well ma chere Wah-see-ola, we might as well not be so sadly concerned about the future. Whatever is to be will eventually occur and we must bear with patience that which comes before us. Let us not be unhappy, regretting what we might have done, or questioning ourselves what we may have to face in the future. Such are the trials of life that control circumstances to which we are subject and which seem are fateful conditions of our lives that even the titled Gods of humanity do not escape their individual portions."

Wah-see-ola made her pale-face Chief no reply, as she could not impart to him in her little knowledge of his native language, the fullest sentiments of her heartfelt sympathy to his understanding of what she fully understood to her intuitive sense. With her

head thrown back, looking upward, she was thinking. Her countenance portrayed the earnestness of the very deepest of her soul sense, which spoke more than words can tell. Presently she arose from where she was, and squatting herself on the bear robe by the side of their cheery babe that was cooing and crowing unconscious of its parent's despondency, she tried to playfully attract its attention that would claim hers, but she was done to the situation and failed to arouse herself to get the happy child's interest, and foreseeing her attitude was perplexing the pale-face Chief beyond his sense of understanding, she went over to where he sat and patted him on the shoulder. Looking him squarely in the eyes she said: "Cher ami, you are a noble chief. You are good. Be always good like the good red braves; though they are ignorant of much that others know and is great to know, they never forget their promises, they never forget a good deed for which they are forever mindful and gratefully inclined that nothing is too great for them to do in retaliation of a kindly act. Neither do they ever forget unkindly acts nor forgive until revenge is had to their satisfaction. It is a law to them to which they strictly adhere which comes from their sense of imposing justice toward one another, and even though it be a kin or one most dearly cherished, the transgressor will have his prescribed penalty and is punished accordingly. I hope to never know, mon cher ami pale-face will ever be so unfortunate as to meet with the severity of their sense of justice," and raising her finger, she shook her head, pointing skyward, then nodded her

head, shaking her finger again impressively, asserting the truth of her statement: "I must speak thus as you will soon return. Now, I warn you, if ever you cross Chief Ma-chan-qua's pathway, all would not go so well with you, as I have told you the red braves never forget anything, and for a second offense it means death. I will help you, though I be," pointing her finger upward and with a deep sigh, nodding her head as tears dropped from her deep dark eyes.

"And if you were up there," pointing his finger upwards, "what could you do to help le pauvre qui de le visage pale commandant?" and he shook his head. "No, no," meaning she could do nothing to help him.

She looked earnestly answering, "Oui, oui, oui," shaking her head positively.

Commander de Champeaux felt mysteriously inquisitive as he knew Wah-see-ola's sentiments, which were given as best she could in her native tongue and broken French and which she tried so hard to strongly impress upon his mind, meant much more than mere chatter of idle thought, and he pressed her for an explanation.

"Well, sometime, you will know when, let your mind come to me. Think of me and you'll see; you'll see what your good squaw Wah-see-ola will do," and again pointing upward with all confidence in her power, she laughed pretentiously to convey to him the idea she was happy. Suddenly she whirled around and picked up her little pappoose and covered its little red cheeks with kisses.

Commander de Champeaux was nonplused in his failure to account for Wah-see-ola's queer sayings and actions. He went over and squatted down beside her, asking the question emphatically with a nudge at her elbow, pointing his finger upward: "How could you help your qui a la visage pale Chief?" And shook his head, meaning no, that was out of the question. She could do nothing then.

Rising to her feet and with all the energy of her being, motioning with her hands and with words to his understanding, she "would fly swifter than sound when she was called,"—meaning when the pale-face Chief would think of her. She would fly like a meteor in the sky and make her presence perceptible to stay the arm that would raise the hand to harm her pale-face Chief, and like the lights in the sky—the stars—she would shine in all the radiance of her soul power, and those who would attempt to lay hands on the sunshine chief would be besieged with fear. They would fall to the ground mystified at the sight, not daring to lay hands on the good pale-face Chief.

Commander de Champeaux was not a little excited at her emphatic statement. He was convinced of something that was to occur, which she foresaw, and it would be of no insignificant consequence, of that much he felt certain. He shook from head to foot as if seized with a chill. He walked away outside of the cabin not less dumbfounded than though he was struck dead. Three of the natives who had been hunting with two of the squaws returned, bringing a crippled doe and her fawn, scarce a sunshine old, and

placed them at the feet of the pale-face Chief. Commander de Champeaux examined the fawn carefully to find the nature of its wounds, evidently received in a tussle with a vicious wild animal. The helpless animal was evidently much frightened and tried hard to paw, and bleated tremendously the while. Commander de Champeaux had the natives pile dry grasses and leaves beside the cabin wall over which they put a covering of elm bark to protect the doe and her little fawn from the cold winds and rain. They gathered grass and tender bushes, such as the deer feed on, but the timid animal would neither eat nor drink the fresh water the natives brought from the spring. But as time went on the deer gradually grew more docile and seemed quite contented to remain with the fawn that showed no signs of ever getting able to rise on its feet. Wah-see-ola petted the doe. It would follow her about away from where its baby fawn lay and scamper back to and fro playfully, which afforded the natives much enjoyment.

In the sunshine of a balmy early spring day, Commander de Champeaux's little party, who were about to make preparations to move eastward, espied a small dark object in the distance upon the water. The frolicking doe was lost sight of, running in and out of the cabin, and all eyes were now turned towards the water, anxiously watching the object away out on the water between the sky and the golden reflection line that glared from the west, as if pointing to the east at the end of which, as a sunset line, was what Commander de Champeaux hoped and thought was a sailing vessel.

He was overjoyed and his feelings can better be imagined, as they watched it growing larger and could distinguish it to no longer be in doubt. It was a sailing vessel. Twilight was fast coming on. Commander de Champeaux instructed the natives to build a huge firelight to attract the attention of the mariners their way in location of their cabin.

Commander de Champeaux kept watch with the natives the night long, not taking their eyes from off the vessel lights, as it stayed anchored in sound water not far from where they were located. At sunrise, the crew were busy making headway to landing. Presently they could see little boats being lowered and towed toward shore. Commander de Champeaux ran to the water edge waving both hands over his head rejoicing, exclaiming: "Enfin, enfin, elles avoir venir pour me prendre a la maison."

It was a small trading expedition from Lyons, France. Four families came with the crew to join the colonists that were located on the eastern boundary of the large water at the channel waterway that connected the two large waters. After leaving the colonists and their luggage, they cruised slowly westward and fell upon the remaining four, with Brother Filmore, of Doctor Balrossa's party who had planned to wait for Commander de Champeaux, who would, if he ever got away, undoubtedly come by the same route he found his way to his unfortunate destination.

Brother Filmore had made the crew acquainted with the particulars of Commander de Champeaux's fateful situation, and not one but would be willing to

risk their life to have Commander de Champeaux free to return with them to France, when to their great surprise they had come upon him, as he was making his way slowly toward the colony location where he hoped to avail himself of the chance to go to France, or meet others from there, he would be satisfied if only he could be with a people more of his kind. The traders at once proposed Commander de Champeaux direct the party over the water-way to the villages situated at the meeting waters, where they could trade with the natives and procure fur and peltry to insure them a fair revenue to cover the expenditure of their expedition, after which they would, without delay, retrace their way back to their vessel and sail for France, gladly taking him to his home.

Wah-see-ola sternly objected to the proposition. She advised her pale-face Chief to remain where he was and wait the traders' return and then go with them to France and, raising her finger in warning, she shook her head, meaning for him not to go.

"Oh, ma chere Wah-see-ola. It is a living desire that directs me in this daring exploit. We need have no fear of what we may have to encounter in life; I have no fear of the red braves who are agreeably friendly with me, and if there are a few who are not disposed that way, I shall win the way to the hearts of the stern red braves, who were not the real enemies of mine out of cause justly punishable, which they all realized before I left. Even Chief Ma-chan-qua entertained no revengeful thoughts and, if told by his inner impressions, he is my friend also. Have no

fear, little squaw, I am no slave to fear. I feel my individual right in power over all that may come before me." He evinced his statement by showing her his hands, thrusting out his feet, then pointing to his head, meaning, with his hands and feet and his mind, he could do wonders.

"Wah-see-ola motioning, shook her head saying, "Oui, oui, oui." Then in doubt, folding her hands and pressing her feet tightly together, she tried to convey to him the idea of his being overcome, pointing upwards, by the power above, and the many red braves would hold him tight.

For a moment he thought and then said: "Oui, oui," and motioned that it might be so, yet he felt the influence of a guiding power that was directing him in his adventure and proposed they be happy and thankful for the good that had already come from the invisible power. He was thankful for the knowledge that he had received through her, and in response to an inner yearning, which gave his soul-sense satisfaction in the mental associations of his prayerful aspirations, and looking squarely sharp at Wah-see-ola in her womanly innocence of goodliness he spoke without thought: "And thou, great soul, thou art reaching up over the chances of life's passing shadows to see no dark; killing fate by stilling life's tempest of earthly turmoil and sorrows, which chill the soul that gives vent to sighs. Oh! thou, as one with those of holy birth knows all patience to count no time for distress, but lives. Thou art"—and he caught himself saying the last two words. "What am I saying? What have

I said?" and he thought to recollect the meaning of his self-talk, which seemed an acknowledged homage to her, deserving. "Wah-see-ola understands though the words, I am feeble to repeat."

Wah-see-ola did understand and she came close and whispered in his ear, "Big, bright sunshine light come over you," and she laughed heartily.

The crew was busily engaged making preparations to go over the de Champeaux water-route to the native villages at the meeting waters where they hoped to procure fur and peltry in trade for general merchandise they brought, which Commander de Champeaux believed would please the natives beyond their expectation. Wah-see-ola with the four squaws had been making great the event by showing the traders a most genial hospitality, such as the natives are accustomed to when strange tribes come from off, and she went with two of her squaw companions to bring some fresh fish from an inlet some distance away, where there were schools of fish and they could get an abundance easy to their way of catching.

It was growing late in the day and Wah-see-ola and her companions had not returned. Commander de Champeaux was over-anxiously alarmed. He feared something had happened or she would have returned earlier in the day, as usual when out for fish or hunting wild hen eggs. Night came on and morning dawned and another day near gone with no sign of them was predictive of something grave. The red braves who had been out on the hunt of them returned and reported having found the fish at the inlet

whither they had gone, but further than that, nothing but the silence of nature's continuous dreaming around about where Wah-see-ola and her two companions had last been and met their fate in death, if such it was that hindered them from returning with the fish they had caught. She was a fond mother much attached to her little pappoose that was fretting and peevish without her. She would not have remained away this length of time, knowing her little one would have to be nourished independent of her mother sustenance. Surely something must have happened. Wah-see-ola has either lost her way or met with an accident, probably death by drowning. But hardly that as she never feared the water and could swim with the best at the feat. They might have fished and after getting a supply, went to hunt hen eggs and wild onions, and lost their direction, the latter most probable, they all at last concluded.

After anxiously waiting for a time, the traders grew impatient to be on their way and get back. Commander de Champeaux finally concluded, that inasmuch as all their hunts failed to reveal any trace of the missing women he might as well be on his way with the traders. There would be as good a chance to find Wah-see-ola and her companions, were they lost, as to hunt in the near vicinity where she would be apt to find her way back to the cabin as she had done many times before this. And as the inlet was in the direction of their route, Commander de Champeaux felt he would be even more apt to find her on his way, the direction she went. His feelings cannot be described.

He caressed the mother-bereft child over and over again and spoke endearingly, while instructing the kind natives who had come and brought him, to patiently care for the little one while waiting Wah-see-ola's return and also his return which would not be over three moon times. He would return with the traders, who would join their party at this place and transfer their fur and peltry to the vessel where he would take leave of them and go to France.

Commander de Champeaux embraced the little one and held it affectionately in his arms while Brother Filmore gave it the religious rites of the Holy Catholic Church, baptising it, giving it the name of "Marie Louise." C' est beau nom, "Marie," for the much worshipped saint of his mother's faith and his cherised Aunt Marie, his mother's only sister, and Louise, his beloved mother's name.

Commander de Champeaux left requests with the crew, who would remain close by cruising thereabouts prospecting and hunting. They would keep a lookout for Wah-see-ola and her companions while he would be on his way with the traders to the meeting waters, who were anxious to get their trading over and get back to sail for France.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

The party reached their destination after a tedious rowing upstream travel of a prolonged duration on account of the high tide of the running waters. It was hard rowing, going against a swift current. They also contended with sickness in the form of an epidemic which left a few not enjoying the best of health, three having nearly died on the way, due to exposure. They finally reached the confluence of the waters, where beyond some distance on the hillside Commander de Champeaux pointed out the island point where lay buried the remains of the lamented Alphonso Manier. They had no sooner towed to the bank than a friendly lot of natives rushed to meet them, greeting Commander de Champeaux with all their known civility but were disappointed at Wah-see-ola's absence and at once demanded an explanation. They also informed Commander de Champeaux of Wah-chee-ka's death, at which he was not so greatly surprised but felt keenly the loss of a good true friend, whom he felt he might need.

The party in general was busily engaged spreading their blankets for the night. All seemed to be happy, enjoying the better part of their adventure but Commander de Champeaux. He was low-spirited and by far, not happily inclined. He keenly felt, as he

acknowledged in his enthusiasm for travel and adventure, that he really failed at the time to consider the age of his dear parents. He would not now have gone the great distance away, knowing what he knew with the many uncertainties attended with the voyage. He might never see them in this life; and he their only child, felt guilty to cause them such trouble through thoughtlessness and pure selfishness on his part just because he loved that kind of a life. "Oh, I see it all now! Oh, why must I suffer thus! But that impelling force within me prompted me with desires that I could not resist."

On the third night after their arrival, Commander de Champeaux asked Brother Filmore to accompany him to the scow to get an extra clothing, as he felt chilly. They noticed some unknown natives—five they counted—as they ran swiftly by as if bent on mischief, which made Commander de Champeaux and Brother Filmore feel just a little suspicious. "Those fellows are up to something," said Commander de Champeaux. Thoughts flashed over his mind as to what might have brought them. Perhaps a scheme in design of intrigue, which he half believed was what Wah-see-ola had foreseen and had given him in the warning she tried to impress him so strongly. Though he lost no sleep worring over it, he determined to keep watch, and if he was to be intrigued, he made up his mind he would not be taken in blindly. He now acknowledged he had made a great mistake to return to the place in the vicinity of Chief Ma-chan-qua's village after Wah-see-ola's earnest forbiddance. And

now to have come without her would make the natives suspicious of him, making him liable to be charged with something of which he was innocent. If only he had brought one or more of the natives, who went with him to confirm his statement made in explanation of her absence, and why he had not thought of that was a question.

Commander de Champeaux remained cool-headed, though he surmised much he would rather not feel which was apparently not promising to his future prospects of reaching France. However, he would acquaint Al-las-sac-ka with the facts in detail of Wah-see-ola's sudden disappearance, which was most deplorable to him on account of the little one's mother's absence. He was doubly responsible as the surviving parent and he would feel it a crime, no less a murder, if Marie Louise would die for want of care or nourishment. "Yes," he would say, "I am doubly responsible since Wah-see-ola's disappearance," and he charged the natives and remaining crew to not let the little one suffer for such as was in their power to give to her needs, until when he would return and look after her.

In a conversation with Brother Filmore and Jerome, Commander de Champeaux admitted his danger considering the circumstances. He acknowledged he might be betrayed by the natives who were acting friendly; even among the Pottawatomies who might be suspicious of him at Wah-see-ola's absence. He also admitted that Chief Ma-chan-qua would not be asleep to his purpose when once he took a notion

to have revenge for any, however small the grievance. The old Chief would leave nothing undone to put his plan into execution, as he was stiff to his way in will especially to that of a revengeful nature.

Growing towards sunset time, the day of threatening rain cleared to a beautiful evening and the traders had made arrangements and held high hopes for good prospects for the coming day, as they were to go with a squad of natives to a neighboring village where they expected to get a lot of fur and peltry and with what they already had, would be all they could possibly transport to the vessel quarters on this trip. The two junks were heavily laden, packed to the utmost capacity, and they must make allowance for the way-faring of their men the balance of the crew on the vessel.

Commander de Champeaux sat silently watching the busy stir of the party. Some were singing while going about their work preparing mess, others were joking and enjoying themselves, conversing on the good prospects of their trading. He was tired and gloomily disposed in lack of ambition lost to his heretofore experience, which had blighted his prospects. He sat leaning against the trunk of a large tree, the while musing with the katy-dids and crickets that were merrily twittering. He watched the fireflies chasing about in the twilight that was fading to the deeper shade of night that made him feel solemnly lonely. During the day he had walked over to where the cabin stood, looking out from among the wild shrubbery. It had not been occupied for two seasons or more. The robins chose the quiet of its interior

for their summer home and the little grey squirrels chased about on the beams, in and out, hiding beneath the dewberry and elder bushes that had sprung up, growing from the seeds the birds had dropped. He loved the the spot. It had sheltered them from many a fierce and blinding blast of the winter storms that he never would forget it. It filled him with a sense of loneliness. But the place had changed, it had lost its charm. Though short apparently the time since they went and left it, their absence told on the deserted cabin walls which were beginning to need support.

Brother Filmore and one in party, a silenced monk, Brother Jerome, prayed aloud the litany which was dolefully depressing to the once happy Commander de Champeaux. However sad, Commander de-Champeaux fell sound asleep and snored loud enough to attract Brother Jerome's attention to where their beloved friend was apparently happily reposing while they prayed that all might come well for him to return to his home. Brother Jerome called Brother Filmore's attention to a bright light that flashed for a moment or more in an illuminating aura or halo, that came over the form of the sleeping man. They were startled and could not account for the strange phenomenon, the like of which they never saw before.

"It is a token; a warning," said Brother Filmore. "I am impressed with a feeling that disturbs me to think something will happen erewhile we are here."

"Call him, waken him. Call him and tell him," said Brother Jerome again, who was a good natured man, fat and forty, that never worried unless reasons

impelled him to think seriously of what he would have to acknowledge was close and right to hand.

It was growing late and the two brothers, after spreading their blankets, roused Commander de Champeaux and asked him why he had not retired. "I had intended and just got drowsy and fell asleep and, by the way, I had a very beautiful dream which I will relate in the morning, and, Brother Filmore, I shall ask you to interpret. Bien nuit, bien nuit."

Commander de Champeaux related his dream in the morning, while they were eating their morning mess of grit and sea biscuit. He went on to tell that he seems to be at a place far from home, all alone out in a dense wilderness, much like their present location. He was reclining at the foot of a large elm tree near the incline of a high precipice. He saw Wah-see-ola looking fairer of face and dressed in garments of the purest white. "Her face had the radiance of silvery light which reflected on a beautiful banner of white and gold which she carried, leading an army or legion of people, clothed as she was in white vaporous robes, which floated with the flying banner held steadily by little Cupid ribbon bearers. They soared in the air beside the celestial army which she led toward me where I sat weeping distressedly and alone when you awakened me."

"Now, please interpret it, Brother Filmore?" said Commander de Champeaux.

"Well, moi bien ami, your dream is certainly significant of good. Such a dream is most certainly a heavenly inspiration to you as the dreamer. You

well might be sorry to have been awakened during such pleasant moments."

"Well, indeed, I shall never forget it as long as I live. It was a very beautiful dream picture. Though it faded to my sight as I wakened, it is focused to my memory and is a living picture that I shall often reflect in pleasant thoughts of her who may be inhabiting the dream spheres where color, or caste, does not divide the soul in sects, in the eternal habitation of the higher life. I am somehow inclined to believe that Wah-see-ola met with death and is no longer roaming the beautiful forests, gathering the little wild-flowers in the little wa-tah baskets she wove out of wire roots and twig willow branches. I am inclined to believe that the dream is significant of the fact that she has departed from this life."

"That may all be. It might have been a vision of the celestial spheres of her soul habitation," answered Brother Filmore.

"Quite likely; as likely that as anything else. I have heard of such phenomenal dream experience before this. At one time a madame of high respectability and of a noble family had a brother who had gone abroad to visit relatives. He was enjoying the best of health and it was not otherwise expected but that his return would be the following spring. The day was set for his return, when on the same night as receiving the letter announcing the date of his return, which would be in three weeks from the time the letter was written, the madame; my mother's most intimate friend, dreamed her brother came but not in the

body. He was in a robe of white and showed her a date in large figures in a book he held open to her full view, which she remembered and which afterwards proved to be the date of his death. And do not forget to remember the madame gave the date which was carefully marked down the following morning by other members of the family. This, I can vouch for."

"The dreams are different, but their significance could be similar," said Brother Jerome.

"Oh, I no longer doubt, since the dream, it might be just as I have said. Wah-see-ola is no longer in earthly habitation," said Commander de Champeaux.

The party was divided in their pursuits for the day. Several had gone fishing, others were hunting with the red brave hunters on game chases for animal for fur, while a majority had gone with a squad of the Pottawattomies to a near village and probably would not return before the next sunset. Those who had gone fishing left instructions to the cooks to have the frying pans ready for the fish, of which they hoped to bring an abundance. As they gathered at the camp for the evening, the hunters having returned. Brother Filmore and Commander de Champeaux were missing.

The mess was nicely prepared and those of the party who had returned to camp, waited with patience till night was far on before they ate, though they were tired and hungry. They felt to credit Commander de Champeaux and Brother Filmore's absence to their being out with the natives where one might be sick to die, and Brother Filmore was devoted in his attention to

the sick, ministering to their needs as was his custom, and Commander de Champeaux, no less tender-hearted would remain for the night with him, but Brother Jerome was not inclined to believe that way. "Our friend, Commander de Champeaux, was not miswarned when he was told by the squaw he claimed as his squaw, 'to look out and not cross Chief Ma-chan-qua's pathway.' And it is my opinion by the way I understood from his conversation with Brother Filmore, that he was not misapprehending, and were he back to where we found him no price would induce him to return, though we gave him our honor promises to take him to France on our return, if he would direct us to this place in advantage of its being a good trading place. Yes, we may profit by his personal direction, but our party's gain may be his worst fate to his greatest sorrow, who knows? We have one consolation," continued Brother Jerome; "The two are together and there is comfort in not being alone when we are in distress, especially so in a case of this kind."

Day after day and night after night they watched for the return of the missing Brother and Commander de Champeaux. They formed watching parties with the Pottawattomies who had always borne the highest esteem for the pale-face Commander. They at once blamed Chief Ma-chan-qua, whom they claimed had won a few of their tribe that acted as spies to his intriguing the pale-face Commander and Brother Filmore, the latter one in party with the first expedition. It was quite evident that such was the case and after repeated searches day after day, they felt it was

little use and abandoned their searching squads. The idea they were lost to which in fact of ever finding him, and of what they might suppose would have been Commander de Champeaux's fate before this, they would rather not know. The traders were at once in for making a demand of Chief Ma-chan-qua, and if he did not release the men, they would shoot him full of bullets at the word.

The Pottawattomies were not off to the same feeling of revenge, as they considered the pale-face chief a legal chieftain of their tribe at the death of Wah-chee-ka, as he was looked upon as a wise pale-face to all deserving qualities of his honor bearing principles. He was brave to the sense and was qualified to have the chieftainship of their tribe since Wah-chee-ka had gone to the happy hunting ground. The pale-face was Wah-see-ola's brave who could hold rights; her tribe would be subject which others could not come in possession. She was Chief Wah-chee-ka's only child, and her brave must be respected accordingly.

The fate of Commander de Champeaux and Brother Filmore was the topic of their conversation, as they sat about in little groups discussing the sudden disappearance of the two unfortunate men. They varied in their opinions as to what their fate might have been. The majority were inclined to believe and feared the worst was over. Brother Jerome, in his conversation with one that was in the party with the first expedition, said that Chief Ma-chan-qua would consider a long time before either massacreing Com-

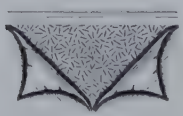
mander de Champeaux, or imposing the death penalty on the pale-face Chief. Chief Ma-chan-qua admitted the pale-face Chief was a noble and good pale-face brave, and knowing that Commander de Champeaux had confidence and rather lost fear of him and his tribe, and Brother Filmore the natives could have no grievance against him as Commander de Champeaux had informed Brother Jerome, at which he concluded the five natives that had been seen prowling about the while before were holding Brother Filmore and Commander de Champeaux in seclusion and he proposed they continue their search yet for a while, perhaps they might get some clue to the whereabouts of the missing men.

One moon had elapsed since Commander de Champeaux and Brother Filmore had disappeared and the traders were seriously contemplating what they had best do. They had about abandoned their search, as all their efforts heretofore had been in vain. They felt there was no doubt but that they had been spirited away and were being held in captivity until such a time as the party would be gone, cutting off the way for them to reach home. And if such was the case, Commander de Champeaux at his first opportunity would make his way over stream to the place where those of the natives who had taken him would be waiting. There was nothing to be done. They might remain there for years and still never get any clue to the whereabouts of the missing Brother and Commander. Their disappearance was doubly mysterious considering the many friends Commander de Cham-

peaux had among the natives. It was for that reason the traders had insisted upon Commander de Champeaux to accompany them now to the thought of their greatest regrets.

Brother Jerome claimed Commander de Champeaux had confidentially told Brother Filmore and him, as a secret which he forbade them to let be known, there was a disguised native that put in an appearance at the camp and informed him of a Chief's plot, which was soon to take place and after which the traders might have noticed that Commander de Champeaux was never seen very far from camp alone. He promised Commander de Champeaux to aid him, providing a way for him to make his escape. He would notify the party and keep the pale-face chief posted when they would leave on their journey homeward. He hoped to elude his father's plan to the help of his beloved pale-face friend, even at the risk of his own life. He came once after, as he had promised, early in the morning long before sunrise, but the dogs, especially Jabo, Brother Jerome's pet mastiff, barked furiously and roused the traders, as though maddened by an intruder or unwelcome visitor. The noise of barking dogs, he feared, would rouse his people and in fear of being detected the brave native left after briefly informing Brother Jerome, giving him the assurance that the pale-face Commander and Brother would not be harmed but would be left to find their way out of a dense wilderness. They should have no further fear, he would help them find their way. He would accompany them to

the water where they would meet them. He had stolen away from his lodge to inform the party and wanted to make his way back unobserved, and though he left cautiously, he was not altogether unobserved. He would have told more, could he have kept his presence at the camp shy of the traders, who he feared would not understand how necessary it was that his native people must not learn of his taking hand in aiding the pale-face Chief to evade Chief Ma-chan-qua's plan and make his escape. He went hurriedly over the hill and directly to the river and in less time than it takes to tell of the early mysterious visitor being in disguise at the camp, he was off, going down stream in a bark canoe as the golden shades of sunrise were peeping from out of the clouds of the eastern horizon.



CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Commander de Champeaux was at the verge of desperation, not knowing what to do. He wondered had he been bereft of his reason or was he under a spell that he knew neither time nor self to account for what seemed nights and days of unrecorded ages of countless time of eternity. After being released, set free to roam an unknown forest, left lost in the wilds of a dismal wilderness, it was a relief for him to fall asleep in utter exhaustion with a hope to never awaken. Chief Ma-chan-qua felt by setting the pale-face Chief free in the depth of the great wilderness he would meet with a fate for which he would not be responsible, so long as he had no knowledge of what would become of the pale-face Commander.

Commander de Champeaux was left to the mercy of his fate, alone in the wilds of a deep uninhabited wilderness, without food save what roots and wild fruit he could gather and small game that would come within his reach. He was good aim at stone throwing and kept in hand one or more good-sized stones to throw at first sight. But worst of all, he was where he could get no water for which he kept on the lookout, suffering its need, and though he was exhausted and hungry, he had hope. He put his trust in the Divine Providence that ruleth all good for man and beast. He did not despair in the face of starva-

tion but became more hopefully inclined. He seemed to feel he would be protected and was being guided as he kept walking slowly along without thought of direction or whither he was going. He walked until the everlasting twilight of the heavy forest began falling into the darkness of night, and he felt the need of finding a place of safety until the break of another day to be out of reach of the wild beasts that roamed the forests. As darkness grew on, the woods began to resound the echoes of the shrill cries of the night-hawks and screech-owls, and the night breezes swept dolefully through the leaves of the great trees, as the damp, chilly dew fell heavily upon him. No moon shone to break the dreary time of dark night. He climbed a low, wide-spreading scrub-oak and braced himself in its closely-grown high limbs and was soon off in a slumber. While he slept, he dreamed that in a consciousness of his dream state there came to his memory the words which he kept repeating, which seemed ringing in his ears: "Have hope," and he answered the words he had spoken: "Yes, hope, blessed hope; thou art mine only comfort. 'Tis well a spell of thy inspiration has come to me at this hour. And now I have new courage as I shall waken to new effort in life to live. While I am alone, abandoned to die, my soul, 'tis free. Seasons may come and go and ages may roll and the massive temples of stone will crumble and decay that will be builded some day on this forest ground where I now be, but I, the immortal that lives within me, shall live always." And having repeated again and

again the sentence which he called a "Hope Story" that was full of pathos to his inner sense of understanding, he did hope. "Oh, it means so much to me that I feel the vigor of new courage!" and he started to walk pursuing a course which he hoped might lead him out of the dense wilderness to where there was a stream of running water, which then would give him a way out leading him through to where he knew not, but better, he hoped to be. He would stop at places and gather such wild roots as Wah-see-ola had taught him were good and nourishing. He would eat and rest, and with renewed energy he would continue to walk briskly while he kept quoting: "Have hope, cher ami." They were words of sentiment at his moments of peril and he relied hopefully upon his feelings that came with the words. But when sunset time was drawing near he felt to charge his hopes were in vain. "The day, yes, this day, is a day of fruitless endeavor. I have reached no outlet, or a place where I may quench my thirst, and if it were not for the succulent roots I can gather, I would certainly perish from thirst."

As he sat bewildered and exhausted, he heard a rumbling noise off in the distance that sounded like thunder. Yes, it was thunder, and the forest was growing so dark; blacker dark than night. He rose to his feet thinking to seek a place of shelter from the approaching storm that was coming from the southwest according to the sun that was near setting, which he could only get faint glimpses of shadows through the limbs of the trees at places. He looked about on every

side. He had no time to lose, as the thunder sound was coming closer with now and then heavy rain drops.

In front of him, scarce fifty feet, he saw a hilly looking place that seemed to rise at a cut ravine on the opposite side of which was a wash-out made by high waters. He started to run through the woodland, dodging the great trees that outlived all underbrush and left a clean wood-ground, save the mossy banks and ferns which grew about on the north side of the trees. He fell exhausted to the ground. He rose on his feet and walked to the place and found a great tree trunk projecting over the bank of a sand pit, still growing, its limbs apparently as bushes, thickly grown, which would serve him a good shelter. Now, if it would only rain hard enough he need have no fear for the rest. "I will have to drink, and what next, a good may come that I may not perish." He thought to strike fire with his flints and have a firelight, but he dared not. He might attract wild beasts and what not, that he concluded to remain quietly for the night, though it was growing dreadfully dark. He sat drearily thinking when he was seized with a feeling of terror that came over him. He was next to frenzied as the lightning flashed in streaks before him, which fairly dazed him in his weak, nervous state. He frantically charged nature as being wrathful in the demonstration of its power this night. He had but one consolation and that was, that the rain would afford him water to drink. He viewed his situation, as it continued to pour down in torrents and he in the dark, dense

wilderness alone, and how far from mortal man, beast or living thing he dared not question.

Commander de Champeaux learned to know the natives never inhabit places not conveniently close to water. He realized, too, that was why Chief Ma-chan-qua had aimed to have him at this waterless locality. He now began to feel doubly discouraged at the thought of it all. While he was taking in full consideration the danger of his situation, he held his hands to catch the dripping water from off the foliage which soothed his parched lips, and which, afterwards he would press to his burning eyelids, while trembling with fear all in the darkest of night. But it was better than to be obliged to lick the dewdrops from off the leaves that grew on the low limbs of the trees, as he had the night previous. He sat reclining, fatigued nearly to death, and finally fell asleep after having quenched his thirst, and slept well under the fallen tree until morning. He wakened with the words as before distinctly given: "Have hope, cher ami." The meaning of the words most deeply impressed him; "but why should I have hope and hope for what" was questioning to him.

He tried to rise from the position in which he slept the night long. His body was numb; his knee joints were stiff and he could only walk a short distance at a time, and that was with difficulty. He felt if he did not soon have better conditions for living, he must die.

Not far from where he was, was a large tree that had been splintered by lightning and had fallen, spreading

its great limbs on the near-by trees which made a wide opening that looked out to the beautiful clear sky, the sight of which lifted the seemingly eternal gloom of the dense forest. Presently he came upon knob patches of tall grasses which indicated to his understanding that there must be a borderland of prairies close by and which, by the marsh-grass spots, were little puddles of water. He dipped with his hands and sipped the refreshing water with a relish to know nothing better he needed and so refreshing as the water. He was more hopeful than ever and quite sure, from the change in the air, that he was near a borderland of water. but in what direction, south or west from where he was he could not determine, and after thinking he could hardly make up his mind whither to go. He carefully noticed the moss on the tree stumps that he might not be travelling an endless circuit around and go back in the direction from where he started. In a recumbent position he crouched in the heavy limbs of a tree that gave him a place of safety again for the night.

Morning dawned. His hopes had failed him. His strength was failing him fast and all else better be gone with him, for he cared to live no longer. "What help am I, or may I expect at such a place?" he asked himself aloud. He was about to slip down from the tree when he heard a beingless voice say: "Walk and keep thyself going to the right." "Surely, I cannot be alone. I am being directed by an unseen intelligence of some kind and whatever it may be, I feel to trust it as I would be trusted. Nothing unlike

myself would be attracted to me as opposite, unless it seeks to manifest higher." And as he spoke aloud his last word hardly sounded, he heard repeated in the same tone of voice: "Keep thyself going to the right."

Starting to walk for his day's travel to a directed unknown destination, he heeded the words which rang in his ears that he kept straight to the right from the start. He had not gone far when, to his great astonishment, he saw an object in a dark shadow crossing his way some distance before him, and the voice again sounded loudly in his ear, which startled him at saying: "Follow, but keep slowly back." But he thought, "I cannot keep on foot much longer, and I must soon have something to eat and water to drink or I'll perish in this day's walk. If only I can keep strength to follow the beast, I need have no fear for the way out, that I feel certain. It will lead me; but I am in danger, for in a moment's notice and without warning, the beast may turn upon me and crush me."

After going some distance, the heavy clumsily-footed animal dropped to the ground while Commander de Champeaux kept seated on a low limb of a buckeye tree where he had climbed to be out of the bear's reach. Presently the grizzled quadruped turned and stretched, and with a yawn and howl that nearly paralyzed him, it jumped to its feet and ran swiftly through the trees that he feared for a time he would lose sight of him. The animal was making some headway and was now nearly out of sight that Commander de Champeaux felt that he must soon give up and rest. "The animal is on its way to a watering place," and while the thought

of water nearly drove him mad, he kept his courage. "I am fortunate to have the dumb animal to my rescue. He is going on his way to a stream at which I shall have to drink, where I will also have an avenue out of this dense forest."

Commander de Champeaux more hopefully kept on foot. He saw the animal was not unacquainted with the place. He increased his pace by starting on a run and he thought he would have to give up his chase, for he was now nearly fatigued to die. But he thought, "I must keep courage a little longer." Hardly thought, but to his surprise, true enough, rays of light were here and there visible through the trees and now and then sun shadows showed in spots, something he had not seen since the day before he was taken and left by the Ottawa braves in obedience to the orders of Chief Ma-chan-qua.

Oh! What joy at the sight of a beautiful, clear running stream where the animal went deep into the water and drank, while Commander de Champeaux stood back and looked on, though craving the pure fresh water that was in abundance before him. The great old fellow was the only object of Commander de Champeaux's attention now, as he watched him drink and roll in the water and wash off. How he enjoyed standing in the fresh running water, flowing in ripples beneath his heavy body. Commander de Champeaux in his deep gratitude and admiration for the burly animal, thought with all the aspiration of his being: "Yes, thou art a grand and noble brute of instinct, and I worship thee for the good thou hast done

for me. Thou hast led me through dark forest to light of day, and where I may have to drink and no longer thirsty be. Thou hast helped me much and with given hope that consoleth me. I may now travel on in peace and be on my way. But lone thou art, as it is with me, I see. To know no master, nor another nigh, but I who would thy servant be, and weaving garland thoughts of graciousness I will entwine with kindest remembrance ever of thee, that always thou mayest know and have the love of mankind govern thee."

Commander de Champeaux admired the burly beast more and more with his utmost admiration, and if he only dared approach him and make the animal understand how much he had done for him in the most perlious moments of his life, he would have felt happy. Thirsty and weary, left and lost in a dismal wilderness suffering to know nothing worse than the want of water, was worse than to die of starvation, he thought. And now he was where there was plenty of water; and a bear, a dumb brute whom he feared and would hated to have met, was the most welcome thing in sight after all, leading him to where he could see the sunlight of day.

The old fellow drank and drank to his fill, and he rolled and rolled, again and again, splashing the water in a playful way, yawning loudly, seemingly to his great satisfaction. He shook his great wooly body several times, and in a frolicsome way stepped from out the water to the bank and took to his trail back into the deep forests.

Now, Commander de Champeaux thought it was

his turn. He went some few yards above where the bear had been to where the water was clear and settled, and he dipped with his hands and drank to his fill. After washing his face he sat and rested, hardly knowing what to think of the past several days' experience, which was notably eventful in his experience of adventure. Commander de Champeaux sat as if spellbound, beholding to his pleasure a beautiful running stream with most quiet surroundings, save the chirping birds and now and then a splash from a happy fish flopping a few feet above the water, which startled him as he kept wondering, trying to locate himself in direction from whence he had come.

He spoke aloud: "If only Al-las-sac-ka knew where I am he would hasten to my aid. I would have him take me to where I might live with one of the tribes for such a time as I would make my way back to the squatter's home on the hillside near the water. Oh, Al-las-sac-ka, Al-las-sac-ka, Oh, Al-las-sac-ka! You are my only hope; the only one that can help me to find my way out of this place."

He sat meditating for a time, he knew not how long. All at once he thought he heard the sound of faint whisperings which were followed by strong impressions to follow the direction of the flowing waters. As he sat quietly thinking and resting, he heard the sound of barking wolves. He sprang to his feet and was about to run, but his strength failed him, and in his query what way would he better take—"Follow the running waters" was the impression more forcible than words. Without delay, he climbed a low tree and

watched and waited to hear if the animals were coming closer. He slipped to the ground and walked a ways. He felt he was not strong enough to continue to walk any great distance.

The sun was sinking in the western horizon which soon would pass from sight, hidden by the heavy forest on the opposite side of the stream, which now was breaking the light of the setting sun to a deep shadow fading into twilight. Commander de Champeaux was chilled with a feeling of melancholy at the sight of the sun going down. It was uncomfortably quiet, hardly a sound save the rippling waters with now and then a croaking water frog. He hurriedly gathered clams at the ripple edge, and striking a fire of dead limbs, he baked the clams in shells and ate with a relish, as if fitly served for a king.

Feeling refreshed and free from hunger, he walked slowly along the bank bordering the stream, but as night was coming on and with the fatigue of the day, he must seek a place of shelter. After looking about, he noticed a low tree bent, blown over the top of a nearby tree and low on which he could find a spread of limbs that would serve him a place of rest for the night. He broke limbs and placed them in cross-layers across the body of the tree midst the heavy branches. It not only made him quite a comfortable place, but he was safely high and he was near water, but was badly in need of peltry or fur for covering. "Now," he thought, "As I am as comfortable as I can expect to be, with no fear of being disturbed and happily satisfied to have escaped so luckily the attack of wild

beasts during the last few days, I shall now think strongly of Wah-see-ola."

As he sat living and breathing the atmosphere of mortal life his mind was gone, during which he had a vision he felt to credit as a dream. He saw the body of the devoted brave, Al-las-sac-ka, bloated and blackened by decay, floating in a stream amidst limbs of trees and brush, held fast by a log that was wedged between huge rocks that was on a bank of a rippling water that flowed wildly in high water time. Commander de Champeaux was deeply moved at the visional dream which he feared was the real fact, as Al-las-sac-ka had failed to keep his promise, though he hoped it was not as it so appeared to him.

While he was deeply moved in thought of his dream experience, he heard faint sounds of whoops and yells of human voices, evidently natives on a hunting chase and he determined not to leave the place, as he was safe out of reach of the wild animals that were running to get clear of the natives who seemed to be in hot pursuit, not a few in number, after animals they had on trail. He thought of the noble bear and hoped it might not be him they were chasing. The sound of voices died down as they seemed to be going in an opposite direction, that Xavier no longer heard but the chirping birds and crickets, and as he was about to get down from off the bended tree, a squirrel started across the limb where he was sitting, when he threw and maimed its back that it fell to the ground. He jumped after it though it lay wounded and helpless. He struck at it again and left it to strike a fire to roast

it over live coals, for indeed he was sadly in need of a nourishing bite to sustain life that he felt would soon give away if something did not intervene to change conditions which were telling on him, as he felt his strength failing him and he would not be able to travel much longer.

After baking and eating the squirrel, feeling better, he started on his way for the day wondering what this day would bring forth with its red rising sun. He hoped more than threatening rain at setting time. Near high noon by suntime, he became quite exhausted, and reaching a place cut deep in the sand which the stream had washed out in high tide, or repeated spring freshets, he rested. Looking about he perceived many foot-prints in the sandy loam that sloped from the water edge of a small summit, and fell in a level of a beautiful prairie that was covered with golden-hued grasses waving, heavily topped, while he stopped in utter amazement, to see no trees in a great space that looked from the golden sun-colored level over a range changing to blue with a tinge of reflected light green, which met the horizon. He stepped from off the great boulder, where he had been standing looking over the most beautiful landscape and thinking, "Now, what have I to fear?" He sat down and was soon lost in a reverie, then fell into a slumber, fatigued and exhausted. He lay unconscious to the world and all around about him, as the deep red sun was sinking behind the wide, deep, blue sheet of water that looked miles about, as sky above and water below.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

The golden-red sun was modestly retreating in the western horizon and fast sinking, as it seemed to be, dipping its planet light in the deep blue waters of the lake. The natives were returning from their fruitless bear chase, coming from out the dense forest to the stream which opened out on a boundary line of treeless land, of a golden crested prairie, which was broken in spots of yellow topped knolls surrounded by little blue waters which quietly and idly reflected the radiance of a crimson sunset, and like the surrounding country, was shaded in a warm but half brilliant tone of a golden red hue. Gathering at the river, for they were thirsty, going down to the stream through the ravine to the water edge at the foot of the hill by the side of the great boulder they found Commander de Champeaux lying unconscious, and dead to the world, piteously helpless, in an almost helpless condition. They were startled and at a great loss to account for the mysterious presence of a delicate featured, pale-face brave, with soft light hair mixed with grey, lying in ringlets over his white forehead which was cold as death, and in their astonished admiration not short of reverence, they all stood around the prostrate form much concerned to know what had best be done ere he would be beyond mortal aid.

As Commander de Champeaux lay helpless and

immeasurably at their mercy, they were moved with a feeling of sympathy, and acting under the impulse of their inner natures, they lost no time, but at once began rubbing him, and with such restorative measures as they knew, Commander de Champeaux showed signs of life, after which they gently carried him to the wigwam of their medicine chief some distance away, who, on making an examination, shook his head in a doubtful way.

After a treatment from the medicine chief, whose magnetism was highly beneficial to restoring circulation, he was placed between deer hides and left warm and comfortable, feeling the soothing effect of the treatment, as he lay weak and emaciated in the wigwam of the noble, good-hearted chief of the Al-gonquins.

The fire burned low outside the wigwam and the flickering flashes now and then illuminated the place and threw ghastly shadows over Commander de Champeaux's deathly looking face, as the faithful red braves and the medicine chief kept watch for the night. Growing late towards morning Commander de Champeaux fell into a sound sleep until the sun was high, shining down upon him, where he had been placed outside the wigwam where he might have the benefit of the invigorating rays of the sun. He turned on his side and tried to rise but was too feeble, much less could not even raise his head which rested on deer pelts, softly tufted to keep him from off the ground. Commander de Champeaux was physically very weak, though his mind was clear and his memory strong.

He had a perfect recollection of all that occurred from the time he was taken and left to perish in the wilderness up to when he lost consciousness.

Commander de Champeaux watched the natives as they gathered in small squads, exchanging opinions concerning him and whence he came. They would come close, looking kindly at him, sometimes gently stroking his hands, addressing him in sympathetic tones in their language, that he felt he had fallen into the hands of a kindly disposed tribe, and however savage they might otherwise be, he was easy in their friendly manner toward him. Chief O-nos-o-wee-na took great interest in Commander de Champeaux and was anxious for his recovery. He saw that he lacked neither care, nor anything available that would make him comfortable.

As winter came on and the cold winds blew in fierce blasts across the prairie and the snow fell thick and piled in high drifts around the wigwams of the natives, Commander de Champeaux lived and was protected from the cold, being kindly treated, growing stronger and healthier, looking cheerful and growing more hopeful each day. He made Chief O-nos-o-wee-na acquainted with the circumstances in detail as to how he happened to be found in vicinity of his village, helpless and unconscious, left to the mercy of Providence, how he and Brother Filmore had been taken captive, he to be massacred, and only escaped death through the entreaties of the noble Al-las-sac-ka. He tended to soften the heart of his stern father, though he yielded only to release him, to be left in the wil-

derness alone to his fate. And had it not been for Al-las-sac-ka, he would have met death which luckily we need not chronicle in narration of our story.

Chief O-nos-o-wee-na was a big-hearted soul, and in his sense of justice sympathized with Commander de Champeaux, when he told him how he found himself free and alone in the dense forest, hungry and thirsty. The good old chief used his common sense many more times than does the majority of our people. He heard Commander de Champeaux's story with deep interest and he failed to take sides with Chief Ma-chan-qua. He at once proposed to aid the pale-face chief in any plan by which he might get back to where his squaw, Wah-see-ola might sometime come back.

Commander de Champeaux grew stout and robust and was enjoying good health. He was happy continually planning with the help of his Algonquin friends in every conceivable manner, a way by which he might get to where he could hail sailing vessels that might chance to be passing on trading and exploring expeditions, and in that way have a chance at some time of reaching France. When the warm weather came, Commander de Champeaux would sit at the edge of the water long hours planning, wishing Brother Filmore was with him. He sometimes felt that Brother Filmore had crossed the borderland and needed neither thought nor sympathy, as he could not endure much hardship; though Commander de Champeaux believed the natives would be kind to him, as Chief Ma-chan-qua had no real grievance against him and only took the brother captive along with

Commander de Champeaux, holding him for such a matter, not allowing him to return with the party, as it might furnish some light on the plan in which he aimed should be carried out this time to keep the pale-face chief.

Commander de Champeaux felt certain that the natives would favor the venerable old man, whose hoary hair and beard would appeal to them, and for his mental qualities, he already had their esteem, of that he was fully certain. He had a way to win their friendship, and created a way to their understanding that he could lift their minds beyond their revengeful inclination, and with whatever tribe he might be, he would soften their hearts in a cultivated sympathy which he had done.

Commander de Champeaux had all the time to plan and think, as he sat and watched for vessels that never came by. Seasons came, each in their turn one after another, and with now winter coming on again he was growing disconsolate, though still waiting and hoping for an opportunity to get out of the wilderness. He began to despair of ever getting back to France, and at times grew desperate in the thought of no mental occupation. The uncertainty of his prolonged stay with never a sight of a vessel, he suggested to the Algonquin Chief, who at first partially proposed that inasmuch as they never had seen a vessel the probability was they never would, and the only sure way of getting chance of a vessel would be to leave the village and go where he might avail himself of the chance he might never get here. Commander

de Champeaux now knew the Algonquin village was out of the way of vessel routes, and with Chief O-nos-o-wee-na, who affiliated in sympathy with him offered to put his proposed plan to the test and have the pale-face brave reach a place where he might be more apt to fall in with cruising traders, or get sight of vessels that might be passing, even though the vessels would be sailing few and far between they could remain in waiting with him until he had an opportunity to get off.

Chief O-nos-o-wee-na arranged to have some of his braves and their squaws accompany the pale-face brave. They were to follow the water, keeping it in sight, going east, traveling with the sunrise, keeping the sun shadows as their guide for direction.

Winter was over, but the proposed plan had to be abandoned when the summer came, owing to sickness and a debilitated condition of the tribe. An epidemic had broken out among the natives in form of a chronic cold which from a severe late winter lasted long to a cold spring. Chief O-nos-o-wee-na's tribe was left weakly and in poor health. Commander de Champeaux also suffered with an attack that at one time his life was despaired of. Many of the nattives succumbed to the disease on account of the meager facilities for the comfort and care of the sick. He, as well as the natives, had little ambition for anything. He felt indifferent toward the future, with the uncertainty there was connected with what might result in a disappointment, after all the hard travel there would be attended in reaching a desired destination, and the

uncertainties attended, that Commander de Champeaux concluded to postpone their proposed wandering expedition. His lost ambition drifted with the indolence attended with uncivilized life, which told its tale on his haggard listless face of a soul-lost energy. The fire of his ambitious energy no longer kindled the glow of his once anticipated pleasure, and he no longer felt the keen desire of reaching France.

Another winter came and spring followed in its turn. The balmy air invigorated Commander de Champeaux's being and the new vernal life, budding to freshness over the land, renewed his lost courage with desires as he thought of his people, his home and his country, all which he loved so well.

One day he sat looking over the wide sheet of water before him, thinking of its distance to cross with other more stupendous in breadth and depth and of what it afforded mankind in transportation of vessel going, he conceived of a plan by which the water might also facilitate the conveyance of a message which might reach the people of France. His idea was not great, but a novel one and the best he could do with the scant means of manufacture. With the help of some of his ingenious Algonquin friends, who were somewhat mechanically inclined, they contrived to make dummies in the form of human semblance and of valuable looking parcels as floaters. They selected bleached and dried poplar limbs and bared them of the bark on which they scratched deep, large, wide

letters, "Vive Xavier de Champeaux, 1643," afterwards wrapping the limbs carefully with wolf pelts and deer hides to protect the letters from being worn by the waters, and also to attract attention to the inside wherein which was the message he wished to send. They might and they might not be picked up; but should one be found, it would be intelligible to whomever would find it and would evidently reach France and his people at some time, and they would know he was still living. They made parcels securely wrapped and tied one after another, and would cast them upon the water when there was a swift gale blowing from the west.

"It looks a little more than the work of a schoolboy at play," thought Commander de Champeaux; "but like the drowning man whose grasp would be as firm to the blade of straw within his reach as to the limb of a great tree, I might as well employ my time and feel I have a chance in grasp, though it be but the play in time of life this way, apparently lost, let come of it what may. It is an object to direct the mind, controlling a force in hopeful anticipations, and a pastime which tends taking the mind off of the prevailing existing conditions of my life, though there is no possibility of the floaters ever being found, unless there might chance to be a sailing vessel cruising in calm water and the dummy would be near: one might then attract notice, I shall hope at least. And there might be such a thing that parties embarking the smaller boats from off the vessel to follow stream-exploring and traveling with the natives in making

their route to trading points, following the water close to shore, might come upon one and thinking it a valuable package, pick it up and examine it only to find word from me. And whoever would pick one up would certainly know it evidently had been cast upon the water, signifying personal identification. and was done to throw some light on the whereabouts of one in distress, in close location, and would report accordingly."

Commander de Champeaux believed, if mental direction had any power to attract attention through atmospheric or etheric forces, there was little doubt but that his mental influence would magnetically control to make the dummies conspicuous, and some sensitive mind would act in response to his mental demand so earnestly sent out in an object cast upon the waters. He now hoped more strongly than ever, on the proposed plan to reach a place that he might see sailing vessels.

"One winter more," thought Commander de Champeaux, "with the well-arranged plan, and well meant purpose of the noble O-nos-o-wee-na and his tribe, will tell the tale. It will be one way or the other. If I must remain and die here, Chief Ma-chan-qua will have satisfied his revenge, and I unjustly detained must bear with the penance imposed which is and has been incontrovertibly disastrous to my life. And where, oh! where is my hope, may I ask? But I am, I must be resigned to my fate. When I reflect and consider the all of the past of these late years of my life, and face the future before me with all the uncertainties

and with nothing to show a surety of one chance to release me from this condition of life, I drop into utter hopelessness, to know not what to do. Why these despairing spells must come over me I cannot account; for my will, is the contrary; and that, in my firm resolutions however strong I will to be, gives way under the weight of despairing moods, which I can only charge to the multiplicity of the great and many trials that have kept coming in, the belligerent vicissitudes of controlling conditions. Despair takes the place of hope in antipathy of my fondest expectations of life for the future, that I no longer anticipate the desired opportunity to reach home; however the plan might be arranged in pursuance to lead to an opportunity in chance of me hailing a sailing vessel. The winters are long and disagreeably dreary, and a season or more may pass ere I even get sight of a sailing vessel that I shrink from the effort. At times, impulse resists patience and makes me the more dissatisfied and I, a human soul in my mortal existence, cannot overthrow such adversity and become resigned to a fate, as this which has robbed time of the very things that makes life worth the living. And my estrangement from one of the tribe, a squaw whose fascination for me may be a hindrance and cause some annoyance when the time comes for me to leave. She will protest, I know, and in a manner causing delay and may even influence Chief O-nos-o-wee-na to reconsider his proposition and restrain instead of helping me to make my way out of this place that I feel faint to the effort."

Among those who were to accompany the pale-

face brave was a brave young scout, Ki-a-da-go, who got separated and lost from his people, and from his affable and congenial manner, found friends and a home with the Algonquins. He was a great favorite of Commander de Champeaux, whose admiration for the young red brave came through his honor bearing traits of character, being honest and not addicted to story-telling as were many of the natives, that lacked the better principle of their brethren. He was tall and a well-proportioned young fellow, a real athlete from brow to foot, full of energy and wholly unselfish. He prided himself as not having his equal in the daring feats of their customary warrior sports. He was especially fond of Commander de Champeaux and would, if needs be, sacrifice his life for the pale-face brave, and Commander de Champeaux would also do for Ki-a-da-go anything he would ask.

It was long counting time by seasons as they came and went, and the dreary winter before him made him despondently inconsolable. It was one of those dreary drizzley days, which relaxes the nerves and rides like an incubus upon the spirit, that Commander de Champeaux looked over the broad-spread, desolate plain, facing the vast water, for lovely as may appear the prairie when its bright flowerets and its tall grass-tops are nodding in the sunlight, it was indeed a melancholy place when the sky was cloudy and the rain falling in torrents. Commander de Champeaux was imbued with a certain indescribable sensation of loneliness, which occasionally would steal over his mind in the thought of his being in the heart of a boundless

wilderness of forest and water; one white man alone among many uncivilized natives. He felt his mind was being impaired by his long living in the wilderness with the natives, that he felt sorrowfully disconsolate at times, and with the great anxiety and uncertainty and the long suspense, he feared that his mind would give way altogether if a change did not soon come. Alternate revived ambitions and broken hopes in repeated succession would certainly wreck him to despair he thought.

"Oh! But my chances are slim at best, and I see my prospects with bare possibilities, offer me very little indeed to have hope. I fear for the future, the monotony of living in my present condition of existence will leave me no better mentally, if as responsible as an imbecile. I am certainly in the hands of fate living down time, facing grinning destiny, which challenges me with its power of control that I am no better provided, if as well as my father's barnyard dogs. Such thoughts crush me that I cannot, cannot rise to my legitimate mental plane, and as I stand here alone before the great heaven above and the water below, I ask solemnly of my God: 'Am I here to stay?' True, enough, I feel as the culprit of self-conviction in consideration of that which may be unlawful in the moral code of civilization, were I in the strait of such as my human existence would be developing in its proper element of social functions. But as it is, with all there is attended in consequence of the circumstances and evironments of my present condition of life, how else could I have better done? And

as I look back over the past, I know well that of late years I have gone the way of a transgressor of morality in temptation of my weak human nature and I flounder in thought of a purpose not commendable to my conscience which charges me guilty, that I dare not approach in thought to my hosts of heaven for guidance nor consolation, though I feel this unbounded force of intelligence surrounding me. Therefore, my question is still unanswered and that is why. I know that Ma-le-wa-ha is certainly deserving of some consideration. Her sentiment must be respected. She is a human soul no less worthy than myself, and while our human desires are warped by the fires that burn in purifying embers of our daily experience, she too will understand later when her offspring, the little Wah-she-wa, will lead her on the way of mental progression. He is now more than half civilized and her mind will be illumined by his influence. He will know no mental degeneracy, though he may never know life other than live out this present existence with the natives; his mental standard is comparatively high at his age, that he is beyond the reach of lower influence. And however close the illegitimacy of his physical birth follows him in the eyes of mortal man, he is an individual who in his present condition of life and its environment, will reach his mortal maturity unawares of what would scar his personality in France with an unblamable consequence of birth conditions, which bears no weight in the soul's recorded existence. I would take him to France and educate him, if I would be allowed, and I would make him one with Marie

Louise if she lives, a legal heir to my earthly possessions, for he has been my greatest comfort these late seemingly long years. But if I attempt to take him with me, what a melee I may expect. The result would not end favorable to me, nor would it better conditions either way. There are things we cannot think of doing, however right it may seem that we should, and this is one I cannot, dare not think of doing. I must not even hint at the idea. I will be very fortunate if I alone get off without trouble and I will be obliged to have assistance at that. I have one way by which I may have hope in this case. I shall press Ki-a-da-go to my rescue. He is an intermediate who can do much to influence Ma-la-wa-ha to relinquish her claim to my lordship. But where has the time gone?"

Looking around in his solitary soliloquy, in which he was so earnestly absorbed in his self-expressed sentiments, that he failed to notice the sun was going down.

"Lo, yes, and the sun has long set, the day is gone and the twilight is appearing and I am alone, far, yes miles from the village wigwams, I do firmly believe. Yes, and I must set out on my way ere darkness is upon me; it is now full late. But I lack the energy and with broken ambitions, indifference takes possession of me that I no longer care what the morrow may bring to shape the future, which I now pictured in hope, prospectively so different. My courage has all left me, I cannot start to walk, my limbs fail me and I am held almost spell-bound to the spot, that I feel to lay me down to rest, let come what will."

Sitting beside the trunk of a great tree, dipped in the depth of despair, Commander de Champeaux cried aloud: "Am I to remain and die in this wilderness?"

With no answer, in appealing tones and sobbing words he begged and implored the aid of his higher forces of intelligence, a power which was lost to him since the time he saw the body of the lamented Al-las-sac-ka floating in the swollen waters of the bayou. "They have forsaken me!" and in his disappointment at receiving no answer, he wept aloud as no man ever wept, the while being oblivious of his surroundings when suddenly Ki-a-da-go appeared before him. Commander de Champeaux raised his eyes, greatly surprised to see him, his friend, at his side.

"How is this, Ki-a-da-go, what brings you here?"

He made no answer but seated himself beside him and they sat for two hours or more at the foot of the tree making their plan until it was growing late, when they thought of returning to the wigwam. They started and walked slowly in the bright moonlight towards the village. Ki-a-da-go assured him his assistance when Commander de Champeaux would take leave of the Algonquin squaw, Ma-le-wa-ha, that he might get away in peace; for he was quite certain she would carry out her threats.

The next morning he sought the solitude of the forest to be alone in his despairing mood, yet he felt to be cheerful, but failed to brave the effort. He sat on a high log quietly thinking, beating the ground with a stick and his silent meditation was broken by a flash of light passing before him, which conglomerat-

ed in the seemingly vaporous substance and formed a semi-circle of raised golden letters tinted in the beautiful shades of the rainbow, which spelled, "C-O-U-R-A-G-E." At the same time, a sound came in vowels, not inarticulate sounds in common spoken: "Courage, courage, courage." What does it all mean? And he was all absorbed in the deepest admiration of the phenomena.

The illumination of the scintillating vibrations spread over the place more dazzling than the brightest sunlight, which left Commander de Champeaux sitting in the darkness of daylight with the squaw, Ma-le-wa-ha, weeping at his feet.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

The maple and oak leaves were softly tinted with the gold and red of Autumn glow, which blended with the rich dark green of waning summer, and the woodbine showered the lawn with gaily colored five-pointed yellow and crimson star-leaves that tell, as no other foliage, the month of the season which brings a raiment of color on every bush and tree.

The ripened fruits, the russet reds and pink-cheeked apples, the deep blue and purple dew-dipped grapes which hung in cluster bunches, looked from out the bronze-tipped foliage that shaded the light from the azure sky, in the deep rich colors any artist would rave to reproduce.

Looking southward from the boluevard, from over the de Champeaux park down the slope to the orchard, was the landscape pen-pictured of Xavier de Champeaux's home, that Doctor Louis Balrossa was nearing for the first time since he left with him, who now might be enjoying the luxurious comforts, had they not ventured on the expedition that, unfortunately, proved most disastrous to him who was foremost in the movement, ambitiously hopeful, with never a thought but he would return and bring flattering reports to his company; but he was now absent, perhaps never to return. Doctor Louis Balrossa, was considering, as he was riding toward the place, that

Xavier's life might have been the day-dream of Heaven on earth midst all the beauty and luxury of nature, and all other that wealth could give, when instead, there was a shadow of sorrow over the family equally affecting as to chronicle, their beloved son's death. It could be no worse. It was not a dead affliction, but a living one over which the hand of destiny clutched to cause, leaving no remedy at hand, only live in hope and patience, trusting he was still living and well, letting time bring what it would.

Doctor Balrossa walked slowly to the entrance, having tied his saddle horse to the hitching post at the entry way. The lower veranda was covered with creeping wisteria vines that coiled in ropy growth, on which a dark complexioned little girl of five or six summers was swinging, singing gleefully, while her grand-mere accompanied the child-voice humming the melody while she cast stitch after stitch on knitting needless, the while rocking contentedly.

Doctor Balrossa had sent a messenger with a letter a day or two previous, telling Madame de Champeaux she might expect him at any time from then on. He hoped not to shock her, coming unexpectedly, as he felt his return without Xavier who had accompanied him, was enough, and he felt to spare her as much as possible. He stepped past the sideway, going around to the front, where Angeline saw him coming. She ran to meet him and threw herself in his open arms. They both wept deeply, without exchanging a word. Madame de Champeaux happened to look up and calling Marie Louise and pointing. The little

one ran, exclaiming, " mon cher Pere, mon cher Pere, mon cher Pere," reaching for Doctor Balrossa, who was much affected, as Angeline stood with tearful eyes looking at him, whom she loved better than her life.

Doctor Balrossa, the once handsome featured man, now tanned and sunburnt dark, looking ten years older, as Angeline thought, "what more could we expect? The hardship of adventure tells on every man and after we hear his story we will have reason not to wonder."

Madame de Champeaux wept aloud, unconsolably for a time. Doctor Louis led her into the drawing room and seated her in an easy chair. He sat beside her as she must hear all about Xavier and when he last saw him. She had heard from others of the party, but she must hear Doctor Louis relate the circumstances of the unfortunate affair and of his marriage with the native woman whom she learned had since died.

He related everything in detail from beginning to end; how he and nine others of the party remained waiting at the large water, hoping those who would return to take Xavier to France, would all meet where it was almost impossible to miss each other en route the way of his location, and if he had made his escape he could not have missed them. Doctor Balrossa told of the good Father Jacques, whom he knew would never reach France. How he had prayed, hoped and waited anxiously for Xavier, until persuaded by the party to go toward the colony settlement where he

would have more comforts so necessary to restore him to health. Doctor Balrossa had just learned since his return that those who had been sent on the first rescue party, never returned to Bordeaux. The people of Bordeaux never heard a word, whether they lost their lives at sea or met with death at the hands of the natives.

"Yes, and it was most discouraging for us anxious parents," said Madame de Champeaux weeping aloud, "and now I am alone in all my sorrow."

Doctor Balrossa felt most certain they had very likely lost their lives at sea, as the natives were kindly disposed and would continue so if the Frenchmen would do fair by them. True the Chief held Xavier captive, but he believed he would never harm him. While he felt anxiously uncertain all the time, as to what Xavier's fate might have been ere this time, or he would have made his way and reached the place before this, he felt to console the devoted mother that her hopes would not altogether fail her, as she expected some time in the near future to see her beloved son.

Doctor Balrossa was not a little surprised when he was informed that the little mademoiselle "Marie Louise" was Xavier's little one brought them by the kind Captain de Marchand, of Lyons, who had sailed with nineteen of four families of colonists, and his wife who usually accompanied him took care of the little one, then not three years old. She had been left to the charge of a family at the colony, according to Xavier's request; if he failed to return she should

be sent to Bordeaux to be educated. Doctor Balrossa was still more surprised when he learned that Xavier had reached the cabin location where he had been waiting a long time, only to miss him. And to think after reaching the place, to be persuaded to go back directing the party over the route to the native villages in the near vicinity of his enemy tribe, non-plussed Doctor Louis.

"It was the traders," continued Madame de Champeaux, "who felt that inasmuch as Xavier had already made the acquaintance of the natives and had their friendship, he would be a great benefit to them, promoting their trading interests."

"Yes, yes, but that was a great mistake Xavier made; a great mistake indeed," said Doctor Balrossa and he walked the floor up and down saying: "Why didn't he remain where he was?"

"According to what Captain de Marchand could learn, it was at the same place the mother of this little one," pointing to Marie Louise, "was last seen alive, and whether she met death by drowning or got lost and was attacked by wild beasts, was never known. It was supposed by not a few of the party that Xavier was inclined to believe that she—what was her name?"

"Wah-see-ola."

"That Wah-see-ola went back, or tried to find her way back to where her aged parent was, and that, as much as anything, took cher Xavier back," said Madame de Champeaux.

"Well, cher Louis, what was the woman like? Was she pretty and intelligent and was she really

worthy of Xavier's affections?" asked Angeline.

"I hardly know how to answer your question. True, she was deserving and, in a way, was attractive. Xavier called her queenly. I could not see it that way. I never could understand how Xavier could fancy the dark complexioned girl enough to think of making her his companion," said the fastidious Doctor Balrossa.

"Well, was she tall or short? Had she pretty features?" asked Angeline.

"She was tall and naturally graceful and very unpretentious in her manner. Her features were even and refined generally, so different from the rest of the natives. She had a more oval face with a small round chin, while the natives have square, coarse, rather projecting chins, large jaw bones and wide mouths. She had rather a pretty mouth, with lips that closed pleasantly over pretty, even teeth. Her face lacked that stern contour of the natives generally. Her nose was aquiline like, just a little inclined to be roman. She was of a dark peachy red complexion, that is as near as I can describe her. Oh, she was no ordinary one of her people and would do any man credit were she educated; but think you of Xavier teaching her; how patient he must have been to teach her how to speak French. I really was out of patience with him and he knew it, therefore he said very little to me more than he had to about her. But, ma chere Madame, you know Xavier is too tender. His heart gets the best of him and he becomes too much enlisted. He never sees fault in others nor criticises one, and if

he is ever befrended, he loses himself to a sense of all gratefulness and ever afterwards holds himself to that debt."

"Yes, that is his way," said Madame de Champeaux. "But did she not save him?"

"No doubt, she did. She had great influence over her native people. She was a wise one; a prophetess. She could foretell, and had powers I never before heard of among our own people. And when to her manifesting power she would be giving the little quotations of her native language which, of course, we could not understand, she would have the hallowed light over her forehead which I saw many, many times. And do you know Xavier was very much fascinated with her power, as much that, if anything, and I really believe he would have brought her to France and educated her as he said he would had he had the chance," said the Doctor.

"Well, Louis, had he been able to have done so, I would willingly have opened my arms and my home to the motherless innocent woman of the New World I would have given her the advantages that I heard Xavier hoped she would some time have, and if it was her influence that saved the cher garcon from a cruel death," and Madame de Champeaux cried, sobbing out her last words, "Yes, I would have treated her as a daughter," and pointing to Marie Louis, "I shall do by her as I would by Xavier's daughter not less than if the mother was a queen. I assure you that. We heard of the circumstances and on Monsieur's deathbed I promised if any offspring came in the family

through the undesirable marriage with the native woman as his wife, I was to leave a portion to the two colleges for the education of boys and girls which, one or both, it might be and educate them. And Pere de Champeaux, had he been younger and healthier, would have left with one of the trading parties and brought the little ones, if there were any, though they would be dark-skinned," and spreading her hands out she said, "We have more money than we can take care of, why not make good use of it? The Monsieur spoke many times of what should be done. You know Monsieur de Champeaux was a quiet, reserved, deep-thinking man, and, as customary in such matters, gave his earnest consideration concerning the circumstances of Xavier's position in the prospect, which appealed to him, as did the country's protection to the father that gave his son in war. He would be loyal to his beloved son's heirs regardless of their mother's color and her race. He spoke in a tender tone of his resignation saying these words: 'L homme propose et dieu dispose.' Monsieur was aware that Xavier was foremost in advancing the project of exploring parts of the New World and that he was an enthusiastic natural born adventurer, and to protest would have little effect to change his mind. And whatsoever comes before us as resulting thus as we might expect it would be unnatural to live alone, we shall do as we would were it otherwise, had he married at home. Condition and circumstances afford blood and the soul much more than we ever really consider. There are good people among all races, and with

Xavier, his strong characteristics would not be shortly inborn to his offspring. Look, see" pointing to Marie Louis, "She even walks like him. Oh, we love her; we are proud of her, and she is no darker than some of our dark complexioned French people."

"The party's need of such a spirit of heroism as was characteristic in his beloved son, imbued Monsieur de Champeaux with his son's heroic sentiment, that he must be resigned throughout, though he regarded it nothing less than a sacrifice of his only living son to a cause that was great and noble and would bring Xavier both honor and fame of which he was well worthy, or it would not have fallen his lot to be chosen commander of the expedition. 'It is our duty, whatever would come as such as we, as his parents, must now affiliate in matters to the best of our reason, and now as Xavier has no heirs save those of native blood, it will not be unreasonable to bring them and educate them, though we need not take them in our immediate home circle should we feel not to do so,' were Monsieur's last words. And now," looking over at little Marie Louise again, who seemed to feel the nature of the conversation, and sat picking her fingers and looking at her grandmere, "We have one; yes, taken her. Yes, and we love her dearly."

Marie Louise sprang from her chair and ran, jumping on her grandmere's lap, embracing her affectionately, kissing her neck many times, while Madame de Champeaux wept as though her heart would break.

"Yes," said Aunt Marie who had stepped in to

greet her long-absent friend, "She will grow in all the happiness of our fondest affection, a loving grandmere and grand auntie, yet she will lack a loving father's care and caresses in her childhood years. She will not know him to love him, not know his fatherly influence. And worse still, she may grow to womanhood and never see her father whom she will so much need in her mademoiselleship."

"How are the natives? Are they quarrelsome among themselves and did you not fear them?" asked Angeline.

"No, I never really feared them after we had made their acquaintance. There never was a riot of any great consequence to speak of, save one time which happened during our stay. There has been equally as bad happened right here in France; save this one time.

"The calm of a beautiful evening was once disturbed by a deadly conflict in which several of the natives came to their death, ending in the death of one of the Indian belles. It was the old, old story of quarreling rivals not uncommon to all peoples of the various nations, in which the young red braves and their friends participated to make the circumstances doubly greater, involving the several families of the natives in a feud which resulted in revolting combat.

"The two rivals stood last in their unequal contest, and one bounding over the slain with his last surviving friend following, was followed in hot pursuit by his rival, and his sympathetic participant plunged into the stream, vainly attempting with his friend to

reach the opposite bank which was directly in front of our forest abode. He sank lifeless to the bottom of the stream, pierced by the arrow points of his enemies, while his last surviving friend reached the bank and running along the edge of the water, screened by the underbrush, as he supposed, sank suddenly dead, falling in the water pierced in the brest with an arrow point also.

"The Indian maiden over whom the two young hunters quarreled, fell in a fit of despondency resulting in temporary insanity, in which she constantly bewailed the loss of her choice lover, and in the lapse of three moons, found solace in death caused by self-inflicted wounds during one of her hysterical spells of violent aberration.

"Such rioting scenes were not often witnessed among the natives, as harmony generally ruled, especially among the young people. And any difficulty which could not be amicably adjusted, the young warriors carried their grievances to the Chief of their tribe, who preferred judgment; sometimes the erring one suffered death, but usually a settlement followed. The severity of their punishment for their bad conduct kept peace and order among the natives; for that reason, very often their misunderstanding blew over without much, if any, conflict. However, this was an eventful circumstance, which roused no little excitement among the young people of the tribes who were divided in their sympathies."

"That was certainly bad," said Angeline. . "Bad enough," she continued, "but, cher Louis, you have

not yet told us how you came and with whom you came home?"

"There was a British vessel cruising not far from our cabin location where we were waiting for Xavier. The captain and first mate were suddenly taken violently ill from some stale food they had eaten, and in their little boat they used to come over to the cabin, they came and took me, knowing I had gone through the medical schools at Bordeaux, as I had previously informed them, to do what I could to help the dying men; for they were, apparently, dying. And the fateful story of the life I was obliged to live, after promising to get me to Bordeaux, shall never be told;—the hardships I endured, and the abuse I received after so kindly rendering my service to their needs. 'Tis all over now, and if I only knew the fate of those, Brother Filmore and others, who were to remain until I got over and could arrange to send traders who would be going back and forth, to bring them, hoping by that time Xavier would have reached the place and they could all come together. But now, I hardly know what to say since you have the little one brought you from there since I left," said Doctor Louis, to change the subject.

"Well, three have since died, according to Captain de Marchand's message, from the three that remained, and two are with Xavier, as is also Brother Filmore," said Madame de Champeaux.

"Then we may have all hopes for Xavier's return, I assure you," said the Doctor.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

The de Champeaux manor was adjoining the city at the edge of a pretty suburb, facing a beautiful wide and straight avenue shaded on both sides with trees of nearly a half a century growth. The house was brick and stone with large dormer windows and mansard roof, partially visible through large Norway evergreens that lay their sweeping limbs over laws divided by carriage drives and well-kept walks around pretty flower beds edged with bordering plants, gorgeously resplendent with delicate violets and crimson and pink primroses. The veranda on the west side of the house looked over the hill to the boulevard of the villa which intersected the private parks lying on both sides for several miles.

One early September evening, as the deep shadows of a crimson sunset glared through the great cedars and the closing day was inviting twilight under a calm sky for the night, Dr. Louis Balrossa and Angeline were enjoying the pleasant evening on the veranda waiting the return of Monsieur and Madame de Champeaux and Aunt Marie from the city. The quite of dawning twilight was broken by the sound of fast traveling horses on the pavement coming closer and closer. Becoming alarmed that it might be the family team, they started to the gate at the driveway, when

suddenly they heard a terrible crash followed by loud screams that rent the air with distressing sounds. Before they reached the gate Bruno, the old Newfoundland dog, sprang up and with two leaps was over the gate and in the middle of the road in front of the horses just in time to head them off and prevent them from dragging the occupants with the overturned chaise when Doctor Baalrossa seized the bridle and kept them from turning, as they were about to run back in the direction whence they came.

Angeline went at once to Doctor Louis Balrossa's assistance and reached for the reins, meanwhile several who were near by came running to the scene and with their help Doctor Louis Balrossa raised the overturned rig and released the victims from their perilous position. One of the ladies was more frightened than hurt and in hysterical outbreaks screamed continuously until taken away from the scene, her only injury being the sudden jar she received from the fall. But her companion, who was driving and who came in contact with the hard pavement, was picked up more dead than alive. She was badly bruised about the face and shoulder and had a deep cut in the right side of the head. They carried her carefully to the side of the road and made her as comfortable as possible, keeping the blood from her nose and mouth, which was flowing frightfully free, while a young man on horseback, who happened at the scene, rode off as fast as he could for a surgeon. Doctor Louis Balrossa brought a cot from the house on which they placed the injured

woman, carrying her gently to the de Champeaux home just as the surgeon arrived.

The Doctor pronounced Constance, now Madame de Beranger, very seriously, if not fatally, injured. He feared the worst from the deep gash on the head and internal injury of the right side. He asked that an assistant surgeon might be called in consultation, and to come at once.

Constance's mother, Madame Richelieu, and her husband, Col. de Beranger, were notified by parties who took the ponies home, and arrived as the doctors were dressing the wounds. Their appeals for her recognition of them were indeed heart-rending. They wept aloud and prayed to God to save her life, if only for the sake of her baby girl. Madame Richelieu was inconsolable and had to be carried from the room. The surgeon, with the assistance of Doctor Dupont, dressed the wound, taking seven stitches in the gash on the head, and bandaged the right shoulder, which had a slight fracture and was frightfully bruised. They could give no encouragement to Col. de Beranger, as they feared the worst from internal injuries.

The doctors retired to an adjoining room, awaiting signs of returning consciousness, leaving Doctor Louis Balrossa and Angeline in attendance, who remained throughout the night and ministered to her every need, giving a most kindly attention to the sorrowing mother and husband as well as the apparently dying woman.

Shortly after midnight, Constance began to show signs of restlessness. She muttered indistinctly and

was quite restless which the Doctor hoped would continue.

As Constance lay with her head thrown back, breathing heavily, she presented a ghastly sight, which Angeline, while moistening the lips with ice water keeping her mouth free from blood, tried hard to hide from the sad, inconsolable mother.

Madame de Champeaux, who was reclining on the couch in the library, came several times during the night to inquire, and while she had little hopes for Constance's recovery, she felt she must encourage Madame Richelieu that Constance would be better in the morning and would recognize them all.

"How strangely things do come about," said Doctor Balrossa to Angeline who had been considering the circumstances of the accident. He had called to take her to a reception in honor of La Surgeons de Militaire, of Bordeaux. "Yes, queer things happen; things that if we were told beforehand, we would treat as fateful fancies of illusion, or mere happenings; when all the while they are notably significant of much that is scheduled in our experiences of life. And, however, if we do fail to see or credit their deeper meaning and feel to pass them off as we do the impressional dreams, treating them as superstitious conjectures, this one is particularly mysterious to me."

"Yes, indeed," said Angeline. "With the circumstance of this distressing accident. We stood and witnessed it all, and we need not be overly observing to notice it and feel it as a mysterious coincidence."

"Poor Constance," said Doctor Louis Balrossa to

Angeline. "If Xavier could know he would have sympathy for her were he to look on the sweet pale face of her, whom he once felt was the only woman that could make his life a happy one."

She was lying helpless, bruised and unconscious, hopelessly injured, at his home, borne there by his most intimate friend and being tenderly cared for by Angeline. Doctor Louis Balrossa thought of Xavier who had sworn to love one, a native of a dark skin and uneducated; while Constance, a beautiful woman of refinement and education, who it seems was involuntarily discarded by him; she who was his first love, now wedded to another who had wealth and honor, giving her great distinction but not the sincere love Xavier had for her. She was now unconscious and lost to all sense of life. She was fast passing away and, but a few days, she would be gone from the midst of a host of admiring friends and loving relatives, and her life from childhood up would be as a dream of a passing day. She would no longer be known only in memory to make her life a story told in the incidents apparent of it as a reality briefly given to make her one of the characters associated with the time and life of one, Xavier, whose heart she held at one time as hers, in her true affection for him whom she loved to her soul sincerity. Constance's love for Xavier lived buried in her confidence of his promise and she faithfully waited his return, when he would make her his wife, which at that time, would have made Constance Louise Richelieu the happiest of women. But, instead, came his message which annulled the marriage

and under such circumstances as did not embitter her with feelings against him who had been always before so sincerely true. And in her earliest affection, her sympathy went out to him. Even though he was espoused to another, she believed him true to her. "Her ever loving Xavier. Her first love."

Constance lived to mourn Xavier as dead; lost to her as in death. Though he might in time make his escape and leave his native wife who saved his life, yet his return was as uncertain as life itself and his fate made him dead to her.

The marriage alliance, which seemed compulsory on the part of the natives, was duly considered and not disapproved by Constance. She thoughtfully rehearsed the prevailing circumstances, that were so carefully given in detail at Xavier's request, in which he did not disclaim his love for the dark-eyed native princess, and whom he claimed was, in every way, worthy of his affection. How she admired his loyalty to his promise. Had he not been held captive he was even willing to fulfill his promise on his return home. No, no, she could not claim the rights of his affection after she truly realized his love for the Indian Princess. He would live to his promise, and while he loved the Princess, a maiden of the forest, he also cherished the love of Constance, which Constance felt to understand.

Shortly after having received Xavier's message, Constance met Col. de Beranger from Paris, who, on leave of absence from the Regular Army, was visiting relatives and friends at Bordeaux. His leave of

absence was for three months, during which the Colonel saw much of the pretty Constance Louise. They met at balls and receptions, several of which were given in honor of the Colonel. He was very attentive to Constance and rumor made no mistake, it being no secret, that when the Colonel would return to Paris, he would not go alone. Colonel de Beranger had his furlough extended for three months longer, during which they were married at the parish cathedral by Father Francis de Nesmond. They traveled extensively and paid a visit to the Colonel's parents at Lyons, then went to Paris to reside, where the Colonel had a beautiful home which he ordered furnished under Constance's supervision.

Constance was happy. She had a kind devoted husband whose ardent attachment and admiration were not blindly misplaced. Constance was worthy and deservedly so of all the wealth he might choose to lavish upon her. She had every quality in principle of a true woman, which were marked to distinguish her personal characteristics, ennobling her so that the Colonel worshipped her as the idol of his life. And why not? Constance was a beautiful woman, tall in stature, with luxurious light brown hair waving naturally around the temples, with eyes that mingled a happy expression, though with melancholy and with a deep sentiment of magnetic tenderness, touching one with a look that gave a feeling of sincerity not often seen. Constance had excellent taste in dress which added to her beauty. Her amiable manner made her a general favorite with his large circle of friends, who

accused the Colonel of being just a little vain of his beautiful wife. Their baby girl was just a little past three months old and Constance had not been to Bordeaux since they were married and she longed to visit her mother; and at once the Colonel made arrangements to go to Bordeaux, closing his home for the winter. One week had scarcely elapsed since their arrival. Constance was anxious to drive the ponies now belonging to her younger brothers. She was on her way with Olivia Saint Lacroix to the home of her friend, Pauline Piere, when the ponies not accustomed to her driving, became unmanageable which resulted in the distressing accident which would probably cost her her life, as no hopes were entertained for her recovery.

It was breaking day the morning after the accident. The surgeons left the patient resting easy, sleeping soundly, and by appointment would call the early part of the afternoon unless called sooner. The Colonel and Madame Richelieu were at her bedside, they having prevailed on Angeline to rest while they would remain with Constance. Doctor Louis Balrossa the while remained at calling distance; should they need anything, he would be ready to give immediate assistance, as the nurse from the hospital had not yet arrived. The sun rose with breaking day which showed light from the high window, which was open from the top transome. The fresh morning air came in and in the calm of peaceful surroundings Constance opened her eyes.

The Colonel stood beside the cot with tear-dimmed

eyes and heart heavy in emotions of sympathy, and gently taking her hands, kissed the bruised cheek of his beloved wife. Madame Richelieu turned away, saying: "Life is there, but Constance is not herself." She looked about in a dazed condition and called for the ponies to stop, and putting her hand to her head, she went off into a slumber.

Nothing was said to Constance as they were cautioned to keep her as quiet as possible should she waken, not rouse her to any thought other than would be independent of anything they might infer that they might not confuse her in her weakened mental state.

Breakfast was announced, but Madame Richelieu protested to her leaving Constance and the Colonel had no appetite, but Doctor Louis Balrossa insisted on him taking a cup of coffee and a fresh roll; that he would remain in the adjoining room with the door ajar and should Constance move he would call them.

Five minutes had not elapsed when Bruno barked and jumped from the veranda after a stray cat that was crossing the lawn, which wakened Constance and she called for Clement, "Oh, Clement!"

Doctor Louis Balrossa stepped to her bedside and said: "He will be here, he is at breakfast and your mother also."

She turned her head slightly and looked after him as he passed through the hallway to the door to call the Colonel and Madame Richelieu.

As the Colonel came, she reached both her hands to him and said: "Oh, Clement! What does this all

mean?" and raising her left hand to her head she asked: "Am I hurt to die? How did this all happen that I should be here, and where is mother and the baby?"

"You met with an accident, ma chere, but you are not fatally hurt. Your mother is at breakfast and will be here; just now she is coming." Pressing a kiss on her lips he turned away with tears in his eyes.

When her mother reached the bedside, Constance reached for her hands and said: "Oh, dear mother, why must this all be? Don't worry, I'll be better presently; but where is Jeannette, why don't they bring her to me? I must see her, my baby. Is my face," putting her hands to her face, "So frightful looking that Jeannette won't know her mother?"

"Do you know where you are, Constance?" asked the Colonel.

"Yes, yes, that was Doctor Louis Balrossa who was just here and called you for me. Clement, why don't Doctor Louis Balrossa come in and see me? I would like to speak to him with regard to mon cher Xavier."

The Colonel brought Doctor Louis Balrossa. They walked arm in arm as brothers, much affected, to where Constance was lying. She raised her eyes and looked at Doctor Louis Balrossa, reached for his hand and held it very affectionately while she wept with serenity. Looking at the Colonel she spoke with much feeling, saying: "My dear Clement, you are my dear husband and this is Doctor Louis Balrossa, my first love's dearest friend. I often talked of him and told

you the dear good boy he was, and I the girl of eighteen who held his heart for a time."

Seldom the case; but both men's eyes were full of real tears, while the brave little woman held to finish what she wanted to say.

"Clement, you have my love, pure and unselfish as any true wife and with a supremely womanly devotion, it shall last while I live; but I reserve the right of a friendly affection in a pure girlish love for Xavier that shall also last while I live, in a sentiment of fond affection that can never die. Tell him, will you, for me?"

"The first, the first; Oh! naught like it
That years can bring;
For summer hath no flowers so sweet
As those of early spring.

The surgeons came and with them a nurse from the Hospital St. Andre.

The overwrought emotion at meeting Doctor Louis Balrossa, Xavier's dear friend, and her conversation in her deeper sentiment expressed at a time when perfect quiet seemed so necessary, and with the thought of being a victim of a serious accident was an overcharged strain, which the Colonel and Doctor Louis Balrossa feared was testing her strength. But, under the circumstances, it could not be avoided, as it would eventually take place at their first meeting. Constance showed no sign other than the bravest, that once told, her heart would be light.

Constance watched the surgeons and smiled while they dressed the wound on her head. She spoke of her injuries with an unnatural indifference and mocked the idea of pain, which was not the best indication. As the physicians were leaving, the Colonel walked with them to the carriage, deeply concerned in question of Constance's condition. They promised him a report on the morrow, as now there was nothing to indicate a change that they might give out a statement other than the first, that her injuries were considered serious to the extreme. Constance rallied to her interest of her first love. She inquired to know of Doctor Balrossa, the circumstances of Xavier's fateful situation united with his native spouse and what she was like. Doctor Balrossa acquainted her with the desired knowledge, and while she held his left hand, she pulled him clear to her and kissed his right hand affectionately, saying: "Give this to Xavier. Oh, I saw him in my dream last night and I know he thinks of me although I am not his wife." Calling Angeline, she said: "Please be seated" pointing to a chair beside her cot.

Holding her hand she spoke slowly but distinctly, saying: "You are a good, dear soul and I know we shall always be friends. I sense, as I hold your hand, that you have the inflow of heavenly inspiration which radiates in the illumination of your being. You are a dear good soul and in every way most worthy of the better of life which will come to you later. How happy I am to know more of you; we will become bet-

ter acquainted and take much pleasure in one another's company when I shall have recovered."

The nurse arrived with baby Jeannette, and how the helpless mother's countenance brightened as she looked upon her little darling. Her eyes sparkled as she watched the little one play with her chubby, dimpled fists, crowing innocently in its dream of babyhood life.

Five days had now elapsed since the accident and Constance's condition was not improved. After consultation, the doctors gave special directions to the nurse and left without reporting, much to the dissatisfaction of the Colonel, who was anxiously alarmed that Constance would not live the night through.

Constance now said but little and when she did speak, it was faintly and with much effort. She was at times lost to her surroundings and paid no attention to anything, not even to her baby Jeannette attracting her. The Colonel was very sad. He walked the floor back and forth, again and again with downcast eyes. Now and then he would go over to Constance and look at her sadly calling her to speak to him, when he would wait for her answer, then kiss her and walk away discouraged. With a sad heart, he went to another room and wept with all the emotion of his being. He realized Constance was gradually growing weaker and sinking, and that there was no hope for her recovery, and unless a power above all mortal skill would soon supervene, Constance would soon pass to the beyond and be one with the perfect dead.

It was late in the afternoon and Colonel de Beranger was impatient with the surgeons not having made their afternoon call early, they were negligent, he claimed. Constance was very nervous and seemed excited. She would call for one and then another. She would reach for them and kiss their hands and press them to her cheek. She would look about with a vacant stare and despairingly close her eyes in great disappointment.

The surgeons came at last and with very few words, examined the wounds, having the nurse remove some of the clothing, and they counselled, making a thorough examination of the right side and shoulder, the Colonel the while standing close beside them. Dr. Dupont motioned to the surgeon, Dr. Lemaire, and his answer was not unexpected, when he shook his head and turning from the patient, whispered to her husband, "Al extermite." Dr. Lemaire advised the Colonel to stay close by, that most any moment she was liable to pass away. An abscess had formed involving the right lung, which would break and cause death.

The de Champeaux home was enshrouded in deep gloom—all in the deepest sorrow for the sad mother and her husband. Constance's life was fast ebbing away midst the most cherished relations of loved ones and devoted friends, she who, but a little over a week ago was well and happy, enjoying her first visit home after her marriage.

The Richelieus and de Champeauxs were very warm friends and had been from childhood. Their

children also grew up in the affectionate associations of their parents' lasting friendship. Madame Richelieu seemed not so fortunate as Madame de Champeaux, she having been bereft of her husband and left a widow at a time when her dear companion, Leonardus Richelieu, was most needed. He met an accidental death by drowning, being with a party boating, among which was Madame's brother, who was drowned also when Constance was but five years old and her brothers, respectively, three and eight years old. Madame Richelieu's children knew little of a father's love and care, which deeply impressed Madame de Champeaux with sympathy for her much loved friend.

Never in view of a death did man pour forth a more touching or pathetic lamentation than Col. de Beranger for his idolized wife, Constance. Just before midnight, Constance seemed better, her brothers having just left feeling hopeful in the perceptible change in Constance's condition for the better. Constance called for her baby Jeannette. Angeline went at once to the room of the nurse and took the sleeping babe in her arms, folding it in her dainty knit shawl, and carried her to her mother. Dr. Dupont, who had returned to remain for the night, arose and gave Angeline the chair and bade her be seated beside the cot. The Colonel and Madame Richelieu were seated on the opposite side, the Colonel having Constance's hand. Doctor Louis Balrossa stood at the foot with the attending nurse and Dr. Dupont sorrowfully watching for the last. Madame de Champeaux moved closer and embraced Madame Richelieu, and in their sisterly em-

brace wept together. Constance opened her eyes slowly and looked at the Colonel, then pointing with her left hand to Doctor Balrossa motioned him to Angeline's side and laying her hands on the arm that so tenderly held little Jeannette, she said to Angeline: "Always watch over the little dear, she is so precious to me and she will be to you."

She turned and looked at her mother weeping in the embrace of Madame de Champeaux, and said: "Sing, dear mother, do not—do not weep; I'm happy," and with three short gasps, slightly visible, the soul of the much-loved Constance Louise de Beranger went out midst loving mourners to its celestial sphere to know naught but live in the calm of the just in eternal peace of its thought realm.

Such was the death-bed scene of the beautiful, cherished and much-loved Constance. The remains were removed to the house of her childhood, where, just three years ago, she walked out the happy bride of Col. de Beranger, and now would be borne to her last resting place by sympathetic and loving friends who would pay their tributes of respect and perform the last sad duty, Doctor Louis Balrossa acting as one of the pall bearers.

Just three weeks, being two weeks since the accident, and all that remains of the once happy and pretty Constance Richelieu would be lying beside the remains of her father in the family mausoleum on the hill-side of a beautiful slope in the cathedral churchyard under the shade of a wide spreading chestnut tree.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

April made her grand debut with all the countless graces of early verdure. The tender tendrils growing, peeped at the sunshine midst warm showers that fell in gentle raindrops that patted the pale-cheek violets and wakened the buttercup buds to bloom. All nature was animated with the joyous return of Spring, which gave new life and vigor to man and beast as well as the growing green.

Nine years had now elapsed since Xavier with his party left Bordeaux, during which time had brought changes many and everywhere. Madame de Champeaux had been bereft of her dear companion, whose demise was very sudden and unexpected, with an attack of acute bronchitis and lung fever. Aunt Marie was now an invalid, crippled and quite helpless with rheumatism, that Angeline was kept close at home with cares involved through ties which bind us in kindly affiliating in life's duties to one another.

The once popular de Champeaux family prominent in society and noted for their elaborate receptions entertaining the noble families of Bordeaux, was no longer conspicuous at social gatherings as previous to Xavier's departure for the new country, which had resulted in his long absence and unknown fate. Madame Richelieu had died also, following her beloved daughter, Constance, to the grave something

over two years after the sad disaster, leaving as was Constance's request in case of her mother's, Madame Richelieu's death, her little daughter Jeannette to Angeline's care until she would be capable of self-charge, the Colonel to provide the necessary means for her support and education. Constance was strictly opposed to girls being raised in the convent, owing to a lack of opportunity for learning through experience the little cares of home duties, which she thought marked nobly the womanly characteristics of young ladies growing to womanhood. She felt they would become gracefully adopted and more efficiently capable to assume the womanly responsibilities of home life by assisting at times, making it practical with their every day life.

Colonel de Beranger made annual visits to Bordeaux, spending his vacations when on furlough with his little daughter Jeannette. She was now a pretty little miss of six summers, growing tall and graceful with a promising sweet face much like her mother's and the Colonel was very fond of his little daughter. He spent much of his time at the de Champeaux home when at Bordeaux, and rumor gave rise that in the near future the pretty Angeline would soon become the wife of the Colonel, as it appeared to the outside world. However, on the contrary, Doctor Balrossa, one more sacred to her none other could be, and Angeline's hope lasted, as she believed some day she would wed him whom she loved most.

Madame de Champeaux was growing more impatient every day. She would grieve and say: "Nine

years, yes, very nearly ten years since Xavier has gone and if he is alive and could in anyway get back, it would have been before this." She was given to melancholy spells in consequence of her double affliction. She grieved and mourned, the effect of which weakened her mind to her imploring sympathy from friends and members of the household which was not denied her. Joan, the gardener, would bring the select flowers and fruit from the garden and say comforting little things to her; how he would have the place looking when Xavier returned. She would look happy and smile, saying: "You all have so much hope, but I have none, none now whatever; but if only Xavier were home, how happy we would all be." Angeline gave the grieving mother the most kindly attention in every way possible. Madame de Champeaux lacked nothing to her comfort and knew no want, but once more to see her dear son.

"If only Brother Filmore and Xavier have been fortunate enough to have been able to remain together, they could plan and manage better, the two than one, and reach home. If they are together they will be company for each other and could care for each other in case of sickness. And if only Xavier were not suffering; if only I knew, I could die happy."

Such thoughts were imaginary visions of what might have happened him, and "if he were still living or had he been tortured to death," almost drove Madame de Champeaux to distraction at times, that she bewailed in a most pitiful manner in consequence of Xavier's unknown fate.

The seventh of September being Xavier's natal day, he would on this day be forty-one years old, and as was customary, the day would be duly observed by having some fresh cut flowers and evergreen ferns in the drawing room and his picture decorated with the same. To make it more memorable, Madame de Champeaux sent invitations to a few of his most intimate friends to dine with her on that day. Madame de Champeaux was never happier than talking with Xavier's brother-friend, Doctor Balrossa and others of the party, she had invited. Col. de Beranger was also invited. He was on a visit on a three months' absence from the army. Dinner was announced and the guests were seated; Doctor Balrossa stood beside the vacant chair which was to the right side of the mother of the absent son, Madame de Champeaux. The vacant chair was tipped to the plate filled with white asters and creeping ferns falling over the back of the chair, which were tied in place with a love-knot of beautiful pink silk ribbon. The commentary remarks were befitting the occasion in commemoration of Xavier's anniversary, and with hopeful congratulations extended to Madame de Champeaux, they pressed the sad Madame to believe that in the near future they would know no vacant chair, but that Xavier would be with them to his honor in person at his next anniversary.

Doctor Balrossa stated that Monsieur de Valrouse, a wealthy furrier, was thinking seriously of promoting an expedition of traders and prospectors comprising a fleet of three vessels. He would carry out Xavier's plan to do trading to cover the general ex-

penditures and prospect generally, the while viewing sites for future colonization, buying such rights from the natives. At the same time he would have them make interrogating investigations among the tribes of the neighboring vicinity where Commander de Champeaux and Brother Filmore were last seen.

It was late time expecting to hear much of the missing men, and yet, no telling, Xavier might be alive and well. At times Doctor Balrossa was inclined to believe so, and for that reason alone he would go, and volunteered to accompany the expedition rendering his service as physician. He felt that he was acquainted with the ways of the natives and the vicinity which they would aim to make in point of location. Madame de Champeaux at once offered to contribute liberally to the project though all efforts heretofore had been in vain. But it was indeed a comforting thought which fell like a ray of sunshine from the sky over the de Champeaux home, that something more would be done to lift the gloom of utter despair from the hearts of his mother and little daughter.

Madame de Champeaux was inclined to rejoice in the thought of Monsieur de Valrouse's proposed expedition. And while it was late and a long time since the return of the searching expedition sent out by the late Monsieur de Champeaux, which ended in their fruitless effort to discourage all future plans for the rescue for Brother Filmore and Xavier, they concluded that while there was little to have very much hopes, yet it was an effort upon which their hopes

rested that he might yet be alive and would reach home with them.

Doctor Balrossa now felt that the time had come for developments, to have naturally adjusted conditions fixing themselves, or they would not be so strongly imbued with the thoughts that were coming to those with whom Xavier was so intimately associated in life. And from various reports at different times from sailing vessels seeing natives trying to signal vessels; one notably in charge of an English captain was now believed to be, as Doctor Balrossa claimed, none other than the much lamented Commander de Champeaux.

Doctor Balrossa had intended remaining at home to take up the practice of medicine, having about satisfied his roaming ambitions; but considering this to Xavier's interest and being his most intimate friend, he would join the party of explorers of de Valrouse's expedition in hopes of learning something of his absent friend if not bring him home alive, the latter he hoped most on account of Madame de Champeaux and the little Marie Louise.

One evening late in December, a messenger boy was announced who wished to see Madame de Champeaux and to say that Doctor Balrossa would call promptly at 8 P. M. to take her to see a sick seaman who wished to talk to her in person on an important matter with relation to something of interest to her. The man was a sailor on a British frigate, which was cruising westward on the border of a lake on an out-of-the-way route, with a party of explorers and traders.

They saw something floating on the water, they could not imagine what; their curiosity led them to lower a small boat and pick up what might be a valuable package, belonging to someone that had been lost at sea in the wreckage of a vessel. They hauled the pack on deck and opened it; when, to their surprise, they saw it had been cast upon the water by one who bore the name Xavier de Champeaux, 1643, which was cut deep in the wood and which had been wrapped carefully and tied tight with hide string to make it appear a valuable package which would not float past a vessel unnoticed, if it chanced to float the way of vessel routes.

On his return the young sailor learned at the dock boarding house of the de Champeaux expedition, and that the natives held the Commander, Xavier de Champeaux of Bordeaux, France, as captive, for whom the Monsieur de Champeaux had offered a handsome reward for the return of his only son, or even of some word, that he might learn of his whereabouts to send after him. He came to carry the message to the de Champeaux family, when he was taken very ill on his arrival at Bordeaux and was sent to St. Andre's de Mercy Hospital. Doctor Balrossa was made acquainted of the arrival of the sailor lad through one of the surgeons of the hospital and he at once sent a messenger that he would be there in less than an hour to take Madame de Champeaux to the hospital, as there was no time to lose. The young man was very sick and verging on a high fever that it was most important Madame de Champeaux should go at once to learn

some such word as was possible from Xavier while the young man lived as the doctors held little hopes for his recovery.

The door was hardly closed when Angeline came to Madame de Champeaux saying, "Doctor Balrossa is waiting in the hall below." Madame de Champeaux was making a change in her attire for the street, the doctor not removing his gloves and overcoat, not expecting to remain but until such time as Madame de Champeaux would be ready. Angeline returned and stood at the foot of the stairs under the red shaded hall light which threw warm rays over her coal black hair, which was loosely rolled from the goodly sweet face of the noble girl, and with her deep dark eyes she was a beautiful woman in the prime of her womanly graces approaching her thirtieth birthday.

The doctor on the impulse of the moment, could no longer maintain his assumed feeling of pretended indifference to his true lasting affection. He rose from his chair and going before her stood taking both of her hands and held them most affectionately and said with the deepest feeling, "My dear Angeline."

Angeline could no longer control her feelings. She could not speak a word, only shook her head and began weeping with her head on his shoulder. She stood beside him with her hands in his whom she loved;—she as a martyr of destiny.

Madame de Champeaux came, saying, "I am ready. Have I kept you long waiting?"

"No, no," said Doctor Balrossa.

Looking at Angeline he said: "Now cheer up, dear, life will be brighter after awhile."

Angeline closed the door after them and went direct to her room to wash her face and to somewhat collect herself that Aunt Marie might not know she had been crying. She went to look after Marie Louise and Jeannette, the two little girls, as her charge of duty for which she received pay. They had propped Auntie Marie in bed; meanwhile she was telling them fairy tales to keep them quiet for the evening, while they anxiously waited Madame de Champeaux's return from the hospital. It was late when she returned. The little Mademoiselles were asleep and Auntie Marie was tired and drowsy. Angeline had gone to the drawing room where she sat reading.

Madame de Champeaux came home feeling happy. She was so encouraged telling Angeline the news that they really had heard of something which was promising of the fact that Xavier was still alive, if he had not died just recently, and she told her all as they sat at the foot of Aunt Marie's bed. The news filled the sick lady's heart with joy. It lightened Angeline's heart to know that he who had been a brother to her since she came into the family, was yet alive; with all hopes in Monsieur de Valrouse's expedition, he would have a chance to come home. She congratulated Madame de Champeaux and, with an affectionate embrace, they wished each other good night.

Angeline went to her room and cried herself to sleep.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

It was no secret that Doctor Balrossa had long been in love with Angeline and she favored the young medical student, who was paying her the attention of a devoted lover since she was the sweet mademoiselle of sixteen. They, no doubt, would have been happily married ere this but for the stern opposition of Monsieur and Madame Balrossa. They objected to their son's marriage on account of Angeline having no birth registration to identify her parentage. She was an orphan and was placed in the nun's foundling home under peculiar circumstances. She was brought from a distant city by a nurse, who was heavily veiled and dressed in deep mourning, doing her duty impressively solemn. The strange little woman in black left as unceremoniously as she came, after leaving instructions with the Mother Superior of the home. The little one was to be called "Angeline," as the name given the child by her dying mother. The nuns were to find her a home in a respectable family where there were no girls, when she would be three years old, and on leaving a payment to amply satisfy the nuns for the care and keeping of the little one, the great door closed as the frail dark form of the nurse left the convent for off whither and to where was a mystery, one of many like happenings at such places, and

though the nuns were curious, they dared not question.

Angeline grew to be a pretty girl of nearly four summers and the Mother Superior must live up to the promise she made according to the nurse's instructions, however much she felt to keep Angeline to whom the nuns had become much attached.

Madame de Champeaux and the Mother Superior were fast friends. Madame de 'Champeaux made regular visits at the convent and contributed handsome donations towards the support of the institution. She was a wealthy benefactress, much in sympathy with the nuns in their work caring for the motherless children and knew, generally, pretty much about the little ones entrusted to the care of the good nuns.

With a little persuasion, she consented to take the little Angeline and give her a home and her motherly guidance until when she would become of age to choose for herself. She could return to the convent if she so desired, or remain at the de Champeaux home, so long as she was pleased to be one of the family.

After his parents' objection to his marriage, Doctor Balrossa was unsettled. He took no interest or pleasure in his home associations of life. He traveled extensively that he might overcome the great disappointment of his parents' disapproval of his marrying Angeline, and while they endeavored to persuade him to marry another, he averred his intention of remaining firm to his conclusion: "If Angeline was not good enough to be his wife no other living woman would fill the place in life held sacred to him," he consider-

ing her deserving graces though her parents were unknown.

Doctor Balrossa's love for Angeline was buried deep in a most sensitive nature, and while Angeline knew his innermost sentiments when they met they acted no more than ordinarily friendly, while all the while in their hearts was the spark of purest love kindled in an affined affection, as they lived on from day to day, taking pleasure in being true to one another.

During the time of his roving adventures we might recall his worded sentiments of his true love for Angeline, as he would sing in his loneliness, musing his innermost thoughts to her memory which lived where 'er he was:

"Sweet Angeline, thou art my favorite and only one,
Without thee life would have for me no charm.
And as I travel through far-off countries alone
Memory brings to me thy fair face and form,
As I also seem to hear thy sweet voice calling,
While silently conscience tells me my error done;
Ever, ever my own dear one, "Sweet Angeline."

At home now facing opportunities which would make him happily settled for life, yet he must live to a duty other than for self-interests. He must make one more effort to locate his brother-friend Xavier, and, if possible, bring him back to France. It was a duty pledged in promise that he would be no better

contented were he happily married to her whom he loved more than his life. He was most certain that Xavier de Champeaux still lived and was a prisoner of circumstances in the wild, wild regions of the New World, and he must sacrifice all else to the effort in rescuing him. The floater found was beyond a doubt cast upon the water by none other than he who was in need of assistance he would give to the risk of his life, and Angeline knew and understood all without further explanation. She had privileges, thereby making her free to her choice with no restrictions to hinder chances she might have in opportunities promoting better conditions of life that might come to her in his absence.

His unselfish silence was doubly cruel to both, as both resolved to be true to the other confirmed, as they were, from an inner sense of each other's constancy; but how he would love to make her acquainted with his intentions for the future after his return, if his affairs would move favorable to his hopeful prosperity. He knew Colonel de Beranger was paying Angeline some attention not slight of an affection to press his way to win her heart, as it was reported by the gossiping society that Angeline would soon become the wife of Colonel de Beranger.

Colonel de Beranger was aware of the Doctor's lasting affection for Angeline. Constance knew the circumstances of her early life and had informed the Colonel of the Monsieur and Madame Balrossa's objection to their son's marriage on account of Angeline's being an orphan, raised at an orphan home with no

knowledge of her parents. Colonel de Beranger also knew, from what Doctor Balrossa had told him, that, though his parents would gladly approve of his marrying Angeline and rather regretted they had so stoutly objected to his marriage with the lady of his choice, he would not now consider the idea, though Angeline was the only one he ever loved well enough to marry, or ever would marry, which worried his parents much, taking upon themselves the blame for his unsettled life. He now felt he had not amassed the necessary means to keep his fair Angeline becoming to his consideration of her.

The Colonel did not pretend to hide from Doctor Balrossa his affection for Angeline, which was growing decidedly strong, even to an infatuation. He was now particularly attentive to her and before the Doctor, who knew at the turn of his hand Angeline would be his; yet the Doctor did not try to disguise the fact from the Colonel whom he told in a very plain unpretentious way that it was a secondary matter with him, if he was Colonel de Beranger. It just miffed the Doctor a bit and he felt had it been anyone else than the Colonel who confronted him, there possibly would have been little or nothing more thought of the matter. However, it pinched the Doctor's heart, touching him with a feeling he never before experienced, and while he felt to be reluctantly independent and let Angeline's love be tested to the Colonel's satisfaction, as he wanted him to meet with Angeline's refusal, yet, had it not been for his having made every arrangement to go with the party of traders and try

to locate Xavier, he for half a notion, would like to show the Colonel his true position in this love affair. He would at once settle this lasting affair which was forever haunting him with a feeling of unrest, and at once marry Angeline; yes, and even though he would be off on the morrow for the New World, he would marry Angeline. She was his only star of hope rising with his every ambition, and without the thought of Angeline, the bright of life would be lost in the gloom of living an endless day without joy. "And now to lose it all in the face of my best opportunity," he thought. "Am I bereft of my senses, the fool I am? No, Angeline is mine. The Colonel shall not claim her who is mine."

He was strongly impressed to change his mind; but then there was Xavier and he felt a lasting duty to him who would do the same by him were it he who was off and he must go and help locate Xavier; however hard it would be to see the only woman he ever loved married to another in person of the Colonel who had means and was rising to his social position in promotion of honorable distinction. He would wear the gilded epaulets and uniform, making him the more attractive, which was becoming to the complexion of his handsome face.

While it concerned Doctor Balrossa not a little, he acted insignificantly unconcerned when in the presence of the Colonel. The Colonel approached Doctor Balrossa and told him of his plans when he would be married to Angeline.

In a dignified way, but in a manner every way

becoming to a gentleman Doctor Balrossa spoke plainly to the Colonel saying: "If it is Angeline's wishes, and I assure you she is capable of choosing, it is her privilege. I am sure she can do as she pleases and she is the one to decide. She is to be suited in this matter so far as I am concerned, but allow me to congratulate you should you be so fortunate as to win the fairest woman I ever knew. That I worship her, I do not deny, and while all these years my life has been blasted of its fondest dream, because of my youthful inexperience, I was persuaded by my people not to marry Angeline, who they claim was dishonored by not having a birth record; she not having some knowledge of her birth lineage, being a foundling, taken from a foundling's home and raised, and now acting in service as a housemaid, you might say, and I listened, yes, heeded, yes, was persuaded by them and I told her all. I, the fool that I was, yes, the fool that I am. We were to have been married in the fall and during the most beautiful season of the year, when the roses were in full bloom and everything was grand and cheerful. With an aching heart and to know no sadder hour, one evening I appointed the time and I told her the facts of why we must forever remain as friends only; but a true one I would always be to her, on that she might depend, and so far I have kept my promise. Believe me, Colonel, I have ever since hated myself and will ever continue to hate myself while I live. That I deserve misery heaped upon me in recompense for the absurdity of my disloyalty and for my ignorant impudence, that I would even hint at the idea to one

as fair and pure as my dear Angeline, telling her of what appeals to me now as wholly wrong and unjust; that because of the circumstances connected with Angeline's birth and her being a housemaid and raised to the more domestic duties of life she was not in a social position to be the wife of one born of aristocratic ancestors, and that I would mention the like to a noble beautiful woman as Angeline—why, I hang my head with shame and feel the unworthiness of her love. Yes, Colonel, my dear Angeline, mine in love, I shall always claim. For people's opinions and for the sake of society I sacrificed one of the most deserving and one who would have made me most happy. And what have people's opinions done for me but wrecked my life in consequence? Through ignorance, I allowed the controlling sentiment in the regime of the social world to bar out of my life my brightest prospects, and allow me to say, Colonel, with all due respect to you and your society, that society is the greatest farce to the commonwealth and deserves no consideration from a rational man. Better a thousand times a man be born a slave to labor, for he is free in his humble life, than be born a slave to society and be held in fear to make sacrifices of such as kills our heaven on earth to fear people's opinions. So my dear friend, Colonel, allow me again to congratulate you should you be so fortunate as to win my Angeline; may your life be long and always happy with her, for you are worthy of her, if you defy the consideration of your aristocratic society and make Angeline your wife. You are certainly deserving of her and I am not. I was a coward

and now that you understand all, I have one word more, that I claim no further right than to always love Angeline. Good bye, Colonel, Good bye."

The Colonel was left in a dilemma that he hardly dare approach Angeline with the question he had intended this evening. He had hoped for an answer before the coming Saturday, as he must leave for Paris early Sunday morning. He thought again and again, would he get her refusal. He hoped not for Jeannette's sake, as Jeannette loved Angeline and he would have no need of fear but that happiness would reign in his home, which he was calculating to buy right soon and take Angeline to Paris where she would be the honored wife of his new home.

Colonel de Beranger had sold his home in Paris after Constance's death, but would at once make arrangements to have another nicely furnished and again enjoy the comforts of home life, and also have Jeannette near by that when off of duty he could be with her more.

Joan, the gardener, who was peculiarly inquisitive, being away, came late for supper, and Madame de Champeaux hearing a noise in the basement at an unusual hour went to investigate. Calling Angeline thinking there might be some stranger prowling about the premises, she found Joan helping himself to something to eat. He was anxious to know why Angeline was weeping, being in company with the Colonel. He met them at the gate, but they were now sitting at the foot of the veranda. Madame de Champeaux knew what Angeline's trouble was. Angeline had told her

what the Colonel had several times strongly hinted to her, and what she expected him soon to say to her. She regretted having the Colonel show her attention more than the pleasure of his company, as she could not deceive herself and marry another than the one she loved, and even the thought of the Colonel's proposing would break her heart, as she felt crushed in her devoted true love for the Doctor and hoped the Colonel would not press her for an answer or even hint at the idea.

"Joan, you must never have had any experience in love, or you would not be curious to know why Angeline is weeping," said Madame de Champeaux.

"Oh, yes, yes, Madame, only I was a poor peasant's son and a humble gardener, and the one I loved was also of very ordinary parents and our love affair was never made note of but our hearts ached just the same. When I asked the Monsieur for the hand of his daughter, I got a blank refusal. He told me he aimed to have his daughter do better than marry a penniless young gardener. I never knew whether she cried; but I did, when a year and a half later, she died after marrrying a man a little better off than I, who was as cross as a bear, that she no doubt welcomed death rather than live a life with the surly old brute who was twenty years older than she was."

"So such was your experience and you have lived single all these years and never forgotten the one you loved? Well, Joan, you certainly have proven yourself loyal to her memory that you have remained

single all these years and never cared for another," said Madame de Champeaux.

"No, Madame, and I shall never think of another; I can love but the one. My only pleasure now is in memory of her and how else could I hold her memory?" asked Joan.

"That is true Joan, I feel that you are quite right in your way. There is comfort in sorrow after all, and there is a satisfaction of pleasure derived in memories of the mental associations of those we love as well as in their company. Lock the door before you go and latch the outside cellar door as you go by. Good night, Joan."

"Good night, Madame."

Madame de Champeaux thought, "Poor Joan, he is faithful and good, poor fellow, he has had his trials too. He certainly would have made an amiable and kind husband, and I respect him for his sentiments which agree with mine. And as I look at him in his declining years, he will soon be at an age when he will no longer be able to care for the landscape gardening. I can hardly conceive what I will do without him. If another must be put in his place, better it be done while Joan is yet able to supervise the work, until a new man gets thoroughly acquainted with the work about the place. No doubt but that Joan will remain with us as long as we live. He may have a home here as long as he likes. It surely would be so if Monsieur de Champeaux and Xavier were here, and it shall be so the while I live. Poor, lonely Joan! He has no one in life that is interested in him or to

make life joyful more than to work, eat, sleep and drink. He has given us his good faithful service these long years and it shall not be forgotten as long as I live and when I am gone he will be remembered, I'll promise him."

CHAPTER TWENTY

Commander de Champeaux with his little party of Algonquin friends followed Chief O-nos-o-wee-na's instructions in their travel along around the lake water. They watched the sun shadows to keep in an easterly direction as nearly as possible. After a long tiresome journey of five moon times, for it was no easy matter to make short cuts through pathless prairies and clump bits of forest lands and keep in the desired direction, they made their way through dense thickets up and down hill after hill, to where they reached a summit that overlooked a wide water on the east and a margin valley bordering on the southwest, from where they could command a view quite a distance over the beautiful water.

They were now far from the Algonquin village where Commander de Champeaux left Ma-le-wa-ha disheartened and inconsolable over the departure of the pale-face brave to whom she was so tenderly attached. Ki-a-da-go played the intercessor in a cunning but better way than provoking her with compulsory threats. He played on her better nature by rousing her to sympathize with the pale-face brave she worshipped. He advised her not to interfere with him, as it was a long time since he had been to the land of

his father and she must make him no trouble in going home to see his mother.

Ma-le-wa-ha heeded Ki-a-da-go's advice and was good-natured throughout all. In a spirit of calm she kept self-possessed and took leave of Commander de Champeaux in a most affectionate manner, pressing him never to forget her and her little Wah-she-wa-ta. And now he was far away and would never see her again, yet he could not forget her. Her face haunted him that he never would forget her, if such mental pictures would keep to his view the face he felt to forget.

"Poor, earnest squaw, she was sincere in her affection for me which led her beyond my control to obviate the matter. She was strong in her enamored influence which brought her sorrow and charges me to a conscious reproach that, in a way, I feel guilty. I had little consideration for her feelings and really did not respect her sentiments of constancy in her affection for me. I hold myself doubly responsible for knowing better than to idly toy with the affections of the sincere squaw who was lost to her infatuation for me, and I now feel I did not half appreciate the sincerity of her affection that was none the less worthy of appreciation, if she was uncivilized. She was a slave to my every want she possibly could minister to my comforts and needs. I know that I got off easy and having her good will, my sympathies now go out to her. She was good enough and companionable at a time I had no other one, for which I was glad and I should not feel to forget her. Time often passed pleasantly that other-

wise I would not have known what to do or what would have become of me only for her. Yes, yes, she was good and kind to me and the sight of her in her melancholy mood will haunt me. Yes, I even seem to hear her weep in her paroxysms of grief which touches me with the question: 'Was not the soul sentiment of her sincere affection significantly as worthy as the civilized mortal who might, it is true, be more suitable for me than she?' Yes, and did her heart not beat with the joyous impulse of sincere congeniality for me the while I led her falsely to believe I held her affection fondly, when all the while I was giving her false flattery in response to her blind over-credulous constancy? She was my companion the long while of my stay at the Algonquin village, and when I was ill or the least indisposed, she cared for me as best she could, as any one of her sex of fairer skin, who would try no harder to care for me and nurse me to health Yes, and she is a woman. Her sobs haunt me to a fault I recognize to my conscience that I feel insignificantly unworthy in the sight of my God, that I feel fearful to ask forgiveness for such deception to one, a mortal and no less a human soul, if she was of dark skin. By deceiving another, I see that I have deceived myself. I have sinned against my soul and I am the sufferer in conscience for the injustice done another. But why charge myself thus of such many others would fail to take cognizance? And while it does seem a real injustice done the illiterate, over-confident Ma-le-wa-ha, I willed to do the best. Yes, and I did do the best I could under the circumstances; though I

feel to charge myself guilty to a self-confession of the matter. It is at the tribunal of conscience I stand facing the affair, one of the past events of my life, which ought not so concern me in the haunting regrets which give me unrest of mind. Doctor Balrossa, le cher garcon, would say, I was too chicken-hearted. I should not allow myself to become so much enlisted in the trifling affairs of life I take so seriously. He advised me to be one of the boys and not feel responsible for such little things as should be considered as the play-parts of life. But however I might will it to be, the sentiment of principle lives within me, and I cannot be other than specifically just to my inner consciousness. I cannot wound another and be happy myself. I cannot gloat to a purpose of selfish desire at another's feeling expense and be contented consciously. And I must repent, in remorse of the past of my life with the natives somehow, though I know no way better to have done. The why for all this mental distraction is because I have failed to be in keeping with the standard of my inner principles. I lack the harmony of heaven's attitude of my soul, that I am bewildered in conscience, lost to my all; is my feeling which is not unlike the situation, that I am lost to my all on earth in these wild regions of the New World.

"Oh, I feel it is my nerves giving away to my poor weak physical conditions of life, due to living as I have been compelled to live. Yes, all this while I have lived unbecomingly to a civilized mortal. I was educated to a higher sentiment of morals than those

poor illiterate natives who Doctor Balrossa says: 'Are uncivilized and brutish.' But he is critically severe and unjust to a sense, not considering they are as good as God made them; how much better could they be? Oh, what distraction has come over me? What experience this is I must live to know? It is my conscience, but why have I one that so impels me to such self-accusation where there is no crime, no manslaughter, no law of state broken? Yet I have that sense of feeling that I hate my very self and all about me. I even hate the sun-shadows that follow me under the sunlight. I hate my name, the all around about me. Yes, I hate everything I think of coming in contact. It is my mind giving way. I must have an explanation from some higher power divinating this feeling to my understanding, that am I guilty or not? I ask the question."

After some moments he roused to his sense of understanding and exclaimed, "Ah, yes, it is thus I may repent. The betrayal of woman's confidence is the unrighteousness of man's weak human nature for which we are punished, pain-pinned to our conscience accordingly. The poor ignorant woman's mortal heart ached and I caused her pain. I can think of no good that has come from my living this long while with the Algonquins, but the birth of little Wah-see-wa-ta. His birth was no doubt provisional by a forecast of the Higher Providence. His life will influence to promote the natives of his vicinity to higher mental tendencies.

"Ma-le-wa-ha loves him as any fond mother. She as the feminine parent loves him more than I. He

will claim her attention and time will pass that I hope some other one will come into her life that will fill my absence. Then I will have more peace of mind. It is her mind that follows me to cause this mental disturbance so distracting. I do hope that something will soon intervene to break the force of her mental wave that so impresses me. Her last words are a lasting suggestion to her power which I must will to overcome. Soon it will have been broken and I shall become restful to my release of her mind.

"I left her soothed in gentleness; yes, and that is one thing in particular that teaches me more than had she rebelled and acted violently, as she threatened me she would on my leaving. But now I am free and on my way to reach an opportunity to go to France where I can forget and live down all the deplorable events of my past life. Yet, as it is every day I live to regret more and more the unfortunate situation of my life in all the attending circumstances since Chief Ma-chan-qua made me his captive. There is much I never would have done only that I was thrown face to face with conditions under such circumstances I could not overcome. And I now view the circumstances of the past events of my life which appeal to me as they never have before. I think of my parents—I left and caused them sorrow. They are growing older and fast nearing their time of earthly dissolution. They may never live to know the joy of my return home, should I be so fortunate as to ever get there. Ah, yes, there is much I would never do were I to live my life over again that now brings me great anguish of mind for more

reasons than one. How differently things might have all been had I remained at home. How mother and father must have grieved over my absence, that were I dead, would have been no worse for them. I am now as dead to them; yes, I am no better than dead to them," and he wept aloud as though his heart would break.

Depressed over all in the deepest sense of his loneliness, he thought of all. He thought of Constance, how she must have felt to receive his message. He wondered had she ever married; and on his return if he were so fortunate, how she would greet him. "But I can never meet her in the same old way; no, no, no, never. She, no doubt, ranks high in the esteem of the social world of Bordeaux, as she was admired by every one and she was deserving of all esteem given her."

He tried to imagine the many changes there must have taken place at Bordeaux since the long time he had been away, yes, the long years he could no longer keep count. "The past as a whole in my experience of adventure is a deplorable thought to me, that I hate to face the recollections of such I want not to be mindful because of my utter inability to mend or better matters. I dare not question the whereabouts of the little one, Marie Louise who, most probably, is not environed as I had hoped. I am most certain that Wahsee-ola is no longer living and the child is motherless as well as fatherless. I am duty bound as a parent to give her fatherly guidance and protection, but where is she? She is a human mortal, the offspring of my union with a soul who was as much married to

her sense of that which was as sacred and solemn to her as death, though she was a native and not civilized to rites of church and school. But that was not through her human design. It was hers by birth, by a higher forecast of life's Providence which I have no right to question and for which I make allowance; most people and my folks would not take in consideration to look to the good in innocent mortal whose soul aspiring ambitions were no less provisional than the fairer faced humanity. Oh, I am a dreamer of such things that appeal to me to a sense concerning much of my observing faculties that others would scorn as does my good friend Doctor Balrossa, who laughs at the absurdity of my higher morality as he calls it. But here I am with such inbred principles to my sensing, how else could I feel? Conditions behoove me no other than to live in a dream state at times, out in this place with no occupation. The birds lull me to a quiet repose of the soul that is heavenly to my weary spirit. It is well I knew not all the insignificant, at times growing around about me. It is no wonder I longed for such mental intoxication to pass the otherwise weary time in this wilderness. How drearily disconsolate I would have been at times when my heart ached for congenial companionship I could not have. This day is worse than any before experienced to my knowledge. I am not less than desperate that I can hardly hold to my individuality. This way I am sad and cannot rise above the heavy depression of mind that is nearly driving me madly insane, and if something does not soon occur to take me out of this pre-

sent mental state, I feel I do not want to think what my future might be."

He sat alone looking over the water sadly given to despair at what he had just seen again, and which he supposed was a vessel, or boat of some kind, such as were rare sights and at long intervening times between. It was a dark object growing smaller that looked a mere speck as it gradually disappeared. The distance was too great; he could never attract the attention of the crew if it were a boat, as several times previous the like happened which he considered lost opportunities.

"And time after time the ships passed on their way
Proudly sailing with a merry crew,
While I sit and watch alone,
And wait day after day
For that which never comes this way."

During his watching and waiting times his mind was far away in memories of the past, which kept him in a disconsolate mood, then he would wonder what the future would be for him; if he would ever be so fortunate as to be able to return to Bordeaux? He would wonder as to the whereabouts of his party; how many had reached Bordeaux alive, and if they ever thought of him. "And the good Father Jacques whom I never shall forget and the time he gave me his blessing. When I raised my hand in command to my party telling them

to go, the good Father removed his hat and stood with bowed, uncovered head the while I spoke with my right hand heavenward and said: 'My hope is for my party. You must all reach home safely is my earnest wish to Heaven, and meet those you love and cherish, who are anxiously awaiting your return. May Heven bless you all, mes cher garcons, be on your way.' I was satisfied to remain and have them go, until such a time they could return and take me. But here I am, waiting, watching for those that apparently will never come, Oh, how sad! How has this all come about that I am here alone? And it seems I must ever remain and die here. Is it by the providence of events? Surely it must be. It cannot be by accident that I am here waiting, still hoping, keeping courage that my will shall never fail me; for I shall try the while life is with me to reach home. I shall never rest the while I have my mind and feet.

"No, it never was by accident; never. I was destined to years of fate of this kind. But when will there be a change, if not shortly I shall soon die to my knowledge of self. I will never know the joy of returning home. I will be a lone wanderer, a mental wreck of my past self, though I have yet to know one among the natives who is insane. Insanity is not common out here. Yes, though I may be in insane wanderer and walk into the open jaws of a wild animal that would feed richly on my body to be a human food for a brute. Then my bones would be picked bare by the buzzards of these wild regions; such might shortly be the ending of me and I begin to feel it matters not

much what might happen in the face of such as the worst could happen a human mortal."

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

It was a bright clear morning. Commander de Champeaux sat quietly thinking trying to locate the direction of the Pottawattomie village from where he was. He seemed to think he was not such a great ways off by what the natives knew of a big water they tried to tell him. The hunters left early in the morning with the squaws on their game chase. Ki-a-da-go and Yo-nee, a short stout young brave, remained with Commander de Champeaux to keep watch for a vessel and assist him at whatever he might do to his need in the absence of others of the party.

Yo-nee was an illy shaped dwarf, odd one of the natives. He was peculiar also. He had a fear of the dark at night. He claimed he could see things in the dark that he would try to describe, which amused the natives who planned to joke him and would make all sorts of things to frighten the poor fellow and then hear him tell of what he had seen, and what it meant to his superstitious ideas of what he saw; everything such like, to his interpretation, was a good or bad omen.

Commander de Champeaux half believed he did see something, or so strongly imagined he did that it was no less a reality to him. He watched Yo-nee at night, at times when he seemed to have sight of the visional object he claimed were bad squaws and braves

that had no sunshine and were hunting for the happy hunting ground. Commander de Champeaux could see by the expression of Yo-nee's face that gave every indication of his being really much frightened at something. He pitied the poor, ill-formed being, something very rare among the natives to see deformities of any kind. He was a half-grown, shy, ill-witted fellow who had met with a severe fall from which he never recovered to have a proper healthy growth.

The sun was midway the day as the three sat comfortably chatting near the wigwams on the hill overlooking the calm water of a beautiful day when their quiet was disturbed by approaching footsteps and sounds of a human voice moaning vehemently. They looked back in the direction whence the sounds came. when to their astonishment they saw an old brave with peaked face and shrivelled features coming toward them, throwing his hands disconsolately, shaking his head and looking wildly about as if in search for something or someone.

Yo-nee ran and sat closely holding Commander de Champeaux's arm, telling him he was one of the bad chiefs the Great Spirit would not let come to the happy hunting ground. Those were the kind he saw. He was sure he would be around at night and look out of his fire eyes, that he wished he was back at Chief O-nos-o-wee-na's wigwam and his medicine chief would drive him away, then he would never come back again.

As they rose to their feet the old chief came slowly, approaching them with a vacant stare which told

of his demented condition. He stopped for some moments and looked earnestly at the three men, as though collecting his mind, when his eyes fell on Ki-a-da-go, who was as much like Al-las-sac-ka as a twin brother. Suddenly as though he recognized him he sprang towards Ki-a-da-go, calling Al-las-sac-ka repeatedly, clasping him in his arms and weeping hysterically.

Yo-nee looked dazed beyond expression while Commander de Champeaux said: "He thinks it is his son Al-las-sac-ka." Ki-a-da-go motioned them not to speak to disturb the old fellow, who was now seemingly weeping for joy.

"Well, well," said Commander de Champeaux, "It is Chief Ma-chan-qua. He is unbalanced to distraction over what seems to be the loss of his much loved and only son whom he thinks he has found. I wonder is it a lunatic hallucination? Could it be that the brave, noble Al-las-sac-ka met the fate pictured me to my vision after the old chief had me left in outer wilderness from his village to perish? It may have been that Al-las-sac-ka while on hunt of me met a fate no better than mine, hence the old chief is here in search of him who fared no better than his captive. The noble, good, brave, Al-las-sac-ka! he was a most noble one of his people· he was one possessed of principles equal to the best of any peoples. Let him think he is having the pleasure of embracing his long-lost son," continued Commander de Champeaux.

He held firm to Ki-a-da-go's hand as they walked over to an oak tree and seated themselves on a limb, where they had a fire burning at one end preparing

their noon mess. The old fellow in his over-wrought joy kept patting Ki-a-da-go affectionately on the back repeating the name of "Al-las-sac-ka," "Al-las-sac-ka."

"Yes," said Commander de Champeaux, "there is no doubt but that it is he. Well, the old man is but a shadow of the once proud, austere Chief Ma-chan-qua. I do certainly feel sorry for the old chief, though he is responsible for all that I have lately suffered. My revenge would not take turn in punishing the old fellow for it looks very much as though he had suffered quite enough and I think he now needs but to know what little kindness we are able to show him this day or two more of his earthly existence, and the once proud, domineering chief will be numbered with a higher roll call to pass from our sight going the way of mortal humanity. This is a very peculiar circumstance, that I know not how to express myself. Indeed, he looks little like when he held me subject to his captivity. Well, well, it is strange indeed. Never did I expect to see the old chief again. We certainly cannot be far from the meeting water tribes. He, no doubt, must have wandered away from his wigwam and got lost from his tribe. We may expect to hear more news when the hunters get back."

Ki-a-da-go tried to have the old man tell him something about himself, his tribe, or Al-las-sac-ka whom he kept naming; but his effort was in vain.

Commander de Champeaux thought he would approach him and ask him some questions in the Pottawattomie tongue, but he got no response. Presently the old fellow grew drowsy and stretching himself out

on the ground beside Ki-a-da-go, holding to his foot, he fell sound asleep. As his hand fell from his feeble grasp, Ki-a-da-go slipped over to where Commander de Champeaux and Yo-nee were talking getting ready to mess.

They sat quietly eating their Indian grit and coal-roasted venison when to their surprise the old man looked up and finding Ki-a-da-go gone, he looked wildly about and seeing the three on the opposite side of the log, he rushed to where they were eating and again stood as if amazed, then embraced Ki-a-da-go with all the force the old fellow had in his being. He moved to one side and pulled him down to eat, but looking distrustful at Commander de Champeaux, acting shy, he turned his head and laid his face on Ki-a-da-go's shoulder.

"The color of Commander de Champeaux's hair and pale face leads him to recognize his captive, whom he supposed was dead," said Ki-a-da-go.

"He is not altogether off, I feel certain" said Commander de Champeaux, "for he has some recollection of me by the way he is acting. Well, I shall do the old fellow no harm," and in an easy manner Commander de Champeaux stepped over and tenderly taking the feebled unsteady hand, held it and pointing to his face to call his atttention to the fact of his being fair-faced. The old man pulled his hand away and hid his face, leaning on the shoulder of Ki-a-da-go and could not be persuaded to look up again.

While the three who were delegated to watch were giving their entire attention to the demented old

chief, they heard the report of three guns fired in succession, coming from the direction of the water. They all looked from whence the shots came, but nothing was in sight as far as they could see over the rippling waves glistening in the sunshine but water, water.

"What next?" thought Commander de Champeaux. "Nothing will surprise me now. After the long suspense of years, with nothing occurring to bring a change to break the monotony of a dismal life in the forest, we are scarcely settled here one moon time and Chief Ma-chan-qua has put in his appearance, something we would least expect, something very peculiar indeed; and now, what next? It would not surprise me a bit but those shots we heard were fired as signals by a party, perhaps in search of me. Could it be that I am so fortunate to at last have an opportunity to reach home?"

Twilight faded into darkness and no sign of the hunters made Commander de Champeaux feel anxious. There was nothing to be done for the night but wait for daybreak and certainly something would develop before the day ended to-morrow, of that he was sure.

Ki-a-da-go had all he could do to manage the much mistaken chief, who stayed close beside him watching his every move for fear he would get away from him. What was to be done with him? He was as harmless as a babe and while Ki-a-da-go became impatient with him, Commander de Champeaux begged him not to harm the old man as his time was short and it would not be long before he would be unable to

keep upon his feet. True enough the old man took with a spell which lasted long during the night. He went from one spell into another until he became so exhausted that he fell over not able to move hand or foot. And as the fire burned up at the end of the tree which made a bright light which could be seen for some distance from the lake, shots were again fired in repeated succession of seven at a time, indicating their notice by a signal of firing guns telling of the approach of some vessel. The old man lay motionless and apparently sound asleep. Commander de Champeaux and Ki-a-da-go looked at Yo-nee, who was also fast asleep, and for a time all seemed so quiet that Commander de Champeaux and Ki-a-da-go, too, were soon lost to the world in a peaceful slumber.

Morning dawned to find Chief Ma-chan-qua in a sleep that knows no waking. The much emaciated body of the once proud commanding chief was now lying cold in death in the wigwam of his captive. As Commander de Champeaux looked upon the prostrate form of his dead enemy, he chilled with a thought of the past. "It is he who has been the cause of all my misery, but our last duty shall be performed for him as for a friend. He was the parent of one who was most noble and had he not met with an early unfortunate death, as is quite apparent, I would long before this have been a free man walking on the soil of sunny France."

Ki-a-da-go and Yo-nee helped Commander de Champeaux carry the body outside the wigwam at the foot of a great beechwood tree. Some little time passed

preparing a place for burial, which they concluded would be on the return of the hunters.

There was no thought taken for morning mess. The circumstances of Chief Ma-chan-qua's unexpected appearance and sudden death, the non-appearance of the hunters and the signal shots which they heard, filled them with mysterious feelings as they anxiously and impatiently watched and waited for the hunters, or the sight or some sign of the party who fired the shots. It was evidently other than the natives as they had no firearms. "Could it be that the vessel passed on in the night? Surely I could not be so unfortunate as to miss the chance of a vessel being within hearing distance of signal shots; and could they have passed by without the notice of our fire which burned high the while the poor old chief was in his last agony? If so I have lost another opportunity and hereafter I shall have no faith in Providence. Oh, I hope not again to be so mentally wretched that I must fall into a state of despair at having lost the apparent opportunity! It belongs not to me, it is not my way to be forever in despair, but where is the soul who would have courage and live as I have lived these long years and be patient, and now to have lost this opportunity? Can it be possible I have lost this which may be my last chance?"

"Yes," he thought, "courage is a very good thing and hope is a good thing, too; but like faith, with nothing certain to depend upon makes hope little worth. Hope and courage are two cardinal principles in human need and with patience, which to me, if I have

lost this chance which is evidently so near, I never want to hear the words again. The thought of hope, courage and patience, after this, I will consider as the mock sentiments of a human paradrome, which is my case after the experience I have had these long late years of my life. Such as I experienced in trials few ever will know, and it was with a happy heart, courageous and hopeful, I lived patiently and waited for chances which now, by all appearances, I have lost the best one I ever had since my captivity."

The day was now half gone and with a mite of a mess, neither Commander de Champeaux nor Yo-nee craving food, they still anxiously waited for the return of the hunters. Tired and lost to melancholy, sitting with his elbows resting on his knees, his hands over his cheeks and eyes downcast, feeling as one with no hope, disconsolate and out of patience, he fell asleep beside the burning tree, while Ki-a-da-go, high spirited and happy, looked and watched over the water.

The squaws of the posse came bringing their game, and as they gabbled loudly and laughed heartily with now and then whooping and rejoicing, Commander de Champeaux raised his head looking down from whence the noise to see Ki-a-da-go standing beside him pointing to a vessel sailing in the distance which looked like a mere toy.

"At last, at last, my time has come! I shall not allow them to pass, whichever way they are bound. It will be better than to remain here as a forsaken one in this dense wilderness."

As the vessel proudly sailed coming closer and closer, they could see flags floating midst full masts of the ship. Happy and excited he thought what best should be done to attract their attention as they might not look this way. He proposed and at once began piling dead limbs and brush over the burning tree, and as the flames crept high up in the air, they heard three shots fired as they were carrying the body of Chief Ma-chan-qua away from the heat of the flames.

The squaws stood looking at the dead chief, then at the vessel, while they fired again and again, repeatedly as they came closer and closer, when to his great pleasure Commander de Champeaux recognized the national flags of France floating from off the end mast and over a banner on the bow of the ship on which was painted the French coat of arms. And as the flags of three colors waved straight with the west wind, Commander de Champeaux knew he could not be mistaken. He fell on his knees and with eyes turned heavenward and hands tightly clasped in prayerful aspiration, he spoke his thoughts aloud, acknowledging that in his despair he was almost driven to desperation, for which he hoped to be forgiven. His prayer was in deepest aspiration of the soul, that though he felt he was heaped with misery in a cruel destiny and fell into despair, his heart was now light in abundance of joy that he thanked the Great Good that ruleth the way.

Commander de Champeaux was still on bended knees as he saw two of the rescue boats being lowered to the water, and with repeated strokes of the oars,

the little boats came to shore while the vessel remained anchored in sight.

Commander de Champeaux lost no time in reaching the water edge as Doctor Balrossa rose to his feet and with one leap landed and reached for Xavier and clasped him with both hands and exclaimed: "It is Xavier, it is he," and turning, taking off his hat, waved it vehemently over his head, cheering loudly to the crew, still holding to Commander de Champeaux with his left hand and pulling him forward, beckoning to the crew that it was the Commander, when they answered in a salute of forty guns, which frightened the squaws that they fell at Commander de Champeaux's feet, clinging to him for protection.

Doctor Balrossa leading his friend, Commander de Champeaux, to the boat, requested he get in and go over to the vessel, motioning to Ki-a-da-go and Yo-nee to follow; the squaws doing likewise, were taken aboard the vessel. No tongue can tell, no pen can picture the scene, and tell the joy of the deserving soul as he stepped on deck the vessel! That again he stood under the flags of his native country and would soon be sailing eastwards towards France; then weeping with joy as the crew gathered close beside him as Captain de Larvre gave him a hearty hand-shake, to almost take him off his feet; most of the crew following his example.

Scarcely an hour had elapsed when they saw the hunters had returned, and firing them a salute, Commander de Champeaux and Doctor Balrossa, the natives and many others went back to shore, and go-

ing up the hill over to where the body of Chief Ma-chan-qua lay, pointed to the Captain and the natives saying: "'Tis my enemy that lies here before me in death, and I am no longer his captive. I am no more avenged than he. Let us do our last duty for him as we would for a brother."

As the remains of Chief Ma-chan-qua were being consigned to their last resting place, a French hymn was sung by two of the sailors, Doctor Balrossa accompanied in tenor, after which Commander de Champeaux made a few remarks consisting of respectful testimony given in behalf of the dead chief, whom he believed was sincere in his motive to the best of his knowledge. That his interest was for his people, whom he contended would suffer the loss of their land at the hands of the pale-faces, for which Commander de Champeaux made allowances for his severity. The particulars of his death were also briefly given; how he died thinking he had found his deceased, or lost, son in the person of Ki-a-da-go and in that thought the demented chief died happy.

The posse of the Algonquins who came with the pale-face braves proposed to return to their village and report the news to Chief O-nos-o-wee-na. Some over a hundred of the crew who had intended remaining, agreed to accompany them to stay the winter with the Algonquins.

Ki-a-da-go expressed a desire to go with Commander de Champeaux to France, as did Yo-nee also, but Commander de Champeaux persuaded Yo-nee to return with those of his tribe, and after getting per-

mission of his father and Chief O-nos-o-wee-na, to come with the party on their return the coming season. With Ki-a-da-go it would make no difference, he having no one controlling to keep him with the tribe.

Doctor Balrossa and Commander de Champeaux spent most of the night conversing, Doctor Balrossa informing him of the many changes which had taken place since he left Bordeaux. Commander de Champeaux was very much affected to hear of his father's death and repeatedly referred to it with lamenting sighs in sympathy with his mother.

Commander de Champeaux was anxious to get home now. He felt if the vessel was propelled by wings it would not fly fast enough. "My little daughter Marie Louise is with mother; what is she like? Does she look like her mother?" Question after question Doctor Balrossa answered to his inquiry.

There was no delay in getting started for their return voyage. Commander de Champeaux was anxious to be going and be on his way towards home, and on the third day after they found Commander de Champeaux, they set sail. Doctor Balrossa and Captain de Larvre were two happy men, congratulating themselves as being exceedingly fortunate to have found Commander de Champeaux and of leaving their colony crew among the natives with their friendship established.

As the vessel sailed on out of sight, Commander de Champeaux stood on deck with Doctor Balrossa and watched the hill spot, which would be the last picture to his memory, where the old chief lay resting, and

where he was rescued from the dismal fate of dying in the forest. "Destiny held on to me," said Commander de Champeaux, "In the face of all the hope and courage I could possess while I repeatedly willed I should not be held destined to such a fate; yet no opportunity presented itself till now, which in chance of one out of thousands that you came in direction of my way."

"Yes, your way, how else could we go than the way we were directed?" replied Doctor Balrossa. "We have not told you all," said Doctor Balrossa. "Marie Louise never gave up but at sometime in the near future she would hear something of the whereabouts of her father or see you home. She saw clearly in her vision to her psychic sense she inherits from her mother, the exact location where you were and pointed the route for me to follow, which, with what we afterwards learned from a seaman who came from Paris to report the finding of a floater with inscriptions to your identity that with his advice we are now the jubilants returning to Bordeaux with you in company with us. And the poor seaman on being directed to your mother, came at once to Bordeaux, and fell ill and was taken to the hospital, St. Andrea, where he succumbed to lung fever and was buried from the hospital at your mother's expense, as it was her wish to do for him what last could be done for him whose last earth-work was for her son."

Tears flowed from the eyes of the tender-hearted Commander de Champeaux, who was touched with a feeling of sorrow, intermingled with joy such as he had never before felt.

"What singular things have happened to me and mine which followed in my associations of life. 'Tis now we can better decide if it is by fate or chance our life is lived," said Doctor Balrossa.

"I clearly recognize the fact by experience. There is no breaking the law by will power; however we will ways such fateful uncertainties are scheduled in life as man's destiny; though he knows it not to his future good, or he will die in despair of earth-planned prospects. Let him who claims there is no destiny not laugh at another who knows it not else than fate."

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

There never was a happier party than the crew returning with Commander de Champeaux, though they experienced a very rough voyage. They would all gather around Commander de Champeaux to hear him tell of his life during the long years in the wilderness with the natives of the New World.

The brave Captain de Larvre for a while feared for his crew, and that the vessel would be dashed to pieces by the angry waters that came in swells of such force at times to threaten total wreckage, but they escaped well considering they had three days of violent threatening of disaster, except mourning the loss of two valuable dogs and some rich fur hides they had received from the natives they prized beyond price. The crew seemed to take little heed to the wild raging of the waters, while Commander de Champeaux made them acquainted with the particulars of his life of adventure. He told of the vision he saw, how it was shown to him, and he believed it really was so. He saw the body of the brave Al-las-sac-ka, black and swollen, carried with the debris of the flowing waters. The body was fastened between two large dead limbs that were held fast backed by the undercurrent of a wide bayou. "And from the late circumstances of Chief Ma-chan-qua's last days, I have no doubt he lost his life trying to rescue me, as he had promised

me, though I was his father's captive. He respected me above all others he claimed, and hoped to be with me on my return to France. At first I thought it was a dream but now I think different. It likely terminated as Wah-see-ola had predicted, that 'Chief Ma-chan-qua would have no sunshine light over his wigwam and there could nothing worse happen to darken his life than to lose his much beloved and only son.'"

"You have not related the circumstances of the night you disappeared so suddenly. Tell me of your being spirited away," said the acting assistant, Captain Vecelius.

"As briefly as possible I may say Chief Ma-chan-qua was about to give me my final sentence only for the brave boy Al-las-sac-ka, who stood by me through the day encouraging me. When night was coming on, after being walked around and around until I was dizzy, I was walked off by two natives, one holding each arm, to where I could never have known in what direction we were going, and after waking from sleep in which I had fallen from utter exhaustion, I found myself alone and deserted in the wild wooded forest where perpetual twilight reigned instead of daylight.'

"The words of Chief Ma-chan-qua's son were my salvation, and by what I learned from the two natives that accompanied me and left me to my fate, Chief Ma-chan-qua was half conscience stricken at the time after being told what had happened; since while he wanted to punish me severely, he did not want to feel wholly responsible for my death as he had intended to have me put out of the way. When I was first led

off, I was handled pretty roughly. The three then in charge of me told Chief Ma-chan-qua what they saw hovering over me when they took hold of me. They told him how firelights flashed over the pale-face chief which frightened them so they would have nothing more to do with me. They would have gladly taken me back to the party only for fear of Chief Ma-chan-qua. On informing him he only laughed and mocked their sentiments to ridicule, putting no faith in them and immediately put two others in their place. He was suspicious of every one, even his son, on whom he much depended, though he would not trust him to carry out his design in this case."

"Well, the old chief lived to repent for his unjust severity by all you have told me of the last three days of his life," said Doctor Balrossa, after listening intently.

" Oh, there's no doubt the words of his son rang in his ears, and he lived believing the Great Spirit heaped vengeance upon him."

"It was the greatest mistake you ever made to go back to the meeting waters, after being helped away," said Doctor Balrossa.

"Yes, that was a great mistake. I might have been home at France this long time only for that and had Wah-see-ola been there when the traders came, I would never have accompanied them there, going back to where I might have known would not be the safest thing to do. Yes, Wah-see-ola particularly warned me never to go back; yes, and I would never have thought of such a thing, only it was to find her as much as

anything that I felt to go, where perhaps along the way, I might overtake her on her way going to her father's village vicinity. Wah-see-ola's sudden disappearance was most disastrous to me, the unfortunate mortal that I was, to be induced to do what I never should have done," and he sighed referring to his irreparable loss in Wah-see-ola's disappearance for he probably would never have gone back.

"What about Brother Filmore?" asked Doctor Balrossa.

"Oh, I never saw him after that fatal night. No doubt he lived with the tribes, as they were kindly disposed toward him. He, very likely is doing a missionary work among the tribes at the Meeting Waters, if he has not gone to the eternal home of the good christian brothers. Who knows he may have reached France ere this with traders that might have been going that way; though I believe his chances would be rare, yet it is an easy route and not so complicated but any one with fair observation might go over into that vicinity, being led by the waterway to a most beautiful place, I flatter myself to predict will sometime, some day become notably plastic to historians for more reasons than one.

"I was going to say that Brother Filmore and I were separated, and the last time I heard his voice he was begging Chief Ma-chan-qua to release me and keep him instead and not to harm me whatever he did. He implored Al-las-sac-ka not to allow his father's persuasion to influence him against the Commander de Champeaux, who was worthy of better

treatment, and to try for him to have his liberty was his imploring prayer. Al-las-sac-ka would have been with me on my way to France, as was his intention. He was anxious to learn much of the pale-face braves' ways, and it is not strange Ki-a-da-go is as much like him as one can be like another. And now Ki-a-da-go is with me instead and I intend to do by him what I had promised Al-las-sac-ka, to give him the necessary advantages of his education. He wanted to become a citizen, one with the pale-face braves in the beautiful country over the big water, as he boasted proudly facing such an opportunity."

Three days later Ki-a-da-go was taken with ship fever and with all there was and could be done, he passed to the beyond on the twenty-first day at sea. In his last conscious moments, he begged for help that he might get well and live to see all that Commander de Champeaux had told him, to learn to read books and write, wear pants and boots and have coats like the pale-face braves, which was something unusual, as never before had Commander de Champeaux heard but these two of the many natives that would care to dress like the pale-face braves and cast their fur and moccasins aside. They would rather keep their moose skin moccasins and wear feathers in their hair, in the respective number according to their entitled honor, they felt most proud.

There was not one on board the vessel but deeply lamented the death of the noble young brave. He was generally beloved by the crew. And while they were laying the body out making preparation for their last

sad duty, Commander de Champeaux stood over the remains of his faithful friend and wept like a child, parting with him as from a brother.

"Poor fellow," he said. "How much like Al-las-sac-ka he is; both similarly identified with me in my life of adventure. Both good natured young fellows, real athletes, and not given to ways of indolence as most others of their people. Both aspiring to such opportunities they lacked in their condition of existence, now both dead and gone in early life just at a time facing chances of the opportunities they so craved. What does it all mean?"

When the body was consigned to the sea, Commander de Champeaux stood and looked on with heavy tears falling from his eyes, and he watched the place long after the waves closed over the wrapped body of the young red brave who had befriended him that he never would forget him. "When he needed a friend most, when he most desired to see Ki- a-da-go, he came as he was directed to me and found me where he had strolled unconsciously, though he was thinking of me wondering whither I had gone. He found me distressed beyond measure, to almost desperation at Ma-le-wa-ha's threats to have Chief O-nos-o-wee-na not aid me to reach the big water, by that way keeping me that I would not get to go to France and leave her."

"We may all recall like experiences, when we obeyed an inner impulse or feeling, which sort of directed us to where we accidentally met some person or persons we were happy to meet and really never ex-

pected to see, who were over glad to have us with them and however superstitious it may appear, it is nevertheless true," said Doctor Balrossa, who was solemnly impressed with Commander de Champeaux's sentiments in appreciation of the kindness of his friend who aided him in his time of most need.

He stood watching the spot where the waves had swallowed the body of the noble Ki-a-da-go. "His body is gone from our midst, but his spirit liveth and his mind, at times, may be no less directed that he may yet be able to aid you more than were he here in his same old way," said Commander de Champeaux.

"As you believe, what would be the heaven of the deserving if they were deprived the satisfaction they desired on earth as it is in heaven, and for a time to enjoy, then rise higher in expanse of their souls. He would be above the desire of the red braves' happy hunting ground, in progression of his association of life with you hereafter, as well as when here," said Doctor Balrossa.

Commander de Champeaux was getting anxious; he grew more anxious as they were nearing their journey's end. He sat quietly musing as the drippy skies gave vent to torrents of rain that fell that they all had to seek shelter in the cabins. They were all feeling sad over the death of the young red brave they so much hoped to have with them on their return to Bordeaux; though they had traveled days since his death, he was not forgotten.

All were quietly disposed. Some went off to sleep, others mused in half dream state. While Com-

mander de Champeaux was living and breathing the atmosphere of mortal life his soul went out over the wide expanse of land and water to where the cabin site at the water edge of the Meeting Water vicinity, was the scene he saw in a dream. It was a quiet place, not too near the natives and yet not a solitary place, for it was cheerfully elevated and in view of the running waters that rippled in song the day long. The scene lived hallowed to his memory in the sacred associations of life with Wah-see-ola. They had the comforts in the shelter of a home of the most primitive, yet it was the best of the kind in that locality of the dense forest of the New World; but such places are where the spirit of romance and the muse of poetry love to linger. Naught graced the silent walls in their absence but the pictures made from the flickering sun-shadows that appeared from early sunrise to ending days fading into twilight. In his mental eflection, as it was long after the cabin was deserted by mortals, he saw it being frequented by the muse of inspiration during rest periods, that in the quiet of perfect harmony, in their undisturbed contemplation, they gathered and eulogized their interpretations of myths in all the masterly majesty of their soulful musings, while preparing to inspire those they sought on earth to prose their living sentiments, till when the heavy snows and wet carried the scrag roof in and the fierce winter storms blew the log walls down, and over which at last, fell the limb of a great nearby tree that crushed the cabin beneath it to crumble with the age of its time and return to the elements of its mother earth.

They hated to rouse him from his slumber as he was dead to his wordly surroundings, but they had sighted land and they must give the salute, and as they did they cried, "Land, land, land," when Commander de Champeaux rose to his feet, staggering, calling to know the reason for all the noise, when they pointed him to the land at a distance before them. When to his view he fell on his face weeping like a child, as he once more looked upon his native soil—Sunny France.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

After experiencing a rough and perilous ocean voyage, the party arrived at Bordeaux. It was a beautiful evening. The moon was shining in all the splendor of its fullest light over the vessel pulling in toward the reef under command of the jubilant, happy Captain de Larvre. He had made his last commissioned voyage, having long retired from active marine service and only accompanied the party to bring him back whom he had taken to the wilds of a new country. From the first, when all others had lost hope, Captain de Larvre's faith was strong. He claimed from an inner sense of feeling that he would have the unfortunate Commander de Champeaux with him on his return. And all the while voyaging though whither he was uncertain, yet he was firm in his belief of being providentially directed to where they would find the unfortunate man.

"He is surely alive; I feel it so," he would say over and over again, while walking the deck of the ship from bow to stern. "One is no less missioned than another and I have done with a work that was mine to do."

They dropped anchor at the gang-way and the gang-plank was being hauled out. While the crew was making every preparation to leave the boat, Captain de Larvre spoke enthusiastically: " Mes cher gar-

cons, I am most happy this day," and taking Commander de Champeaux's hand, he held it with profound fervor. "My life as a mariner captain has a story told in our success to make us all most happy," and raising his cap from off his head, he motioned for the crew to pass on over the gang-plank, shaking the hand of each one as they passed on over the way to set foot on land.

Commander de Champeaux stood looking on the while, bewildered beyond himself. He was nervous in his over-anxiousness to set foot on the land of his birth he so many, many times despaired of ever seeing. As he looked up the long avenue that led to the water front instead of the moon shining over tree-tops and peeping at laughing ripples of running water through wooded foliage along banks of winding rivers, its silvery rays lightened the grey walls and mansard roofs of city buildings and dwellings of the noblesse de robe and grand noblesse of Bordeaux. The lights shone from the windows of the places of amusement, the banquet halls and ball rooms, and threw shadows of dancing figures on the opposite side where below stood the hackney pages and livery men with their hackney coaches and carriages filed in line up the boulevard. And the merry sounds of laughter rang out midst swells of dance music Commander de Champeaux had not heard for long years.

No sooner was the announcement made that the party who was to bring Commander de Champeaux had arrived than great crowds gathered at the water front where the vessel was anchored. And though it

was night, people and friends in the neighboring vicinity of the de Champeaux manor, after learning the news, came at the impulse of the moment to extend their heartiest congratulations to the overjoyed, happy mother.

The meeting of mother and son can beter be imagined than described. Their overwrought joy gave place to tears, which in the controlling sentiment of the event not a dry eye could be found in the house. The de Champeaux home kept thronged with happy, excited people discussing the joyous event. They were curious to learn the full particulars of Commander de Champeaux's life, the long time with the natives in the wilds of the New World.

It was growing towards high noon. A grand breakfast was spread in the spacious dining room on the west side of the house. The cheery glow of the fire in the big old fireplace on the west side of the room between two high deep windows that looked out over the frozen lawn as the light snowflakes chased down, telling the season of cold had come and with it Xavier was at last at home for the winter, again to enjoy the comforts of civilized life. The long tables were spread with spotless linen and with viands such as kings might envy, served on rare pieces of china and old silver; the family heirlooms of several generations were brought out and did service in honor of the event.

While Commander de Champeaux looked pale and haggard from the long tiresome voyage, his joy cannot be imagined. The hardships of adventure and

worry told on his face, yet the joy of happy anticipation realized after so long years, having despaired of ever getting back to France. Now that he was home again occupying his place at the table with his chere mere was more than he could bear and he lost control of his will and wept. His heart was filled with emotions he could not overcome, as he sat facing his mother who was staring at him, making remarks, telling him he was not the fine healthy looking man of thirteen years ago.

He was thin and sallow, dark from weather tan and exposure. His body was but a mere frame of its former self.His hair had turned grey, and with irregular shaggy beard he looked twenty years older. Though he was hungry, he was choked with emotion and felt not to eat. With tears that only flow in response to such feelings as were being exchanged by mother and son both continued to weep, the while others present wept with them, whose great sorrow was one of the past ending in a lasting joy of an event of their life.

After Madame de Champeaux had fully recovered to express herself she said: "There is a time to weep and we have our time of joy.Let us pray," and grace was offered; all answering aloud "Grace a Dieu for cher fils, Amen."

The good old coffee and white bread and butter never tasted better. The well broiled chops and omelet served with olives and salad la Francaise were excellent. The red claret served with pudding and white wine sauce was delicious; yet he felt he could eat but

little, only to please his mother, who could not be persuaded to keep her eyes off the once beautiful, yet goodly face of her beloved son.

His features were marked with deep worry lines that would take time and pleasure to efface. They told their story. Had he been obliged to remain another season with the natives he would certainly have succumbed to the hardships of uncivilized life. Doctor Balrossa vowed he was rescued from his fate at the brink of time, when he was about lost to all energy giving way to despondency and general breaking down.

Madame de Champeaux would look at his emaciated features and bury her face in her hands and weep aloud, saying, "Oh, mon cher fils, mon cher fils," the while the little Marie Louise would embrace her grandmother affectionately, looking amazed, not understanding why her grandmother was weeping when her father whom she so long prayed to see had returned.

Marie Louise prayed every night before retiring with her grandmother that her father might be spared and return home. And now he was here and instead of everybody being happy, they were weeping. The little mademoiselle could not comprehend the why for so much crying and she quietly stole from their midst to hide. After a time, being missed, her father went to hunt her. She had gone to her room and thrown herself on her bed and cried herself to sleep.

As Commander de Champeaux stood looking upon his sleeping child, he said in a still voice: "How much like your mother you are, you darling child. In your precious life is my hope for much happiness.

And your grandmother cherished you, is one consolation of my soul. Sleep on, dear one; our time of weeping will soon be over. 'Tis a joy over a long sorrow that has quickened emotions to profound feelings of our being that we can overcome in no other way than shed tears in the commingling of passing sorrow into a lasting joy," and he quietly left the room.

Doctor Balrossa met Angeline on the stairway leading to Aunt Marie's room. He and Captain de Larvre had been to pay their respects to the invalid lady who gave them her heartiest welcome and congratulations to the great joy of her soul. Doctor Balrossa embraced Angeline fondly and kissed her cheek most affectionately, then patted her on the shoulder the while neither spoke. Not a word was exchanged while both continued to weep.

Captain de Larvre, who was as jolly as he was good, looked on and laughed heartily, "ha, ha, ha, ne etre joyeux. We have no time for this now. Laugh and be merry, it is not the time to cry." The happy captain reached for Angeline's hand and walked toward the door, saying, "Au revoir."

Doctor Balrossa spoke in tender tones saying: "Dear Angeline, what a happy day this is for us all."

"Oh, yes; we all have so much to be thankful for. Think of Xavier who is alive, home and well. And you, too, mon cher Louis. A voyage at best is attended with more or less danger, and what luck. How you happened to locate Xavier, puzzles me—le pauvre homme."

"Yes, we are very fortunate; exceedingly so,"

answered Doctor Balrossa. "We were in luck," he continued. "Such might not happen again. Not once out of a thousand times would it be likely to occur again. And now, Angline, since I am back again, this time to stay, it is my intention to remain and settle down for life. From this on I shall go at once to see my parents, and to-morrow I shall appoint to meet Captain de Larvre and look after such matters as need my attention, then my time shall be ever yours, if you say so. Angeline, I will be with you to-morrow evening.

"Oh! dear Louis, to-morrow evening the Colonel takes me to the theatre," she said in a trembling voice.

Why,"—and he stammered, "I beg your pardon. I was not aware of it, and Angeline, pray don't mention the name of the Colonel to me," said Doctor Balrossa. "If it is too late, if I am too late, pardon me, dear, I shall say no more to distress you. You are not deserving of such trouble as has come to you through me. You shall suffer no more anguish on my account. But, Angeline, must it be au revoir, and fare thee well for ever?"

"Oh, dear Louis, it is not my fault. I would not have promised to go had I known that you would be here. But I promised and I must go," said Ange-

"No, Angeline, it is not your fault. I am myself to blame for all," said Doctor Louis.

"No, Louis, no, you are not to blame; come Thursday evening or any time after this evening and I will be at home. You know I would much rather remain and see you than to go with the Colonel. Oh,

how cruel is fate. It follows me in my every-day footsteps and I know but its bitterness throughout all my life. All I have ever known is the uncertainty of things, a condition controlling my life since birth and which has stamped its seal on me for life, it seems. Oh, it is the crued uncertainties that crush the soul in its earthly existence that I often wish and pray to know the other life," said Angeline.

"Angeline, dear Angeline. I shall say nothing more to distress you. You shall suffer no more on my account. It is I who am deserving of all the trouble a human can bear for my folly and stupidness. I was moved by people's opinion to do that which was against my will. I did what was contrary to my better judgment. Oh, if I had only followed my better impressions to do what would have been right this would not be. I am alone to blame," and the proud Louis rose to his feet, looking handsomer than ever He kissed Angeline, bidding her an affectionate "au revoir," not promising to return.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

Commander de Champeaux spent much of his time the first while at home with his mother and Aunt Marie who was too ill to leave her rooms. The invalid madam was interested to hear her beloved nephew tell of his life in the wilderness with the strange people of the New World. He described scenes and places of beautiful rivers and the wildwood scenery of a beautiful, fertile country. He told of the ways of the people and their strange superstitions which governed them in morals they otherwise would never have cultivated.

Madame de Champeaux and Aunt Marie were much interested to know all the circumstances of the mysterious disappearance of Wah-see-ola, Marie Louise's mother.

"Oh, of Wah-see-ola's disappearance I can tell you nothing. I am most sure she met her death by accident, for death would be the only thing that would have kept her away from the little one she worshipped to adoration. She admired the little fair faced babe and called her, her little 'Wa-bi-son'—White Blossom. She was a kind and loving mother, and, chere mere, I would not hestitate to have you know Wah-see-ola, for she was worthy of your acquaintance," said Commander de Champeaux.

"Indeed, I regret much now that she is not here, that I might show my great appreciation of her noble loyalty shown you in your most perilous moment. I understand all, and of what I have heard I have my conclusion. You see, cher Xavier, we were made acquainted with the facts on return of the party who spoke in the highest terms of Wah-see-ola's noble characteristics, and we very well understood if our cher Xavier's life was spared it would be through the influence of your native wife. And now that you have reached home, I feel to do her all the honor deserved. I only wish that I could see and know her and make her feel my appreciation of her worthiness. Of course, we were opposed to your marriage with a native. How else could we feel, mon cher fils? Yet it was not beyond reason owing to the circumstances. But we as well as your companions who know the circumstances, really failed to understand how you could ever content yourself and feel happily satisfied in life to be espoused to a woman of the strange dark people of the new country in preference to the much lamented, beautiful Constance Richelieu, though Wah-see-ola was good and generally esteemed by all. We were informed by your companions that she was a general favorite and beloved by the tribes for her distinguished characteristics, so strongly manifest in defending her people during trials for punishment, as when she pleaded in your behalf and your party was allowed to go, which otherwise none might ever have reached Bordeaux; when now all has ended well and better than we ever had expected. Even the fastidious Doc-

tor Balrossa could not deny his admiration of her natural unassuming manner to a real graceful way and her loyalty especially. He referred in his conversations, of how she assumed the responsibility as a duty to you no other could have made the impression brought to bear upon the minds of her people as she. We understand it all, as I am quite sure we are not misinformed by your companions who gave us the true and full particulars. The name Wah-see-ola has a place in my heart that shall live with me for her goodness known not less than a greatness. And 'tis my hope to meet her where justice crowns the soul with the halo of light made by her work of life in the noble characteristics of her unselfish being."

"Ah, chere mere, Wah-see-ola was worthy of your highest consideration. She was illiterate but innocently beautiful; beautiful in her way as was Constance. She was the light of the tribe and her name is no less significant. I must tell you, chere mere," he said, "how Wah-see-ola came to have her name. But first tell me how you came in possession of Marie Louise; tell me all, chere mere," said Commander de Champeaux anxiously.

"Marie Louise was brought me, as was your request, if anything should happen you would not return, the good people should look after the little one and get her a home that she would be properly cared for. The good Madame Avirill who with Monsieur Avirill was in party with the expedition of colonists and traders, as you know, lost her first-born just as they sighted your cabin where they found you. You asked

her to give your little one the mother nourishment her babe no longer needed. You remember she, with two other mesdames of the party, remained at that place with the natives. Upon the arrival of the party on their way homeward after your disappearance, the native women wanted much to claim the child to take her where they hoped to find you. They were going to make their way back to the place where they came from. They were good and kind and fed the little one doe milk, though it was little it helped much with the scarcity of food such as was best for the little one. They cared for the animal as you taught them, as our people care for their goats.

"Madame Avirill kept Marie Louise until she was nearly five years old, when, before the birth of her son at the death of Monsieur Avirill, who went off suddenly, she started back to Bordeaux with a party of traders who kindly brought her with the two children. Such hardships as she endured I never want to hear tell of. Though she loved the little Marie Louise and would like to have kept her, with failing health she could not provide for the two children and she brought me Marie Louise. She knew she would be well cared for and have a desirable home and that I would be kind to her. I looked after the chere madame while she lived. At her death, she left her son at the Academie in Father Frerie's care. He is to see to his education and I clothe him and am to see he is started right in life as was your father's request, and surely I will do the best I can for him," said Madame de Champeaux.

"I shall also remember, chere mere," said Commander de Champeaux. "And," he continued, "I am glad we can return the kindness in some way to take the place the parent's care he cannot give, and has been deprived of, losing his good mother. Ongratitude never was the sin of a de Champeaux or a de Peirie, and what is his name?" he asked.

"Francois," answered Madame de Champeaux.

"Well, Francois Avirill shall have the right of his mother's good works that follows the every son in his footsteps of life. What better blessing can a man ask them to be able to rise to his feet with bowed uncovered head, and while speaking the word Mother call his mother blessed. Let us think of Madame Avirill in her blessed state," said Xavier most impressively.

The conversation between mother and son was most impressive to both.

Both wept in sympathy one with the other, while Aunt Marie held her arm embracing Marie Louise who was sad as the conversation had been in relation to her mother. Her grandmother had told her much of her mother and father, and of her mother she would speak, that not a day went by Madame de Champeaux did not mention the name Wah-see-ola, her mother, whom she taught her, she must hold sacred to her memory the while she lived.

"Yes, I have tried to impress Marie Louise with her mother's memory that I believe she will ever keep the mental impression of the good of her worthy mother. But tell us now about her and her name; a

name that sounds peculiar to us, unacquainted as we are with the strange people of the New World, that we need not wonder at the name seeming strange," said Madame de Champeaux.

"The way I first learned of how she came to her name, original as it is true, one sultry night after the excessive heat of a sweltering summer day just before we left the natives in party to go to the big water where Wah-see-ola and I might chance to hail a sailing crew, I was happily spirited, and I proposed we take a walk toward the point where the three rivers meet. It was where we, our party, first landed around the bend of the river, the most picturesque of all places at that vicinity, where Wah-see-ola and I loved to walk. It was a beautiful moonlight night with just a soft breeze, which now and then tipped the limbs of the trees that made nodding shadows before us, as we walked in a westerly direction toward the native village that was directly across the widest place at the meeting waters. The silvery moon rays peeped through the limbs of the great trees and showed on the water mysterious little flashes where the rippling current dashed from out the dark shadows of the high banks.

"Enjoying the quiet from the clatter and clamor of the hilarious natives who were parading their dance festivities in a gathering of the tribes at the Meeting Waters, we quietly betook ourselves away. We reached the point at the confluence of the waters, where the steep banks of broken maize patches stood high on a rise on the opposite side of the water overlooking

the green-grey hills in the misty haze of the pale moon-rays. Here we sat to rest, watching the moon sinking as if to hide its light back of the great forest west of the water,* only broken by the wide water coming in full tide from that direction. As the water rippled along, flowing over rocks or fallen banks, it was music to our souls as the echoes vibrated with the continual splashing, playing sounds in the stillness of night, the while the birds and insects were dreaming.

"Wah-see-ola told the story in her native tongue to my understanding, how she came to have the name, the origin of which was significant of the reflection of the heavenly light glittering on the running waters. It was the first thing her mother looked at after the birth of her first-born, which was at the time of the rising sun that was shining most brilliantly over the meeting waters.

"It was at that time that Chief Wa-chee-ka was returning, after settling a disturbance among the tribes who had been warring indefinitely over a trivial matter to their hostile revenge. He arrived just in time to bid his beloved squaw the last good-bye and as he held her partly raised in his arms, she looked from over the hill to the beautiful wide waters meeting in their flowing tides. The day was over, the sun was setting, shedding its golden rays that glitterred on the busy waters and pointing to the shining light on the waters, patting her little pappoose, scarce a day old, she said in a faint voice, 'Wah-see-ola.' Then pointing her right hand to the setting sun, and with the left hand extended in direction to where the moon would

*St. Mary's River.

soon rise in the growing crescent, she closed her eyes to earth, after last beholding the reflection of the heavenly light glittering on the running waters. It was the last sight on earth to her mortal eyes.

"The big medicine chief gave Chief Wah-chee-ka to understand his little pappoose would be a great good squaw. She would do great things and be a light of her tribe. She would know much of the two lives and would have a natural knowledge because of her curiosity in obedience to an inner propensity to seek and find, as her soul would desire. The medicine chief prophesied her a grand gift from the Great Spirit. She would have a power that would make her renowned.

"Ah, ma chere mere, Wah-see-ola was ignorant, 'tis true; ignorant of much save in her way, but she was innocent and happy enjoying her life in the forest, wandering about the wildwood in the sunshine among the wild flowers. She passed time happily, gathering the wild fruit and berries, filling the wa-tub baskets she braided under the great trees where the little birds sang the day long in their paradise of life." And at the moment in his deepest thought of her, of whom he spoke truly in her memory, the light of her soul flashed in the bledings of its dual power, perceptible to the vision of his good noble mother to her own soul recognition of exultant happiness.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

Angeline was a trifle nervous when she learned the guests had all arrived and Doctor Balrossa was not there. It was now past the hour. Dinner was ready to be served and yet Doctor Balrossa had not put in his appearance. That was something unusual for the Doctor. He was generally very prompt. Angeline never knew of him slighting a hostess, as this day, not to send a message regretting his necessitated absence, and if he did not soon come Angeline concluded she never would see him again.

"God forbid! But if it is such to be, it is not my fault. I have repeatedly told Colonel de Beranger that I never would marry him and he still comes pressing me with invitations I have refused, which he claims is to pass the time, and I accompany him for such in that way only. I shall never go with him again. Why, I hate him now. I do wish he would not be here for dinner. Why such conditions fix the controlling circumstances of my life day in and day out, to make me the miserable creature I am, I cannot understand. Disastrous, yes, disastrous to my all pleasure conceivable in life, that I better be dead."

Heavy tears dropped from Angeline's eyes, Madame de Champeaux noticed, and she much hated to say she really believed Doctor Balrossa was not

coming, that he possibly might have been detained and would be there later. They might as well serve dinner, keeping his place should he happen to come before dinner would be over. And to encourage Angeline, she proposed she wait a spell and enjoy her dinner with him she loved most, so as not to embarrass her excusing her on account of her swollen red eyelids from crying.

"But why is this," she asked herself. "Things turn so and are thus? Am I unworthy of any of the sweet of life and deserving of all the bitter I am forever contending to make me so very, very unhappy?" and she shook her head in doubt of what she felt, not knowing what it all really meant, as she spoke aloud, "am I punished?"

Dinner was over and still Doctor Balrossa had not come. Madame de Champeaux came and insisted upon Angeline eating something, but she cared not the least to eat no matter how tempting the dinner. She wept, the while talking, telling Madame de Champeaux how she felt, looking back to her first recollection of her troubles. "It has forever been one thing and another as long as I can remember; even to my birth, it is clouded. It has cast a shadow over my very existence, and which seems is the very thing that holds me subject to those I actually feel I am their equal; yes, even their superior. I reflect back, knowing well the manner in which I have been recognized in the social world on account of that over which I have no control, when all the while within me, within my very soul, I have felt the equal and am as worthy

of the recognition of the best society of Bordeaux, so far as my ancestral associations would bear investigations. I have a feeling of knowing, I hardly know how to give expression and if I did, I would have no way of proving it to the outside world if I had the highest right to the best social standing. I feel within me that my parents were not only good people, but were of noble birth, and why such a mysterious shadow is cast over me to the great humiliation of being constantly ignored by civics who are no more worthy than I, as one with the rest of those who should have recognized me. I have lived this long while and suffered being snubbed to every sense of better ways due me in principles of good I hold, which should be above the appreciation of a high career of noble birth and the like, were I without a worthy principle within me. But why do I feel within me that very sense of knowledge, only to be ignored to feel more keenly the lack of my rights to my birth inheritance?" and she wept bitterly.

"Why, the why of this is a mystery to me. I say, barsh on your French aristocracy! I shall never favor it if I would fall heir to millions and could establish I am king and queen-bred born," and rousing herself to a feeling of indignation she stamped her foot. "I have been patient to all which is a real injustice to my very soul and shall not be so recognized any longer, whatever may come of that which looks bad-tempered. 'Tis not well to be too patient. We suffer needlessly, I firmly believe."

"Ma chere Angeline, I hardly know what to say. I never saw you in such a state as this. I beg your

pardon but I cannot account for such as seems is all foreign to your sense of ladyship. After awhile, acquaint me with the nature of your trouble," said Madame de Champeaux kindly. "Doctor Balrossa will surely be here soon, unless something has happened at home. His parents may be sick; if so he will send us a message. I assure you, you will get word if he does not soon come," the kind lady continued.

"Yes, but I will not be here. Colonel de Beranger has made arrangements to take me to the theatre this evening and I must soon be ready. The carriage is to be here promptly at eight o'clock; I just believe I will not go; I shall not go, no matter what comes of this. I will not accompany him this evening and that will settle it forever. I never want to see his face again. Oh, had I only known Louis would have been here, I never would have promised to go. Well, I just won't go, no matter how unladylike it will seem. What need I care for him?"

"Oh, yes; chere Angeline, do not be so rude. Doctor Balrossa will respect you the more," said Madame de Champeaux. "But why are you so bitter this evening?" continued Madame de Champeaux.

Going over to Madame de Champeaux, Angeline threw her arms over the kind motherly soul's neck and weeping sadly said: "Dear Auntie, the mystery of my birth is the cause of all my trouble and I cannot stand the thought of it any longer. I shall go away from here and leave you. I shall go where people use more common sense than abuse the good they look on as lowly. I cannot live without having a birth certificate

to be identified by magistrate that I might be recognized as the equal of those, one most especially I love."

Madame de Champeaux kissed Angeline tenderly and bade her be more quiet before saying good night to Aunt Marie. "And do not forget to give your assistant her instructions for the night? I am so glad she is here these few days to relieve you entirely that you may take a good rest before again assuming the care of our Chere Aunt Marie. Now try and be more composed and enjoy the evening. Everything will come well to you who is deserving of good that cannot be denied you," said Madame de Champeaux.

The coachman called just as Doctor Balrossa was coming up the driveway riding his father's horse. He stopped and bade them good evening very courtly, and after receiving the Colonel's congratulations, he wished them a pleasant evening and went on into the house unannounced. He met the servant and inquired for Commander de Champeaux, who was not in, but with the Madame de Champeaux's invitation, went directly to Aunt Marie's room, as she requested.

Dr. Louis explained and very politely apologized for his absence from dinner, after which he said: "I am very much disappointed at not finding Xavier home. I am bound for disappointment this day, even to-night; Angeline is gone, when I anticipated the much pleasure of her company this evening," said Doctor Balrossa.

"Yes, Angeline regretted much to be obliged to keep her appointment with the Colonel this evening on account of your return. I know she would have much

preferred to remain at home this evening," said Madame de Champeaux.

"Yes, I am sure she would. She told me so and she is to be pitied in being obliged to go with Colonel Beranger, she disliked so much to go. I know she will never accept another invitation from the Colonel," said Aunt Marie.

"Well, there is always something that comes up to annoy me. You know, man chere Madame, you who have been next to a mother to me, that I fear not to speak frankly from my soul, I have always loved Angeline. We have been lovers from childhood, and now no matter what may happen, I shall never marry unless Angeline will be mine. I looked forward to this time of my life, after surmounting the difficulties, and the one great hindrance to our marriage of late is now overcome, as I have means wherewith I can provide well and make Angeline's life what she is deserving, and we could live comfortably, yes, very comfortably, the rest of our days, when lo! all my anticipations go to the favor of the Colonel, whom I believe, has at last won the lady of my choice and the only woman I ever knew to love," said the Doctor despairingly.

"I think you are quite mistaken," said Madame de Champeaux. "I do not think Angeline cares enough for the Colonel to marry him. I know she has refused his repeated proposals and gave him to understand so long as Aunt Marie who has been a mother to her lives, she will never marry."

"Well, chere Madame, I could not blame her to

accept him if she loves him," answered the Doctor.

"I know, Doctor Louis, that Angeline's intention is never to marry unless she marries the man she loves," said Aunt Marie. "We were talking the day before you arrived and she hoped the Colonel would no longer continue to annoy her with his pressing proposals, and let me say this. On her wedding day, I shall impart to her such knowledge with papers in writing under a signature of one now long dead that Angeline's birth would be no hinderance to her marrying an heir of Louis XIV, if he chose to marry her."

"Aunt Marie, I know that makes no difference to me; I would marry her no matter what. What care I for that old, old taint of perfidious sentiment controlling marriages of nobility and of social aristocracy, which is a bore to the humble but more sensible class of people? Have I not experienced something of the absurdity of social life which has made me a roving, unhappy, dissatisfied being, dissatisfied with myself, and for what, may I say? Love is a principle controlling human destiny which should not be trifled within rule of the fads of man-made custom of fancy and fashion. The heart of the man with the brawny arm that raises the hammer over the anvil, or of the man that steadies and guides the plough, is often more worthy of a pure, sweet woman's love than the outer-polished individual who pretends to the culture of fashion and lives in delinquency of soul-righteousness and seeks the woman of title and means. And, vice versa, the maid of all work, the housekeeper, or seamstress, is often more qualified in graces and is soul-

equal to the professional or titled gentleman than the coquettish idle and blank maiden, a social leader of means and title. Has not my experience taught me much, that in the long time I have had to think over my past, I recognize now that which years ago would not appeal to me as it does now? Too often young men and women sin against their souls by catering to the frivolity of society and marry other than for love. We have some few whom you and I know wasting life, living out bitter experiences that they have brought about marrying for title and money. Better a man or woman be dead many times than living the experience of inharmonious soul relations. But, dear Madame, when I think of the gone-bys of my life time I feel ashamed, heartily ashamed, to approach Angeline after causing her so much unnecessary heartache over something, which to a deeper soul sense, amounts to nothing. I know she loves me as she does no other, and Heaven only knows, she is the only woman I claim to love on earth. She is mine, yes, mine, marry whom she may, my love for her shall never perish,—it is born of the soul!"

After the usual "good-night" and "good-bye" to the two kind old ladies he said: "I must see Xavier between now and Saturday. I will leave on the vessel La Monarque with Captain Marchant. I may call in the morning," and after saying "good-night" again to them who were as mothers to him, he went down stairs feeling as a culprit, stealing away from the woman he loved.

When Commander de Champeaux came home he

was surprised to learn that his friend, Dr. Louis Balrossa, had so suddenly changed his mind. He rather hoped Dr. Louis and Angeline would marry, and if not, he feared the Doctor would take up the life of a mariner and adventurer.

Commander de Champeaux knew he was infatuated with such a life which was the only way in life he would overcome the two great disappointments he met with in his younger days to lasting regrets he could not overcome. Commander de Champeaux would have him by far settle down with Angeline, as he had come into possession of wealth, an inheritance of a grand aunt, and he would live and provide nicely for Angeline, regardless of his parents, who were much resigned to the consent of his marriage rather than see him the roving reckless adventurer.

Commander de Champeaux was worried and when morning came he rode over to the Balrossa home, but the Doctor had just left to make arrangements for his voyage. He expected to be gone a year or more if everything went as he planned. Xavier was very much disappointed and left word that he must see him before he went.

Saturday all day, Aunt Marie was very ill and her life was despaired of, the attending physician giving the family no hopes, but within a few days she would pass out. Angeline was very attentive to the sick lady for whom she felt as for a mother. Sunday morning Aunt Marie's condition was unchanged, and Monday she was much worse. Her illness now had assumed so serious a nature that they feared she would

not live the day through. She insisted that Angeline should go to her room and rest that she might be able to stay with her for the night, as she thought none were as able as Angeline to care for her.

In her absence, Aunt Marie requested Xavier to send for Doctor Balrossa and say to him, "Madame Marie de Piere desires his presence as soon as possible." Xavier went at once and sent Joan with the carriage to bring Doctor Balrossa without delay. On his arrival, he was called to the room and requested to take a chair close beside the bed, where lay the noble Mother-Aunt nigh unto death. She reached for his hand, and holding it she said, "Doctor Louis Balrossa, it is important that I have to disclose to you this day." As she lay propped in pillows she spoke plainly but feebly. "I have but a few hours longer to live and you and Xavier, who are as brothers here with me to almost my last moments, in the presence of ma chere sister I must conscientiously do my last duty, as requested. I hold in my possession a certificate of Angeline's birth registry, which at her marriage, on her wedding day I am to hand her. Under oath, I have kept my promise, and if she is not married within a few hours I must die with my lips sealed, which, in case of my death, that which she would be rightfully entitled to will fall to others, in her failure to establish the identity of her parents. As it was sworn to me, I was powerless to divulge what I knew. I now tell you, since you so frankly declared your love for Angeline in my presence and I also being aware of Angeline's intention of never marrying another than

you, I sincerely hope not to die without being freed from an obligation that would make Angeline, who is most deserving, happy, and my last earthly duty would be dispensed with ere I go out of this existence, which I feel is right soon. And with the great injustice done one who is in every way worthy of the legal rights to her earthly possessions, I see no reason for further delay, knowing the circumstances as I do."

While Aunt Marie was still speaking the door opened gently and Angeline called softly, "Auntie, are you wanting anything, or are you suffering? I heard a mumbling sound coming from your room that I feared you were worse and needed something."

"No, dear child, though I feel to need you soon; step in and hand me a glass of fresh water, please, chere."

"Why, Doctor Louis!" and with a deep sigh as though her heart was relieved, she said, "I thought I never would see you again. I heard you were going to sail on voyage La Monarque with Captain Marchant," said Angeline, waiting Aunt Marie's pleasure sipping the cool, refreshing water. "Will you have more, Auntie?"

"No, no, thank you, chere fille."

"No, Angeline, I am not going now. I have changed my mind. A matter of importance holds me here to your interest as well as my own, and if you say the word, I shall live for you the rest of my natural life," said Doctor Balrossa.

Aunt Marie rallied, was brighter and happier. The sun was setting and twilight was breaking the day

when Doctor Balrossa and Angeline were married in the presence of the family at the bedside of the noble soul whose interests kept Angeline's fortune.

When the name Angeline Vivian de Salles was spoken by the officiating priest, Father Francis de Nesmond, Aunt Marie corrected the Father to the surprise of all present, when she called the name "Angeline Vivian de Piere."

After the ceremony, Aunt Marie in the presence of Xavier and a magistrate as witnesses, handed the package of papers which contained the sealed envelope which was opened by the magistrate called in to officiate according to the will of Angeline's maternal grandmother.

"You understand, Angeline, had your mother's marriage been known, she would not have fallen heir to her father's portion of his mother's estate in case she failed to marry a titled gentlemen. A clause in your grand-mother's will was outlawed according to contract, but inasmuch as your mother did not come into possession of her inheritance only a few months before her death, she also made a will stipulating that which I have lived true to my word given on the day of her death, to have no one know of your wealth until your wedding day. It was an unfortunate mistake, Angeline; but it was too late when we recognized your mother's provision in your behalf."

"There is great wealth to your right from this on, which has been accumulating, doubling itself, and which your mother hoped would not find you a husband. Her words were: 'My fortune must not find

Angeline a husband.' Your mother was of noble birth, which is established as well as the validity to your earthly possessions, in which documents, and with your title inheriting your mother's estate, place you in the first rank of the best and wealthiest of Bordeaux." And Aunt Marie reaching from out the pillows with her feeble hand, handed Angeline a small ivory jewel box, which contained a beautiful necklace and her mother's wedding ring, left by the father whose life went out three years after the death of the mother. "He was an invalid for over two years before he died," and with congratulations on Aunt Marie's lips, she sank happily in death, doing her last duty keeping her secret well till then, when the marriage she so plainly urged and desired took place in her presence.

Aunt Marie made Commander de Champeaux, Marie Louise and Angeline, with the Sisters of the Orphans Home, equal heirs to her vast fortune. The fatherless and the motherless of Bordeaux never knew to want the while the noble benefactress lived, and she provided for them to know no want long after she was gone to rest. The noble soul had done much good in her silent-way work. She left those living, happy; and those gone were not forgotten. They lived in memory in a picture made to the full vision of all at the wedding of the two souls, united at the resurrection of the spirit of Aunt Marie. They who had gone were seen bearing her off to their home in the celestial spheres.